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I.

ROWLAND.

MALLET had made his arrangements to sail for Europe on the first of September, and having in the interval a fortnight to spare, he determined to spend it with his cousin Cecilia, the widow of a nephew of his father. He was urged by the reflection that an affectionate farewell might help to exonerate him from the charge of neglect frequently preferred by this lady. It was not that the young man disliked her; on the contrary, he regarded her with a tender admiration, and he had not forgotten how, when his cousin had brought her home on their marriage, he had seemed to feel the upward sweep of the empty bough from which the golden fruit had been plucked, and had then and there accepted the prospect of bachelorhood. The truth was, that, as it will be part of the entertainment of this narrative to exhibit, Rowland Mallet had an uncomfortably sensitive conscience, and that, in spite of the seeming paradox, his visits to Cecilia were rare because she and her misfortunes were often uppermost in it. Her misfortunes were three in number: first, she had lost her husband; second, she had lost her money (or the greater part

of it); and third, she lived at Northampton, Massachusetts. Mallet's compassion was really wasted, because Cecilia was a very clever woman, and a most skillful counter-plotter to adversity. She had made herself a charming home, her economies were not obtrusive, and there was always a cheerful flutter in the folds of her crape. It was the consciousness of all this that puzzled Mallet whenever he felt tempted to put in his oar. He had money and he had time, but he never could decide just how to place these gifts gracefully at Cecilia's service. He no longer felt like marrying her: in these eight years that fancy had died a natural death. And yet her extreme cleverness seemed somehow to make charity difficult and patronage impossible. He would rather chop off his hand than offer her a check, a piece of useful furniture, or a black silk dress; and yet there was some sadness in seeing such a bright, proud woman living in such a small, dull way. Cecilia had, moreover, a turn for sarcasm, and her smile, which was her pretty feature, was never so pretty as when her sprightly phrase had a lurking scratch in it. Rowland remembered that, for him, she was all smiles, and suspected, awkwardly, that he ministered not a little to her sense of the irony of things.

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And in truth, with his means, his leisure, and his opportunities, what had he done? He had an unaffected suspicion of his uselessness. Cecilia, meanwhile, cut out her own dresses, and was personally giving her little girl the education of a princess.

This time, however, he presented himself bravely enough; for in the way of activity it was something definite, at least, to be going to Europe and to be meaning to spend the winter in Rome. Cecilia met him in the early dusk at the gate of her little garden, amid a studied combination of floral perfumes. A rosy widow of twenty-eight, half cousin, half hostess, doing the honors of an odorous cottage on a midsummer evening, was a phenomenon to which the young man's imagination was able to do ample justice. Cecilia was always gracious, but this evening she was almost joyous. She was in a happy mood, and Mallet imagined there was a private reason for it — a reason quite distinct from her pleasure in receiving her honored kinsman. The next day he flattered himself he was on the trace of it.

For the present, after tea, as they sat on the rose-framed porch, while Rowland held his younger cousin between his knees, and she, enjoying her situation, listened timorously for the stroke of bedtime, Cecilia insisted on talking more about her visitor than about herself.

"What is it you mean to do in Europe?" she asked, lightly, giving a turn to the frill of her sleeve — just such a turn as seemed to Mallet to bring out all the latent difficulties of the question.

"Why, very much what I do here,"^f he answered. "No great harm."

"Is it true," Cecilia asked, "that here you do no great harm? Is not a man like you doing harm when he is not doing positive good?"

"Your compliment is ambiguous," said Rowland.

"No," answered the widow, "you know what I think of you. You have a particular aptitude for beneficence.

You have it in the first place in your character. You are a kindly person. Ask Bessie if you don't hold her more gently and comfortably than any of her other admirers."

"He holds me more comfortably than Mr. Hudson," Bessie declared, roundly.

Rowland, not knowing Mr. Hudson, could but half appreciate the eulogy, and Cecilia went on to develop her idea. "Your circumstances, in the second place, suggest the idea of social usefulness. You are intelligent, you are well-informed, and your charity, if one may call it charity, would be discriminating. You are rich and unoccupied, so that it might be abundant. Therefore, I say, you are a person to do something on a large scale. Bestir yourself, dear Rowland, or we may be taught to think that virtue herself is setting a bad example."

"Heaven forbid," cried Rowland, "that I should set the examples of virtue! I am quite willing to follow them, however, and if I don't do something on the grand scale, it is that my genius is altogether imitative, and that I have not recently encountered any very striking models of grandeur. Pray what shall I do? Found an orphan asylum, or build a dormitory for Harvard College? I am not rich enough to do either in an ideally handsome way, and I confess that, yet awhile, I feel too young to strike my *grand coup*. I'm holding myself ready for inspiration. I'm waiting till something takes my fancy irresistibly. If inspiration comes at forty it will be a hundred pities to have tied up my money-bag at thirty."

"Well, I give you till forty," said Cecilia. "It's only a word to the wise, a notification that you are expected not to run your course without having done something handsome for your fellow-men."

Nine o'clock sounded, and Bessie, with each stroke, courted a closer embrace. But a single winged word from her mother overleaped her successive intrenchments. She turned and kissed her cousin, and deposited an irrepressible tear on his mustache. Then she

went and said her prayers to her mother: it was evident she was being admirably brought up. Rowland, with the permission of his hostess, lighted a cigar and puffed it awhile in silence. Cecilia's interest in his career seemed very agreeable. That Mallet was without vanity I by no means intend to affirm; but there had been times when, seeing him accept, hardly less deferentially, advice even more peremptory than the widow's, you might have asked yourself what had become of his vanity. Now, in the sweet-smelling starlight, he felt gently wooed to egotism. There was a project connected with his going abroad which it was on his tongue's end to communicate. It had no relation to hospitals or dormitories, and yet it would have sounded very generous. But it was not because it would have sounded generous that poor Mallet at last puffed it away in the fumes of his cigar. Useful though it might be, it expressed most imperfectly the young man's own personal conception of usefulness. He was extremely fond of all the arts, and he had an almost passionate enjoyment of pictures. He had seen many, and he judged them sagaciously. It had occurred to him some time before that it would be the work of a good citizen to go abroad and with all expedition and secrecy purchase certain valuable specimens of the Dutch and Italian schools as to which he had received private proposals, and then present his treasures out of hand to an American city, not unknown to æsthetic fame, in which at that time there prevailed a good deal of fruitless aspiration toward an art-museum. He had seen himself in imagination, more than once, in some moldy old saloon of a Florentine palace, turning toward the deep embrasure of the window some scarcely-faded Ghirlandaio or Botticelli, while a host in reduced circumstances pointed out the lovely drawing of a hand. But he imparted none of these visions to Cecilia, and he suddenly swept them away with the declaration that he was of course an idle, useless creature, and that he would probably be even more

so in Europe than at home. "The only thing is," he said, "that there I shall *seem* to be doing something. I shall be better entertained, and shall be therefore, I suppose, in a better humor with life. You may say that that is just the humor a useless man should keep out of. He should cultivate discontentment. I did a good many things when I was in Europe before, but I did not spend a winter in Rome. Every one assures me that this is a peculiar refinement of bliss; most people talk about Rome in the same way. It is evidently only a sort of idealized form of loafing: a passive life in Rome, thanks to the number and the quality of one's impressions, takes on a very respectable likeness to activity. It is still lotus-eating, only you sit down at table, and the lotuses are served up on rococo china. It's all very well, but I have a distinct prevision of this — that if Roman life does n't do something substantial to make you happier, it increases tenfold your liability to moral misery. It seems to me a rash thing for a sensitive soul to deliberately cultivate its sensibilities by rambling too often among the ruins of the Palatine, or riding too often in the shadow of the aqueducts. In such recreations the chords of feeling grow tense, and after-life, to spare your intellectual nerves, must play upon them with a touch as dainty as the tread of Mignon when she danced her egg dance."

"I should have said, my dear Rowland," said Cecilia, with a laugh, "that your nerves were tough, that your eggs were hard!"

"That being stupid, you mean, I might be happy? Upon my word I'm not. I'm clever enough to want more than I've got. I'm tired of myself, my own thoughts, my own affairs, my own eternal company. True happiness, we are told, consists in getting out of one's self; but the point is not only to get out — you must stay out; and to stay out you must have some absorbing errand. Unfortunately, I've got no errand, and nobody will trust me with one. I want to care for something, or for

some one. And I want to care with a certain ardor; even, if you can believe it, with a certain passion. I can't just now feel ardent and passionate about a hospital or a dormitory. Do you know I sometimes think that I'm a man of genius, half finished? The genius has been left out, the faculty of expression is wanting; but the need for expression remains, and I spend my days groping for the latch of a closed door."

"What an immense number of words," said Cecilia after a pause, "to say you want to fall in love! I've no doubt you've as good a genius for that as any one, if you'd only trust it."

"Of course I've thought of that, and I assure you I hold myself ready. But, evidently, I'm not inflammable. Is there in Northampton some perfect epitome of the graces?"

"Of the graces?" said Cecilia, raising her eyebrows and suppressing too distinct a consciousness of being herself a rosy embodiment of several. "The household virtues are better represented. There are some excellent girls, and there are two or three very pretty ones. I'll have them here, one by one, to tea, if you like."

"I should particularly like it; especially as I should give you a chance to see, by the profundity of my attention, that if I'm not happy, it's not for want of taking pains."

Cecilia was silent a moment; and then, "On the whole," she resumed, "I don't think there are any worth asking. There are none so very pretty, none so very pleasing."

"Are you very sure?" asked the young man, rising and throwing away his cigar-end.

"Upon my word," cried Cecilia, "one would suppose I wished to keep you for myself. Of course I'm sure! But as the penalty of your insinuations, I shall invite the plainest and prosiest damsel that can be found, and leave you alone with her."

Rowland bowed. "Even against her," he said, "I should be sorry to conclude until I had given her my respectful attention."

This little profession of ideal chivalry (which closed the conversation) was not quite so fanciful on Mallet's lips as it would have been on those of many another man; as a rapid glance at his antecedents may help to make the reader perceive. His life had been a singular mixture of the rough and the smooth. He had sprung from a rigid Puritan stock, and had been brought up to think much more intently of the duties of this life than of its privileges and pleasures. His progenitors had submitted in the matter of dogmatic theology to the relaxing influences of recent years; but if Rowland's youthful consciousness was not chilled by the menace of long punishment for brief transgression, he had at least been made to feel that there ran through all things a strain of right and of wrong, as different, after all, in their complexions, as the texture, to the spiritual sense, of Sundays and weekdays. His father was a chip of the primal Puritan block, a man with an icy smile and a stony frown. He had always bestowed on his son, on principle, more frowns than smiles, and if the lad had not been turned to stone himself, it was because nature had blessed him, inwardly, with a well of vivifying waters. Mrs. Mallet had been a Miss Rowland, the daughter of a retired sea-captain, once famous on the ships that sailed from Salem and Newburyport. He had brought to port many a cargo which crowned the edifice of fortunes already almost colossal, but he had also done a little sagacious trading on his own account, and he was able to retire, prematurely for so sea-worthy a maritime organism, upon a pension of his own providing. He was to be seen for a year on the Salem wharves, smoking the best tobacco and eying the seaward horizon with an inveteracy which superficial minds interpreted as a sign of repentance. At last, one evening, he disappeared beneath it, as he had often done before; this time, however, not as a commissioned navigator, but simply as an amateur of an observing turn likely to prove oppressive to the officer in command of the vessel. Five months later

his place at home knew him again, and made the acquaintance also of a handsome, blonde young woman, of redundant contours, speaking a foreign tongue. The foreign tongue proved, after much conflicting research, to be the idiom of Amsterdam, and the young woman, which was stranger still, to be Captain Rowland's wife. Why he had gone forth so suddenly across the seas to marry her, what had happened between them before, and whether — though it was of questionable propriety for a good citizen to espouse a young person of mysterious origin, who did her hair in fantastically elaborate plaits, and in whose appearance "figure" enjoyed such striking predominance — he would not have had a heavy weight on his conscience if he had remained an irresponsible bachelor; these questions and many others, bearing with varying degrees of immediacy on the subject, were much propounded but scantily answered, and this history need not be charged with resolving them. Mrs. Rowland, for so handsome a woman, proved a tranquil neighbor and an excellent housewife. Her extremely fresh complexion, however, was always suffused with an air of apathetic homesickness, and she played her part in American society chiefly by having the little squares of brick pavement in front of her dwelling scoured and polished as nearly as possible into the likeness of Dutch tiles. Rowland Mallet remembered having seen her, as a child — an immensely stout, white-faced lady, wearing a high cap of very stiff tulle, speaking English with a formidable accent, and suffering from dropsy. Captain Rowland was a little bronzed and wizened man, with eccentric opinions. He advocated the creation of a public promenade along the sea, with arbors and little green tables for the consumption of beer, and a platform, surrounded by Chinese lanterns, for dancing. He especially desired the town library to be opened on Sundays, though, as he never entered it on week-days, it was easy to turn the proposition into ridicule. If, therefore, Mrs. Mallet was a woman of an exquisite moral tone, it

was not that she had inherited her temper from an ancestry with a turn for casuistry. Jonas Mallet, at the time of his marriage, was conducting with silent shrewdness a small, unpromising business. Both his shrewdness and his silence increased with his years, and at the close of his life he was an extremely well-dressed, well-brushed gentleman, with a frigid gray eye, who said little to anybody, but of whom everybody said that he had a very handsome fortune. He was not a sentimental father, and the roughness I just now spoke of in Rowland's life dated from his early boyhood. Mr. Mallet, whenever he looked at his son, felt extreme compunction at having made a fortune. He remembered that the fruit had not dropped ripe from the tree into his own mouth, and determined it should be no fault of his if the boy was corrupted by luxury. Rowland, therefore, except for a good deal of expensive instruction in foreign tongues and abstruse sciences, received the education of a poor man's son. His fare was plain, his temper familiar with the discipline of patched trousers, and his habits marked by an exaggerated simplicity which it really cost a good deal of money to preserve unbroken. He was kept in the country for months together, in the midst of servants who had strict injunctions to see that he suffered no serious harm, but were as strictly forbidden to wait upon him. As no school could be found conducted on principles sufficiently rigorous, he was attended at home by a master who set a high price on the understanding that he was to illustrate the beauty of abstinence not only by precept but by example. Rowland passed for a child of ordinary parts, and certainly, during his younger years, was an excellent imitation of a boy who had inherited nothing whatever that was to make life easy. He was passive, pliable, frank, extremely slow at his books and inordinately fond of trout-fishing. His hair, a memento of his Dutch ancestry, was blonde almost to whiteness, his complexion absurdly rosy, and his measurement around the waist, when he was about ten years old, quite alarmingly large.

This, however, was but an episode in his growth; he became afterwards a fresh-colored, yellow-bearded man, but he was never accused of anything worse than a tendency to corpulence. He emerged from childhood a simple, wholesome, round-eyed lad, with no suspicion that a less roundabout course might have been taken to make him happy, but with a vague sense that his young experience was not a fair sample of human freedom, and that he was to make a great many discoveries. When he was about fifteen, he achieved a momentous one. He ascertained that his mother was a saint. She had always been a very distinct presence in his life, but so ineffably gentle a one that his sense was fully opened to it only by the danger of losing her. She had an illness which for many months was liable at any moment to terminate fatally, and during her long-arrested convalescence she removed the mask which she had worn for years by her husband's order. Rowland spent his days at her side and felt before long as if he had made a new friend. All his impressions at this period were commented and interpreted at leisure in the future, and it was only then that he understood that his mother had been for fifteen years a perfectly unhappy woman. Her marriage had been an unmitigated error, and she had spent her life in trying to make the best of it. She found nothing to oppose to her husband's will of steel but the appearance of absolute compliance; her spirit sank, and she lived for a while in a sort of helpless moral torpor. But at last, as her child emerged from babyhood, she began to feel a certain charm in patience, to discover the uses of ingenuity, and to learn that, somehow or other, one can always arrange one's life. She cultivated from this time forward a little private plot of sentiment, and it was of this secluded precinct that, before her death, she gave her son the key. Rowland's allowance at college was barely sufficient to maintain him decently, and as soon as he graduated, he was taken into his father's counting-house to do small drudgery on a proportionate salary. For three years

he earned his living as regularly as the obscure functionary in fustian who swept the office. Mr. Mallet was consistent, but the perfection of his consistency was known only on his death. He left but a third of his property to his son, and devoted the remainder to various public institutions and local charities. Rowland's third was an easy competence, and he never felt a moment's jealousy of his fellow-pensioners; but when one of the establishments which had figured most advantageously in his father's will bethought itself to affirm the existence of a later instrument, in which it had been still more handsomely treated, the young man felt a sudden passionate need to repel the claim by process of law. There was a lively tussle, but he gained his case; immediately after which he made, in another quarter, a donation of the contested sum. He cared nothing for the money, but he had felt an angry desire to protest against a destiny which seemed determined to be exclusively salutary. It seemed to him that he would take a little spoiling. And yet he treated himself to a very modest quantity, and submitted without reserve to the great national discipline which began in 1861. When the Civil War broke out he immediately obtained a commission, and did his duty for three long years as a citizen soldier. His duty was obscure, but he never lost a certain private satisfaction in remembering that on two or three occasions it had been performed with something of an ideal perfection. He had disentangled himself from business, and after the war he felt a profound disinclination to tie the knot again. He had no desire to make money, he had money enough; and although he knew, and was frequently reminded, that a young man is the better for a fixed occupation, he could discover no moral advantage in driving a lucrative trade. Yet few young men of means and leisure ever made less of a parade of idleness, and indeed idleness in any degree could hardly be laid at the door of a young man who took life in the serious, attentive, reasoning fashion of our friend. It often seemed to Mallet

that he wholly lacked the prime requisite of a graceful *flâneur* — the simple, sensuous, confident relish of pleasure. He had frequent fits of extreme melancholy, in which he declared that he was neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring. He was neither an irresponsibly contemplative nature nor a sturdily practical one, and he was forever looking in vain for the uses of the things that please and the charm of the things that sustain. He was an awkward mixture of strong moral impulse and restless æsthetic curiosity, and yet he would have made a most ineffective reformer and a very indifferent artist. It seemed to him that the glow of happiness must be found either in action, of some immensely solid kind, on behalf of an idea, or in producing a masterpiece in one of the arts. Oftenest, perhaps, he wished he were a vigorous young man of genius, without a penny. As it was, he could only buy pictures, and not paint them; and in the way of action, he had to content himself with making a rule to render scrupulous moral justice to handsome examples of it in others. On the whole, he had an incorruptible modesty. With his blooming complexion and his serene gray eye, he felt the friction of existence more than was suspected, but he asked no allowance on grounds of temper; he assumed that fate had treated him inordinately well and that he had no excuse for taking an ill-natured view of life, and he undertook constantly to believe that all women were fair, all men were brave, and the world was a delightful place of sojourn, until the contrary was distinctly proved.

Cecilia's blooming garden and shady porch had proved so friendly to repose and a cigar, that she reproached him the next morning with indifference to her little parlor, not less, in its way, a monument to her ingenious taste. "And by the way," she added as he followed her in, "if I refused last night to show you a pretty girl, I can at least show you a pretty boy."

She threw open a window and pointed to a statuette which occupied the place

of honor among the ornaments of the room. Rowland looked at it a moment and then turned to her with an exclamation of surprise. She gave him a rapid glance, perceived that her statuette was of altogether exceptional merit, and then smiled, knowingly, as if this had long been an agreeable certainty.

"Who did it? where did you get it?" Rowland demanded.

"Oh," said Cecilia, adjusting the light, "it's a little thing of Mr. Hudson's."

"And who the deuce is Mr. Hudson?" asked Rowland. But he was absorbed; he lost her immediate reply. The statuette, in bronze, something less than two feet high, represented a naked youth drinking from a gourd. The attitude was perfectly simple. The lad was squarely planted on his feet, with his legs a little apart; his back was slightly hollowed, his head thrown back, and both hands raised to support the rustic cup. There was a loosened fillet of wild flowers about his head, and his eyes, under their dropped lids, looked straight into the cup. On the base was scratched the Greek word *Δίψα*, Thirst. The figure might have been some beautiful youth of ancient fable, — Hylas or Narcissus, Paris or Endymion. Its beauty was the beauty of natural movement; nothing had been sought to be represented but the perfection of an attitude. This had been most attentively studied, and it was exquisitely rendered. Rowland demanded more light, dropped his head on this side and that, uttered vague exclamations. He said to himself, as he had said more than once in the Louvre and the Vatican, "We ugly mortals, what beautiful creatures we are!" Nothing, in a long time, had given him so much pleasure. "Hudson — Hudson," he asked again; "who is Hudson?"

"A young man of this place," said Cecilia.

"A young man? How old?"

"I suppose he is three or four and twenty."

"Of this place, you say — of Northampton, Massachusetts?"

"He lives here, but he comes from Virginia."

"Is he a sculptor by profession?"

"He's a law-student."

Rowland burst out laughing. "He has found something in Blackstone that I never did. He makes statues then simply for his pleasure?"

Cecilia, with a smile, gave a little toss of her head. "For mine!"

"I congratulate you," said Rowland. "I wonder whether he could be induced to do anything for me?"

"This was a matter of friendship. I saw the figure when he had modeled it in clay, and of course greatly admired it. He said nothing at the time, but a week ago, on my birthday, he arrived in a buggy, with this. He had had it cast at the foundry at Chicopee; I believe it's a beautiful piece of bronze. He begged me to accept."

"Upon my word," said Mallet, "he does things handsomely!" And he fell to admiring the statue again.

"So then," said Cecilia, "it's very remarkable?"

"Why, my dear cousin," Rowland answered, "Mr. Hudson, of Virginia, is an extraordinary" — Then suddenly stopping: "Is he a great friend of yours?" he asked.

"A great friend?" and Cecilia hesitated. "I regard him as a child!"

"Well," said Rowland, "he's a very clever child. Tell me something about him: I should like to see him."

Cecilia was obliged to go to her daughter's music-lesson, but she assured Rowland that she would arrange for him a meeting with the young sculptor. He was a frequent visitor, and as he had not called for some days, it was likely he would come that evening. Rowland, left alone, examined the statuette at his leisure, and returned more than once during the day to take another look at it. He discovered its weak points, but it wore well. It had the stamp of genius. Rowland envied the happy youth who, in a New England village, without aid or encouragement, without models or resources, had found it so easy to produce a lovely work.

In the evening, as he was smoking his cigar on the veranda, a light, quick step pressed the gravel of the garden path, and in a moment a young man made his bow to Cecilia. It was rather a nod than a bow, and indicated either that he was an old friend, or that he was scantily versed in the usual social forms. Cecilia, who was sitting near the steps, pointed to a neighboring chair, but the young man seated himself abruptly on the floor at her feet, began to fan himself vigorously with his hat, and broke out into a lively objurgation upon the hot weather. "I'm dripping wet," he said, without ceremony.

"You walk too fast," said Cecilia. "You do everything too fast."

"I know it, I know it!" he cried, passing his hand through his abundant dark hair and making it stand out in a picturesque shock. "I can't be slow if I try. There's something inside of me that drives me. A restless fiend!"

Cecilia gave a light laugh, and Rowland leaned forward in his hammock. He had placed himself in it at Bessie's request, and was playing that he was her baby and that she was rocking him to sleep. She sat beside him, swinging the hammock to and fro, and singing a lullaby. When he raised himself she pushed him back and said that the baby must finish its nap. "But I want to see the gentleman with the fiend inside of him," said Rowland.

"What is a fiend?" Bessie demanded. "It's only Mr. Hudson."

"Very well, I want to see him."

"Oh, never mind him!" said Bessie, with the brevity of contempt.

"You speak as if you did n't like him."

"I don't!" Bessie affirmed, and put Rowland to bed again.

The hammock was swung at the end of the veranda, in the thickest shade of the vines, and this fragment of dialogue had passed unnoticed. Rowland submitted a while longer to be caddled, and contented himself with listening to Mr. Hudson's voice. It was a soft and not altogether masculine organ, and was pitched on this occasion, in a somewhat

plaintive and pettish key. The young man's mood seemed fretful; he complained of the heat, of the dust, of a boot that hurt him, of having gone on an errand a mile to the other side of the town and found the person he was in search of had left Northampton an hour before.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?" Cecilia asked. "Perhaps that will restore your equanimity."

"Aye, by keeping me awake all night!" said Hudson. "At the best, it's hard enough to go down to the office. With my nerves exasperated by a sleepless night, I should perforce stay at home and be brutal to my poor mother."

"Your mother's well, I hope."

"Oh, she's as usual."

"And Miss Garland?"

"She's as usual, too. Every one, everything, is as usual. Nothing ever happens, in this benighted town."

"I beg your pardon; things do happen, sometimes," said Cecilia. "Here is a dear cousin of mine arrived on purpose to congratulate you on your statuette." And she called to Rowland to come and be introduced to Mr. Hudson. The young man sprang up with alacrity, and Rowland, coming forward to shake hands, had a good look at him in the light projected from the parlor window. Something seemed to shine out of Hudson's face as a warning against a "compliment" of the idle, unpondered sort.

"Your statuette seems to me very good," Rowland said gravely. "It has given me extreme pleasure."

"And my cousin knows what is good," said Cecilia. "He's a connoisseur."

Hudson smiled and stared. "A connoisseur?" he cried, laughing. "He's the first I've ever seen! Let me see what they look like;" and he drew Rowland nearer to the light. "Have they all such good heads as that? I should like to model yours."

"Pray do," said Cecilia. "It will keep him a while. He is running off to Europe."

"Ah, to Europe!" Hudson exclaimed

with a melancholy cadence, as they sat down. "Happy man!"

But the note seemed to Rowland to be struck rather at random, for he perceived no echo of it in the boyish garrulity of his later talk. Hudson was a tall, slender young fellow, with a singularly mobile and intelligent face. Rowland was struck at first only with its responsive vivacity, but in a short time he perceived it was remarkably handsome. The features were admirably chiseled and finished, and a frank smile played over them as gracefully as a breeze among flowers. The fault of the young man's whole structure was an excessive want of breadth. The forehead, though it was high and rounded, was narrow; the jaw and the shoulders were narrow; and the result was an air of insufficient physical substance. But Mallet afterwards learned that this fair, slim youth could draw indefinitely upon a mysterious fund of nervous force, which outlasted and outwearied the endurance of many a sturdier temperament. And certainly there was life enough in his eye to furnish an immortality! It was a generous dark gray eye, in which there came and went a sort of kindling glow, which would have made a ruder visage striking, and which gave at times to Hudson's harmonious face an altogether extraordinary beauty. There was to Rowland's sympathetic sense a slightly pitiful disparity between the young sculptor's delicate countenance and the shabby gentility of his costume. He was dressed for a visit — a visit to a pretty woman. He was clad from head to foot in a white linen suit, which had never been remarkable for the felicity of its cut, and had now quite lost that crispness which garments of this complexion can as ill spare as the back-scene of a theatre the radiance of the foot-lights. He wore a vivid blue cravat, passed through a ring altogether too splendid to be valuable; he pulled and twisted, as he sat, a pair of yellow kid gloves; he emphasized his conversation with great dashes and flourishes of a light, silver-tipped walking-stick, and he kept constantly taking off and putting on one of those slouched sombreros

which are the traditional property of the Virginian or Carolinian of romance. When this was on, he was very picturesque, in spite of his mock elegance; and when it was off, and he sat nursing it and turning it about and not knowing what to do with it, he could hardly be said to be awkward. He evidently had a natural relish for brilliant accessories, and appropriated what came to his hand. This was visible in his talk, which abounded in the florid and sonorous. He liked words with color in them.

Rowland, who was but a moderate talker, sat by in silence, while Cecilia, who had told him that she desired his opinion upon her friend, used a good deal of characteristic finesse in leading the young man to expose himself. She perfectly succeeded, and Hudson rattled away for an hour with a volubility in which boyish unconsciousness and manly shrewdness were singularly combined. He gave his opinion on twenty topics, he opened up an endless budget of local gossip, he described his repulsive routine at the office of Messrs. Striker and Spooner, counselors at law, and he gave with great felicity and gusto an account of the annual boat-race between Harvard and Yale, which he had lately witnessed at Worcester. He had looked at the straining oarsmen and the swaying crowd with the eye of the sculptor. Rowland was a good deal amused and not a little interested. Whenever Hudson uttered some peculiarly striking piece of youthful grandiloquence, Cecilia broke into a long, light, familiar laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" the young man then demanded. "Have I said anything so ridiculous?"

"Go on, go on," Cecilia replied. "You are too delicious! Show Mr. Mallet how Mr. Striker read the Declaration of Independence."

Hudson, like most men with a turn for the plastic arts, was an excellent mimic, and he represented with a great deal of humor the accent and attitude of a pompous country lawyer sustaining the burden of this customary episode of our national festival. The sonorous 'wang, the see-saw gestures, the odd

pronunciation, were vividly depicted. But Cecilia's manner, and the young man's quick response, ruffled a little poor Rowland's paternal conscience. He wondered whether his cousin was not sacrificing the faculty of reverence in her clever *protégé* to her need for amusement. Hudson made no serious rejoinder to Rowland's compliment on his statuette until he rose to go. Rowland wondered whether he had forgotten it, and supposed that the oversight was a sign of the natural self-sufficiency of genius. But Hudson stood a moment before he said good night, twirled his sombrero, and hesitated for the first time. He gave Rowland a clear, penetrating glance, and then, with a wonderfully frank, appealing smile: "You really meant," he asked, "what you said a while ago about that thing of mine? It is good — essentially good?"

"I really meant it," said Rowland, laying a kindly hand on his shoulder. "It is very good indeed. It is, as you say, essentially good. That is the beauty of it."

Hudson's eyes glowed and expanded; he looked at Rowland for some time in silence. "I have a notion you really know," he said at last. "But if you don't, it does n't much matter."

"My cousin asked me to-day," said Cecilia, "whether I supposed you knew yourself how good it is."

Hudson stared, blushing a little. "Perhaps not!" he cried.

"Very likely," said Mallet. "I read in a book the other day that great talent in action — in fact the book said genius — is a kind of somnambulism. The artist performs great feats, in a dream. We must not wake him up, lest he should lose his balance."

"Oh, when he's back in bed again!" Hudson answered with a laugh. "Yes, call it a dream. It was a very happy one!"

"Tell me this," said Rowland. "Did you mean anything by your young Water-drinker? Does he represent an idea? Is he a symbol?"

Hudson raised his eyebrows and gently scratched his head. "Why, he's

youth, you know; he's innocence, he's health, he's strength, he's curiosity. Yes, he's a good many things."

"And is the cup also a symbol?"

"The cup is knowledge, pleasure, experience. Anything of that kind!"

"Well, he's guzzling in earnest," said Rowland.

Hudson gave a vigorous nod. "Aye, poor fellow, he's thirsty!" and on this he cried good night, and bounded down the garden path.

"Well, what do you make of him?" asked Cecilia, returning a short time afterwards from a visit of investigation as to the sufficiency of Bessie's bed-clothes.

"I confess I like him," said Rowland. "He's very immature, — but there's stuff in him."

"He's a strange being," said Cecilia, musingly.

"Who are his people? what has been his education?" Rowland asked.

"He has had no education, beyond what he has picked up, with little trouble, for himself. His mother is a widow, of a Massachusetts country family, a little timid, tremulous woman, who is always on pins and needles about her son. She had some property herself, and married a Virginian gentleman of good estates. He turned out, I believe, a very licentious personage, and made great havoc in their fortune. Everything, or almost everything, melted away, including Mr. Hudson himself. This is literally true, for he drank himself to death. Ten years ago his wife was left a widow, with scanty means and a couple of growing boys. She paid her husband's debts as best she could, and came to establish herself here, where by the death of a charitable relative she had inherited an old-fashioned ruinous house. Roderick, our friend, was her pride and joy, but Stephen, the elder, was her comfort and support. I remember him, later; he was an ugly, sturdy, practical lad, very different from his brother, and in his way, I imagine, a very fine fellow. When the war broke out he found that the New England blood ran thicker in his veins than the Virginian, and im-

mediately obtained a commission. He fell in some Western battle and left his mother inconsolable. Roderick, however, has given her plenty to think about, and she has induced him, by some mysterious art, to abide, nominally at least, in a profession that he abhors, and for which he is about as fit, I should say, as I am to drive a locomotive. He grew up *à la grâce de Dieu*, and was horribly spoiled. Three or four years ago he graduated at a small college in this neighborhood, where I am afraid he had given a good deal more attention to novels and billiards than to mathematics and Greek. Since then he has been reading law, at the rate of a page a day. If he is ever admitted to practice I'm afraid my friendship won't avail to make me give him my business. Good, bad, or indifferent, the boy is essentially an artist — an artist to his fingers' ends."

"Why, then," asked Rowland, "does n't he deliberately take up the chisel?"

"For several reasons. In the first place, I don't think he more than half suspects his talent. The flame is smoldering, but it is never fanned by the breath of criticism. He sees nothing, hears nothing, to help him to self-knowledge. He's hopelessly discontented, but he does n't know where to look for help. Then his mother, as she one day confessed to me, has a holy horror of a profession which consists exclusively, as she supposes, in making figures of people without their clothes on. Sculpture, to her mind, is an insidious form of immorality, and for a young man of a passionate disposition she considers the law a much safer investment. Her father was a judge, she has two brothers at the bar, and her elder son had made a very promising beginning in the same line. She wishes the tradition to be perpetuated. I'm pretty sure the law won't make Roderick's fortune, and I'm afraid it will, in the long run, spoil his temper."

"What sort of a temper is it?"

"One to be trusted, on the whole. It is quick, but it is generous. I have known it to breathe flame and fury at ten o'clock in the evening, and soft,

sweet music early on the morrow. It's a very entertaining temper to observe. I, fortunately, can do so dispassionately, for I'm the only person in the place he has not quarreled with."

"Has he then no society? Who is Miss Garland, whom you asked about?"

"A young girl staying with his mother, a sort of far-away cousin; a good plain girl, but not a person to delight a sculptor's eye. Roderick has a goodly share of the old Southern arrogance; he has the aristocratic temperament. He'll have nothing to do with the small towns-people; he says they're 'ignoble.' He cannot endure his mother's friends—the old ladies and the ministers and the tea-party people; they bore him to death. So he comes and lounges here and rails at everything and every one."

This graceful young scoffer reappeared a couple of evenings later, and confirmed the friendly feeling he had provoked on Rowland's part. He was in an easier mood than before, he chattered less extravagantly, and asked Rowland a number of rather naïf questions about the condition of the fine arts in New York and Boston. Cecilia, when he had gone, said that this was the wholesome effect of Rowland's praise of his statuette. Roderick was acutely sensitive, and Rowland's tranquil commendation had stilled his restless pulses. He was ruminating the full-flavored verdict of culture. Rowland felt an irresistible kindness for him, a mingled sense of his personal charm and his artistic capacity. He had an indefinable attraction—the something divine of unspotted, exuberant, confident youth. The next day was Sunday, and Rowland proposed that they should take a long walk and that Roderick should show him the country. The young man assented gleefully, and in the morning, as Rowland at the garden gate was giving his hostess Godspeed on her way to church, he came striding along the grassy margin of the road and out-whistling the music of the church bells. It was one of those lovely days of August when you feel the complete exuberance

of summer just warned and checked by autumn. "Remember the day, and take care you rob no orchards," said Cecilia, as they separated.

The young men walked away at a steady pace, over hill and dale, through woods and fields, and at last found themselves on a grassy elevation studded with mossy rocks and red cedars. Just beneath them, in a great shining curve, flowed the goodly Connecticut. They flung themselves on the grass and tossed stones into the river; they talked like old friends. Rowland lit a cigar, and Roderick refused one with a grimace of extravagant disgust. He thought them vile things; he did n't see how decent people could tolerate them. Rowland was amused, and wondered what it was that made this ill-mannered speech seem perfectly inoffensive on Roderick's lips. He belonged to the race of mortals, to be pitied or envied according as we view the matter, who are not held to a strict account for their aggressions. Looking at him as he lay stretched in the shade, Rowland vaguely likened him to some beautiful, supple, restless, bright-eyed animal, whose motions should have no deeper warrant than the tremulous delicacy of its structure, and be graceful even when they were most inconvenient. Rowland watched the shadows on Mount Holyoke, listened to the gurgle of the river, and sniffed the balsam of the pines. A gentle breeze had begun to tickle their summits, and brought the smell of the mown grass across from the elm-dotted river meadows. He sat up beside his companion and looked away at the far-spreading view. It seemed to him beautiful, and suddenly a strange feeling of prospective regret took possession of him. Something seemed to tell him that later, in a foreign land, he would remember it lovingly and penitently.

"It's a wretched business," he said, "this practical quarrel of ours with our own country, this everlasting impatience to get out of it. Is one's only safety then in flight? This is an American day, an American landscape, an American atmosphere. It certainly has

its merits, and some day when I am shivering with ague in classic Italy, I shall accuse myself of having slighted them."

Roderick kindled with a sympathetic glow, and declared that America was good enough for him, and that he had always thought it the duty of an honest citizen to stand by his own country and help it along. He had evidently thought nothing whatever about it, and was launching his doctrine on the inspiration of the moment. The doctrine expanded with the occasion, and he declared that he was above all an advocate for American art. He did n't see why we should n't produce the greatest works in the world. We were the biggest people and we ought to have the biggest conceptions. The biggest conceptions of course would bring forth in time the biggest performances. We had only to be true to ourselves, to pitch in and not be afraid, to fling Imitation overboard and fix our eyes upon our National Originality. "I declare," he cried, "there's a career for a man, and I've twenty minds to decide, on the spot, to embrace it—to be the consummate, typical, original, national American artist! It's inspiring!"

Rowland burst out laughing and told him that he liked his practice better than his theory, and that a saner impulse than that had inspired his little Water-drinker. Roderick took no offense, and three minutes afterwards was talking volubly of some humbler theme, but half heeded by his companion, who had returned to his cogitations. At last Rowland delivered himself of the upshot of these. "How would you like," he suddenly demanded, "to go to Rome?"

Hudson stared, and, with a hungry laugh which speedily consigned our National Originality to perdition, responded that he would like it reasonably well. "And I should like, by the same token," he added, "to go to Athens, to Constantinople, to Damascus, to the holy city of Benares, where there is a golden statue of Brahma twenty feet tall."

"Nay," said Rowland soberly, "if you were to go to Rome, you should settle down and work. Athens might help you, but for the present I should n't recommend Benares."

"It will be time to arrange details when I pack my trunk," said Hudson.

"If you mean to turn sculptor, the sooner you pack your trunk the better."

"Oh, but I'm a practical man! What is the smallest sum per annum, on which one can keep alive the sacred fire in Rome?"

"What is the largest sum at your disposal?"

Roderick stroked his light mustache, gave it a twist, and then announced with mock pomposity: "Three hundred dollars!"

"The money question could be arranged," said Rowland. "There are ways of raising money."

"I should like to know a few! I never yet discovered one."

"One consists," said Rowland, "in having a friend with a good deal more than he wants, and not being too proud to accept a part of it."

Roderick stared a moment and his face flushed. "Do you mean—do you mean" . . . he stammered. He was greatly excited.

Rowland got up, blushing a little, and Roderick sprang to his feet. "In three words, if you are to be a sculptor, you ought to go to Rome and study the antique. To go to Rome you need money. I'm fond of fine statues, but unfortunately I can't make them myself. I have to order them. I order a dozen from you, to be executed at your convenience. To help you, I pay you in advance."

Roderick pushed off his hat and wiped his forehead, still gazing at his companion. "You believe in me!" he cried at last.

"Allow me to explain," said Rowland. "I believe in you, if you are prepared to work and to wait, and to struggle, and to exercise a great many virtues. And then, I'm afraid to say it, lest I should disturb you more than I

should help you. You must decide for yourself. I simply offer you an opportunity."

Hudson stood for some time, profoundly meditative. "You have not seen my other things," he said suddenly. "Come and look at them."

"Now?"

"Yes, we'll walk home. We'll settle the question."

He passed his hand through Rowland's arm and they retraced their steps. They reached the town and made their way along a broad country street, dusky with the shade of magnificent elms. Rowland felt his companion's arm trembling in his own. They stopped at a large white house, flanked with melancholy hemlocks, and passed through a little front garden, paved with moss-coated bricks and ornamented with parterres bordered with high box hedges. The mansion had an air of antiquated dignity, but it had seen its best days, and evidently sheltered a shrunken household. Mrs. Hudson, Rowland was sure, might be seen in the garden of a morning, in a white apron and a pair of old gloves, engaged in frugal horticulture. Roderick's studio was behind, in the basement; a large, empty room, with the paper peeling off the walls. This represented, in the fashion of fifty years ago, a series of small fantastic landscapes of a hideous pattern, and the young sculptor had presumably torn it away in great scraps, in moments of æsthetic exasperation. On a board in a corner was a heap of clay, and on the floor against the wall stood some dozen medallions, busts, and figures, in various stages of completion. To exhibit them Roderick had to place them one by one on the end of a long packing-box, which served as a pedestal. He did so silently, making no explanations, and looking at them himself with a strange air of quickened curiosity. Most of the things were portraits; and the three at which he looked longest were finished busts. One was a colossal head of a negro, tossed back, defiant, with distended nostrils; one was the portrait of a young man whom Rowland

immediately perceived, by the resemblance, to be his deceased brother; the last represented a gentleman with a pointed nose, a long, shaved upper lip, and a tuft on the end of his chin. This was a face peculiarly unadapted to sculpture; but as a piece of modeling it was the best, and it was admirable. It reminded Rowland in its homely veracity, its artless artfulness, of the works of the early Italian Renaissance. On the pedestal was cut the name—Barnaby Striker, Esq. Rowland remembered that this was the cognomen of the legal luminary from whom his companion had undertaken to borrow a reflected ray, and although, in the bust, there was naught flagrantly set down in malice, it betrayed, comically to one who could relish the secret, that the features of the original had often been scanned with an irritated eye. Besides these there were several rough studies of the nude, and two or three figures of a fanciful kind. The most noticeable (and it had singular beauty) was a small modeled design for a sepulchral monument; that, evidently, of Stephen Hudson. The young soldier lay sleeping eternally, with his hand on his sword, like an old crusader in a Gothic cathedral.

Rowland made no haste to pronounce; too much depended on his judgment. "Upon my word," cried Hudson at last, "they seem to me very good."

And in truth, as Rowland looked, he saw they were good. They were youthful, awkward, and ignorant; the effort, often, was more apparent than the success. But the effort was signally powerful and intelligent; it seemed to Rowland that it needed only to let itself go to compass great things. Here and there, too, success, when grasped, had something masterly. Rowland turned to his companion, who stood with his hands in his pockets and his hair very much crumpled, looking at him askance. The light of admiration was in Rowland's eyes, and it speedily kindled a wonderful illumination on Hudson's handsome brow. Rowland said at last, gravely, "You have only to work!"

"I think I know what that means," Roderick answered. He turned away, threw himself on a rickety chair, and sat for some moments with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. "Work—work?" he said at last, looking up, "ah, if I could only begin!" He glanced round the room a moment and his eye encountered on the mantel-shelf the vivid physiognomy of Mr. Barnaby Striker. His smile vanished, and he stared at it with an air of concentrated enmity. "I want to begin," he cried, "and I can't make a better beginning than this! Good-by, Mr. Striker!" He strode across the room, seized a mallet that lay at hand, and before Rowland could interfere, in the interest of art if not of morals, dealt a merciless blow upon Mr. Striker's skull. The bust cracked into a dozen pieces, which toppled with a great crash upon the floor. Rowland relished neither the destruction of the image nor his companion's look in working it, but as he was about to express his displeasure the door opened and gave passage

to a young girl. She came in with a rapid step and startled face, as if she had been summoned by the noise. Seeing the heap of shattered clay and the mallet in Roderick's hand, she gave a cry of horror. Her voice died away when she perceived that Rowland was a stranger, but she murmured reproachfully, "Why, Roderick, what have you done?"

Roderick gave a joyous kick to the shapeless fragments. "I've driven the money-changers out of the temple!" he cried.

The traces retained shape enough to be recognized, and she gave a little moan of pity. She seemed not to understand the young man's allegory, but yet to feel that it pointed to some great purpose, which must be an evil one, from being expressed in such a lawless fashion, and to perceive that Rowland was in some way accountable for it. She looked at him with a sharp, frank mistrust, and turned away through the open door. Rowland looked after her with extraordinary interest.

Henry James, Jr.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old;
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold
Beneath me, as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

I.

HIS YEARS OF PREPARATION.

EVENTS in history, as all who read history know, have their importance measured by final results, rather than by their apparent magnitude at the moment. The passage of the Rubicon by Cæsar, about which Lucan makes so much ado, and Plutarch tells one of his striking anecdotes, would have had no significance but for the victories that followed it and placed the adventurous general at the head of the Roman empire. And again, the assassination of Cæsar, startling and dramatic as it was, had actually no historical result, and only serves to mark the date of transition in Rome from one form of government to another. The short campaign of John Brown in Virginia, fifteen years ago, not only possesses the dramatic interest that belongs to a striking event, but will always be worthy of note as the beginning of that forcible attack upon a form of slavery and a political power which within two years' afterward convulsed the whole world with its consequences. It was the first decisive act of an inevitable tragedy, and such were its romantic features that, in the lapse of time, it will no doubt be gravely expounded as a myth to those who shall read American history some centuries hence. There seems to be no reason why John Brown, any more than William Tell, should escape this skeptical and generalizing spirit, which transforms history and even biography into a record of natural science. "King Arthur," says a recent Welsh writer who resolves history into astronomy, "is the Great Bear, and perhaps this constellation, being so near the pole, and visibly describing its circle in a small space, is the origin of the famous Round Table." Will there come a time when the Underground Railroad

shall be regarded as typical of some geologic transition, and the foray at Harper's Ferry pass for the legendary symbol of a chemic reaction? Perhaps so; but in the mean time it will be best for those who know the matters of fact, just as they took place, to put these upon record, in order that this perversion or vaporization of genuine history may be deferred as long as possible.

John Brown was, indeed, no mythical nor in any respect dubitable personage. It was his fortune to play a great part, but no son of Adam was ever less theatrical in his aim, or more intensely practical in his result. An idealist in spirit, he was a realist in activity, and accomplished the grand task assigned to him with a plain, forthright sincerity which comports little with the romantic circumstances of his life and death. He was easily and naturally great,

"And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

His character needs, therefore, only to be honestly set forth; not to be adorned with epithets and compliments. The chronicle of his life is his best monument.

Concerning the early life of John Brown I can add little to what has been written. But it is due to the reader, who may never have seen the fragment of an autobiography which Brown wrote in 1857 for the son of his friend, the late Major Stearns, that a paper so valuable in itself, and so characteristic of the writer, should here be reprinted. It first appeared in Redpath's *Life of Captain Brown*, published in Boston in 1860, having been placed in Mr. Redpath's hands by Mrs. Stearns. The lad to whom it was addressed was then about twelve years old, and the letter was evidently written for his amusement and instruction, with no thought that it would ever become public. As first printed, and as here reproduced, it is

spelled, punctuated, and italicized exactly as Captain Brown wrote it. If it thus indicates, what was probably true, that Brown could spell no better than Claverhouse, and was as regardless of "stops and marks" as any old Roman stone-cutter or Greek scribe, it also shows what a piquant and forcible style he used, both in speech and on paper. It was after hearing this paper read that Miss O——, of Medford, remarked, "If Captain Brown had not been called, in the providence of God, to a very different work, what charming stories he could have written for young children!" The original manuscript, which I have often seen in former years (for Harry Stearns was one of my pupils), fills six pages of closely written letter-paper, without division into paragraphs. It was written during the summer when Hugh Forbes was drilling a small company of his men for the Virginia campaign, in the western part of Iowa.

FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

RED ROCK, IOWA, 15th July, 1857.

MR. HENRY L. STEARNS

My Dear Young Friend

I have not forgotten my promise to write you; but my constant care, & anxiety have obliged me put it off a long time. I do not flatter myself that I *can* write any thing that will very much interest you: but have concluded to send you a short story of a certain boy of my acquaintance: & for convenience and shortness of name, I will call him John. His story will be mainly a narration of follies and errors; which it is to be hoped *you may avoid*; but there is one thing connected with it, which will be calculated to encourage any young person to persevering effort: & that is the degree of success in *accomplishing his objects* which to a great extent marked the course of this boy throughout my entire acquaintance with him; notwithstanding his moderate capacity; & still more moderate acquirements.

John was born May 9th 1800, at Torrington, Litchfield Co, Connecticut; of poor but respectable parents: a decend-

ant on the side of his father of one of the company of the Mayflower who landed at Plymouth 1620. His mother was decended from a man who came at an early period to New England from Amsterdam, in Holland. Both his Father's & his Mother's Fathers served in the war of the revolution: His Father's Father; died in a barn at New York while in the service, in 1776

I cannot tell you of any thing in the first Four years of John's life worth mentioning save that at that *early age* he was tempted by Three large Brass Pins belonging to a girl who lived in the family & *stole them*. In this he was detected by his Mother; & after having a full day to think of the wrong: received from her a thorough whipping. When he was Five years old his Father moved to Ohio; then a wilderness filled with wild beasts, & Indians. During the long journey which was performed in part or mostly with an *ox team*; he was called on by turns to assist a boy Five years older (who had been adopted by his Father & Mother) & learned to think he could accomplish *smart things* in driving the Cows; and riding the horses. Sometimes he met with Rattle Snakes which were very large; & which some of the company generally managed to kill. After getting to Ohio in 1805 he was for some time rather afraid of the Indians, & of their Rifles; but this soon wore off: & he used to hang about them quite as much as was consistent with good manners; & learned a trifle of their talk. His Father learned to dress Deer Skins, & at 6 years old John was installed a young Buck Skin—He was perhaps rather observing as he ever after remembered the entire process of Deer Skin *dressing*; so that he could at any time dress his own leather such as Squirrel, Raccoon, Cat, Wolf or Dog Skins; & also learned to make Whip Lashes: which brought him some change at times; & was of considerable service in many ways. — At Six years old John began to be quite a rambler in the wild new country finding birds & Squirrels, & sometimes a wild Turkey's nest. But about this period he was placed in the

school of *adversity*: which my young friend was a most necessary part of his early training. You may *laugh* when you come to read about it; but these were *sore trials* to John: whose earthly treasures were very *few & small*. These were the beginning of a severe but *much needed course* of discipline which he afterwards was to pass through; & which it is to be hoped has learned him before this time that the Heavenly Father sees it best to take all the little things out of his hands which he has ever placed in them. When John was in his Sixth year a poor *Indian boy* gave him a Yellow Marble the first he had ever seen. This he thought a great deal of; & kept it a good while; but at last *he lost it* beyond recovery. *It took years to heal the wound*; & I *think* he cried at times about it. About Five months after this he caught a young Squirrel tearing off his tail in doing it; & getting severely bitten at the same time himself. He however held *to the little bob tail* Squirrel; & finally got him perfectly tamed, so that he almost idolized his pet. *This too he lost*; by its wandering away; or by getting killed: & for a year or Two John was *in mourning*; and looking at all the Squirrels he could see to try & discover Bob tail, *if possible*. I must not neglect to tell you of a very *bad & foolish* habit to which John was somewhat addicted. I mean *telling lies*: generally to screen himself from blame; or from punishment. He could not well endure to be reproached; & I now think had he been oftener encouraged to be entirely frank; *by making frankness a kind of atonement* for some of his faults; he would not have been so often guilty of this fault; nor have been obliged to struggle *so long* in after life with *so mean* a habit. John was *never quarrelsome*; but was *excessively* fond of the *hardest & roughest* kind of plays; & could *never get enough* [of] them.

Indeed when for a short time he was sometimes sent to School the opportunity it afforded to wrestle & Snow ball & run & jump & knock off old seedy wool hats; offered to him almost the

only compensation for the confinement, & restraints of school. I need not tell you that with such a feeling & but little chance of going to school *at all*: he did not become much of a schollar. He would always choose to stay at home & work hard rather than be sent to school; & during the warm season might generally be seen *barefooted & bareheaded*: with Buck skin Breeches suspended often with one leather strap over his shoulder but sometimes with Two. To be sent off through the wilderness alone to very considerable distances was particularly his delight; & in this he was often indulged so that by the time he was Twelve years old he was sent off more than a Hundred Miles with companies of cattle; & he would have thought his character much injured had he been obliged to be helped in any such job. This was a boyish kind of feeling but characteristic however.

At Eight years old John was left a Motherless boy which loss was complete & permanent, for notwithstanding his Father again married to a sensible, intelligent, & on many accounts a very estimable woman: *yet he never adopted her in feeling*: but continued to pine after his own Mother for years. This operated very unfavourably upon him; as he was both naturally fond of females; & withall extremely diffident; & deprived him of a suitable connecting link between the different sexes; the want of which might under some circumstances have proved his ruin.

When the war broke out *with England*, his Father soon commenced furnishing the troops with beef cattle, the collecting & driving of which *afforded* him some opportunity for the chase (on foot) of wild steers & other cattle through the woods. During this war he had some chance to form his own boyish judgment of *men & measures*: & to become somewhat familiarly acquainted with some who have figured before the country since that time. The effect of what he saw during the war was to so far disgust him with military affairs that he would neither train, *or drill*; but paid fines; & got along like a Quaker untill his

age finally has cleared him of Military duty.

During the war with England a circumstance occurred that in the end made him a most *determined Abolitionist*: & led him to declare, or *Swear*: *Eternal war* with Slavery. He was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord once a United States Marshall who held a slave boy near his own age very active, intelligent and good feeling; & to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of kindness. *The master* made a great pet of John: brought him to table with his first company; & friends; called their attention to every little smart thing he *said, or did*: & to the fact of his being more than a hundred miles from home with a company of cattle alone; while the *negro boy* (who was fully if not more than his equal) was badly clothed, poorly fed; & *lodged in cold weather*: & beaten before his eyes with Iron Shovels or any other thing that came first to hand. This brought John to reflect on the wretched; hopeless condition, of *Fatherless & Motherless slave children*: for such children have neither Fathers nor Mothers to protect, & provide for them. He sometimes would raise the question *is God their Father?*

At the age of Ten years an old friend induced him to read a little history; & offered him the free use of a good library; by; which he acquired some taste for reading: which formed the principle part of his early education: & diverted him in a great measure from bad company. He by this means grew to be very fond of the company, & conversation of old & intelligent persons. He never attempted to dance in his life; nor did he ever learn to know *one* of a pack of *cards* from *another*. He learned nothing of Grammar; nor did he get at school so much knowledge of common Arithmetic as the Four ground rules. This will give you some general idea of the first Fifteen years of his life; during which time he became very strong & large of his age & ambitious to perform the full labour of a man; at almost any kind of hard work. By reading the lives of

great, wise & good men their sayings, and writings; he grew to a dislike of vain & frivolous *conversation & persons*; & was often greatly obliged by the kind manner in which older & more intelligent persons treated him at their houses; & in conversation; which was a great relief on account of his extreme bashfulness.

He very early in life became ambitious to excel in doing any thing he undertook to perform. This kind of feeling I would recommend to all young persons both *male & female*: as it will certainly tend to secure admission to the company of the more intelligent; & better portion of every community. By all means endeavor to excel in some laudable pursuit.

I had like to have forgotten to tell you of one of John's misfortunes which set rather hard on him while a young boy. He had by some means *perhaps* by gift of his Father become the owner of a little Ewe Lamb which did finely till it was about Two Thirds grown; & then sickened & died. This brought another protracted *mourning season*: not that he felt the pecuniary loss so much: for that was never his disposition: but so strong & earnest were his attachments.

John had been taught from earliest childhood to "fear God & keep his commandments;" & though quite skeptical he had always by turns felt much serious doubt as to his future well being; & about this time became to some extent a convert to Christianity & ever after a firm believer in the divine authenticity of the Bible. With this book he became very familiar, & possessed a most unusual memory of its entire contents.

Now some of the things I have been *telling of*; were just such as I would recommend to you: & I wd like to know that you had selected these out; & adopted them as part of your own plan of life; & I wish you to have *some definite plan*. Many seem to have none; & others never stick to any that they do form. This was not the case with John. He followed up with *tenacity* whatever he set about so long as it answered his general purpose: & hence he rarely failed in some good degree to effect the things he undertook. This was so much the

case that he *habitually expected to succeed* in his undertakings. With this feeling *should be coupled*; the consciousness that our plans are right in themselves.

During the period I have named John had acquired a kind of ownership to certain animals of some little value but as he had come to understand that the *title of minors* might be a little imperfect; he had recourse to various means in order to secure a more *independent*; & perfect right of property. One of those means was to exchange with his Father for some thing of far less value. Another was by trading with others persons for something his Father had never owned. Older persons have some times found difficulty with *titles*.

From Fifteen to Twenty years old, he spent most of his time working at the Tanner & Currier's trade keeping Bachelors hall; & he officiating as Cook; & for most of the time as forman of the establishment under his Father. During this period he found much trouble with some of the bad habits I have mentioned & with some that I have not told you off: his conscience urging him forward with great power in this matter: but his close attention to *business*; & success in its management; together with the way he got along with a company of men, & boys; made him quite a favorite with the serious & more intelligent portion of older persons. This was so much the case; & secured for him so many little notices from those he esteemed; that his vanity was very much fed by it: & he came forward to manhood quite full of self-conceit; & self-confident; notwithstanding his *extreme* bashfulness. A younger brother used sometimes to remind him of this: & to repeat to him *this expression* which you may somewhere find, "A King against whom there is no rising up." The habit so early formed of being obeyed rendered him in after life too much disposed to speak in an imperious & dictating way. From Fifteen years & upward he felt a good deal of anxiety to learn; but could only read & study a little; both for want of time; & on account of inflammation of the eyes. He however managed by the help of

books to make himself tolerably well acquainted with common arithmetic; & Surveying: which he practiced more or less after he was Twenty years old.

At a little past Twenty years led by his own inclination & *prompted also* by his Father, he married a *remarkably plain*; but neat industrious & economical girl; of excellent character; earnest piety; & good practical common sense; about one year younger than himself. This woman by her mild, frank, & *more than all* else: by her very consistent conduct; acquired & ever while she lived maintained a most powerful; & good influence over him. Her plain but kind admonitions generally had the right effect; without arousing his haughty obstinate temper. John began early in life to discover a great liking to fine Cattle, Horses, Sheep, & Swine: & as soon as circumstances would enable him he began to be a practical *Shepherd*: *it being* a calling for which *in early* life he had a kind of *enthusiastic longing*: together with the idea that as a business it bid fair to afford him the means of carrying out his greatest or principle object. I have now given you a kind of general idea of the early life of this boy; & if I believed it would be worth the trouble: or afford much interest to any good feeling person: I might be tempted to tell you something of his course in after life; or manhood. I do not say that I *will do it*.

You will discover that in using up my *half sheets to save paper*; I have written Two pages, so that one does not follow the other as it should. I have no time to write it over; & but for unavoidable hindrances in traveling I can hardly say when I should have written what I have. With an honest desire for your best good, I subscribe myself, Your Friend

J. BROWN.

P. S. I had like to have forgotten to acknowledge your contribution in aid of the cause in which I serve. God Almighty *bless you*; my son. J. B.

After the fruitless effort made by young Brown to obtain an education for the pulpit (of which some mention was

made in *The Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1872) he seems to have applied himself strenuously to a life of manual labor. Until his twenty-sixth year he resided chiefly in the town of Hudson, Ohio, and his ordinary occupation was that of a tanner, the same which General Grant was then learning in another part of the same State. From 1826 to 1835 he carried on this business at Richmond, near Meadville, in Pennsylvania. It was said of him there, "that he refused to sell his leather till the last drop of moisture had been dried out, declaring that he would not sell water for sole-leather." In Pennsylvania, too, he refused to do military duty, and always paid his fine like a Quaker, rather than encourage war by his example, little foreseeing that after his death a million soldiers would march to battle singing his praise, and inspired by his courageous warfare.

It appears that he formed his definite plan for an attack upon slavery in its stronghold as early as 1838, when he was living in Ohio, having returned from Pennsylvania. His plan then was substantially what it was afterwards, but he had not so carefully worked out its details, nor had he furnished himself with the requisite military and general knowledge. He kept it steadily before him from that time onward, educated himself for it, trained his children to engage in it, and made it as much a part of his household discipline as were his morning and evening prayers. His wife told me in 1860 that she had been pledged to aid in the great work for twenty years, and that he ever since had been seeking men worthy to subscribe with him to the solemn vows he had assumed. John Brown himself had said to me in 1857, when I asked him how his wife could consent that he should so constantly expose his life and exile himself from home: "I have always told her that when the time came to fight against slavery, that conflict would be the signal for our separation. She made up her mind to have me go years before this, and when I did go she got ready bandages and medicines for the wounded." What was more to the

purpose, she sent her own sons, Watson and Oliver, to fight by his side, and they fell by his side at Harper's Ferry. One after the other, as his sons grew toward manhood, he opened his purpose to them, and enlisted them for his long-deferred campaign.

In 1848 Brown sailed for Europe on business connected with his wool trade, and traveled over a considerable part of England, France, and Germany. The only record of this journey seems to have been the conversations in which he alluded to it; and that which has found its way into the biographies is one I held with him while driving from Concord to Medford, one Sunday in April, 1857. He then told me that he had kept the contest against slavery in mind while traveling on the Continent, and had made an especial study of the European armies and battle-fields. He had examined many of Napoleon's positions, and assured me that the common military theory of strong places was unsound; that a ravine was in truth more defensible than a hill-top. So it is, for an army of heroes, as Leonidas demonstrated at Thermopylæ; but for ordinary warfare, we may believe that Napoleon was right. Brown often witnessed the evolutions of the Austrian troops, and declared that they could always be defeated (as they have since been in Italy and elsewhere) by soldiers who should manœuvre more rapidly. The French soldiers he thought well drilled, but lacking individual prowess; for that he gave the palm, and justly, to our own countrymen. He returned from Europe more in love than before with American institutions, and more than ever convinced that slavery must be destroyed. He came back poor, for his mercantile ventures had failed; it was not destined that he should grow rich, as he had hoped, and thus be able to aid the oppressed from his abundance. Ever afterwards he accepted cheerfully the narrow path of poverty, but gave all his spare time to the work he had at heart.

In 1849 he first visited Gerrit Smith at his home in Peterboro', on what

would have seemed, to most people, a fool's errand. It was about the time that Mr. Smith, who owned vast tracts of land in the Adirondack woods, had offered a farm in that wild country to any colored man who would settle on it and reclaim it. John Brown had heard of this offer through the newspapers, and he sought the acquaintance of the liberal landlord, to make a proposition of his own. "I was brought up in the woods, and am acquainted with the ways of a new settlement; I will take a farm among your new tenants and show them how to clear and cultivate their land. I will employ such of them as I can, and will look after them as a good neighbor ought; I will be a kind of father to them." Mr. Smith gave his new friend the title to a tract of wild land, to be paid for by installments, and John Brown soon settled his family upon it, and began again the hard life of a backwoodsman, which he had endured as a boy among the pioneers of northern Ohio. His object in this was threefold, as he afterwards explained it to me. Besides his desire to aid the poor negroes, his neighbors, he hoped to find among them some who would become his soldiers; and he knew that he could train and equip his men there without attracting suspicion. Moreover, he wanted a place of refuge for his wife and children when he should go on his campaign, — a place where they could live frugally, and learn those habits of industry and thrift which he thought indispensable. At this time his youngest son was ten years old, and his two daughters, who were afterwards my pupils, were six years and three years old.

The region chosen for his home, and afterwards for his grave, is singularly picturesque, but rough and bleak. I have visited it but twice: first in the summer of 1857, when I was charged by some friends of Captain Brown, in Boston, with the agreeable duty of purchasing an addition to the farms of his wife and his eldest daughter, to maintain them better while he was fighting for freedom in Kansas; and again in

February, 1860, when the hero was lying in his snow-covered grave, and the house that sheltered his family was full of sorrow and pain. In the summer, for a few months, this wilderness is charming. The mountains rise, grand and beautiful, on all sides; the untamed forest clothes their slopes and fills up the plains and valleys, save where the puny labors of men have here and there rescued a bit of fertile land from its gloom. On such spots the houses are built, and around them grow the small cultivated crops that can endure the climate — grass, grain, potatoes, and a few garden vegetables. The wild fruits are in abundance, the woods (in 1857) were full of game, and the streams and lakes of fish. But the mode of life is rude and primitive, with no elegance, and little that we should call comfort. Many of the dwellings are log-cabins, and in the whole township of North Elba, where the Browns lived, there was then scarcely a house worth a thousand dollars, or one which was "finished" throughout. Mrs. Brown's house, at that time, had but two plastered rooms, yet two families lived in it, and at my second visit two widowed women besides, whose husbands were killed at Harper's Ferry. I slept on both occasions in a little chamber partitioned off with a rude frame-work, but not plastered, the walls only ornamented with a few pictures; and in winter the snow sifted through the roof and fell upon the bed. I arrived at nightfall, on my second visit, closely pursued from the shore of Lake Champlain by a snow-storm, which murmured and moaned about the chamber all night, and in the morning I found a small snow-drift on my coverlet, and another on the floor near my bed. The newborn babe of Oliver Brown (the captain's youngest son, who had been killed at Harper's Ferry four months before) died in the house that night, and the poor young mother did not long survive.

A word in passing may be given to those brave young men, who deserve many words of praise, — the sons of John Brown. At the time the Missouri

Compromise was repealed, in 1854, he had seven sons and a son-in-law living. Four of these were children of his first wife; of the three others, the youngest was a boy of fifteen, and the next in age was but eighteen. The son-in-law, Henry Thompson, was a stalwart farmer, of New Hampshire origin, whose family connections were at North Elba, where, I believe, he still remains with his wife, Ruth, the eldest daughter of Brown. All were active, enterprising persons, fond of labor, inured to hardship, and expecting, as their father had taught them, to earn their living with the toil of their own hands. The narrow circumstances of the family made it quite necessary that these young men should support themselves somewhere. Several of them were living in Ohio, where, also, in 1854, their father had his home. Scarcely had the passage of the Nebraska Bill opened Kansas to slavery, when the Brown family, young and old, decided to cast their lot there. Love of freedom, love of adventure, and a desire for independence in fortune combined to tempt the young men, and three of them started for Kansas in 1854, where they settled early in the spring of 1855. The place which they selected was in Lykens County, on the Pottawatomie River, not far from the town of Osawatomie, which their father afterwards made famous. The other men of the family, some with their wives, joined them from time to time, but the whole nine, including Captain Brown, were never in Kansas together. For a long time the father, with six sons and his son-in-law, was there, and they all rallied to the defense of Lawrence in May, 1856.

John Brown himself went to Kansas in the fall of 1855, having already, in the spring of that year, taken his wife and infants back to their home in the Adirondack Mountains. Late in June, 1855, he was present at an antislavery convention in Syracuse, New York, where money was raised to assist him in arming his family in Kansas. He writes to his wife, under date of "Syracuse, June 28, 1855," as follows:—

"I reached here on the first day of the convention, and I have reason to bless God that I came; for I have met with a most warm reception from all, so far as I know; and, except by a few sincere, honest peace friends, a most hearty approval of my intention of arming my sons and other friends in Kansas. I received to-day donations amounting to a little over sixty dollars—twenty from Gerrit Smith, five from an old British officer;¹ others giving smaller sums with such earnest and affectionate expressions of their good wishes as did me more good than money even. John's two letters were introduced, and read with such effect by Gerrit Smith as to draw tears from numerous eyes in the great collection of people present. The convention has been one of the most interesting meetings I ever attended in my life; and I made a great addition to the number of warm-hearted and honest friends."

Five months after this letter was written, John Brown was quietly settled at Osawatomie in Kansas, with his sons about him, when they were summoned to the town of Lawrence by the news of a threatened attack from the "Border Ruffians" of Missouri. With four of his sons he hastened to the besieged town. As they drove up to the Free State Hotel, they were all standing, tall and well armed, in a lumber wagon, about the sides of which stood rude pikes, made of bayonets fastened to poles. Each man wore an artilleryman's sabre strapped to his side, and carried a rifle and revolvers. These were the arms (purchased in part by the Syracuse contributions) which had been carried into Kansas by John Brown in the early autumn, and this was their first employment—to save Lawrence from destruction. Bloodshed was for the present avoided, however, by skillful negotiations, in which Brown took no part, and he soon withdrew with his men to Osawatomie. This was just four years before his execution. From that time forward he was a marked man, and his

¹ The late Captain Charles Stewart, who had served under Wellington in India.

name became formidable in Kansas and Missouri.

His opinions on the question of slavery and the rights of the colored people were well known in Kansas, and were regarded as extreme at that time. In a political meeting in Osawatimie, he had very early denounced the policy of excluding negroes from the new State. Such a proposition excited his wrath and scorn; he was no believer in a "white man's government," and thought that liberty for the negro meant something more than "the glorious privilege of work," as Andrew Johnson once defined it. Nor did he believe in gradual emancipation, as Abraham Lincoln did, nor in peaceful emancipation of any kind. He said to a friend in Kansas, "I have been at your abolition meetings, and your scheme is perfectly futile; you would not release five slaves in a hundred years. Peaceful emancipation is impossible; the thing has gone beyond that point." The truth of this saying was not quite so clear in 1856 as it is now.

The settlers of Kansas, by no means all heroes, soon discovered that their new champion had other views than they. He was no squatter, but even then "his soul went marching on." He had come there to aid his sons and their neighbors against the Missouri marauders; but that was not his main purpose. He saw that Kansas was the battleground between slavery and freedom, and he wanted the warfare on the right side to be something more than defensive. He longed to attack slavery on its own ground, and there destroy it. The time, he thought, had come to carry out his darling scheme, and he made many enemies among the timid "Free-State men" by striving to do so.

In the disturbances of 1856 he was very prominent, particularly at the fights of Black Jack and Osawatimie, in both of which he won a victory over numbers far superior to his own force. He had

enlisted a small band of true men, and with these, from May to September, he ranged the Kansas prairies at intervals, executing justice on the oppressors of the people. It was a portion of his band that committed the so-called "Pottawatomie murders" in May, 1856, but Captain Brown himself was not then present, although he afterwards fully justified the act. It has often been said that he took part in this deed, but that, he assured me more than once, was not the fact.

At various times during the summer of 1856, Captain Brown was pursued by the United States troops, then stationed in Kansas, and finally left the Territory, in September, to avoid them. As he passed northward through Nebraska and Iowa, retreating slowly out of the land he had rescued from slavery, he left behind him the grave of one of his sons; another son by imprisonment and outrage had become a maniac; yet another son and a son-in-law had been severely wounded. The old hero himself was sick and destitute; he had been waging war at his own cost, as well as at his own risk, and scarcely a dollar of the money so freely contributed in New England and elsewhere had reached the man who could best have used it. It has been common to assert that these sufferings and losses incited Captain Brown to take revenge upon the slave-holders for what they had inflicted on him and his. Another explanation has also been given, and this may be quoted in the words of Henry Ward Beecher: "The shot that struck the child's heart crazed the father's brain. I mourn the hiding or obscuration of his reason." But it is idle to speak of him as insane who was wiser than any of us in his foresight. The simple truth is that Captain Brown went to Kansas in pursuance of his long-cherished design, and while he gained experience, and perhaps strength of purpose, there, he brought away with him neither malice nor insanity.

F. B. Sanborn.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed;

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield! —
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Henry W. Longfellow.

March 30, 1874.

AUTUMN DAYS IN WEIMAR.

I.

WEIMAR is one of those places which the ordinary tourist never really sees. Probably nine tenths of our rapid countrymen, who travel the direct railway line from Frankfort to Berlin, reach the end of their journey with a confused impression of broad belts of farm-land, ranges of wooded mountains, half a dozen gray towers, stately stone stations with the inevitable telegraphic bell and conductor's whistle, and flying glimpses of cities which they afterwards vainly endeavor to disentangle and label with their separate names. Eisenach, Gotha, Erfurt, Weimar, and Naumburg lie strung along the line, in the northern skirt of that old Hercynian Forest which once stretched unbroken from the Rhine to the Elbe, and each is the entrance to its own near region of landscape and legend. But their best charms are not manifest at a distance, or caught in hurrying past. The Ettersberg is the tamest possible hill, and Weimar a dull little town in a hollow among bare, windy uplands, to the traveler with a through ticket.

Even one who spares a day from his itinerary — who reverently inspects Schiller's room, looks at the outside of Goethe's house, walks the length of the park, and gives an hour each to the library, castle, and museum — will be apt to wonder what attraction drew so many of Germany's greatest minds to a place so sober, quiet, and contracted in all its ways and circumstances. If he be familiar with the history of the illustrious period, the remembrance of the primitive diversions of Duchess Anna Amalia and young Karl August will suggest a livelier life than he now finds in the streets of Weimar. He will scent, perforce, an atmosphere of prosaic conventionalism, where the ancient magic is as thoroughly gone as the scent of roses when summer is over. With a

dreary sinking of the imagination, he will recall the decadence that succeeds a glorious age, and something of the sadness of a cemetery will cling to his recollections of the place.

But Weimar, among other German cities, is like a still-tongued, inconspicuous, yet very genuine person in a gay and talkative company, — not to be known too easily, and loved forever when once truly known. Four different times, with intervals of years between, I went thither for a day, took the same walks, saw the same sights, and left with the same vague sense of disappointment and regret. I can thus estimate the character of the superficial impression which many others, doubtless, take home with them. During the summer and autumn months, when the court is absent, there are hours when scarcely even a peasant is encountered in the shady walks along the Ilm; when the market-women knit, in the lack of customers, on the square before the Rathhaus, and when the memorial statues seem to sleep in bronze, since no one spares a part of his own life to awaken them.

Moreover, there is nearly as much local pride and jealousy among the capitals of the small mid-German principalities, as among our nascent Western cities. The intercourse of their citizens is singularly limited; and, inasmuch as each has its special traditions of venerable age, its peculiarities of social life and public habits, a narrow criticism is often applied where the diversity might be heartily enjoyed. All Germany still remembers the old caricatures in the *Fliegende Blätter* of Munich, where Beisele sits on the aristocratic side of the theatre at Weimar, while Eisele is placed opposite, among the burghers; and both are afterwards imprisoned for addressing a young lady as "Fräulein" instead of "Mademoiselle." The former illustration was a just satire at the

time; but the rule it ridicules was abolished more than twenty years ago. The latter, of course, was a grotesque exaggeration, illustrating the fact that the freest and most enlightened German capital for more than fifty years had somehow come to be regarded as the home of all obsolete social etiquette. I imagine that this was mainly a remnant of the jealousy engendered by Weimar's glory, and that it had been kept alive by rival court-circles and the classes which they influence, rather than by the people at large. The latter are not always so narrow in their likings as those above them.

I came back to Weimar for a longer stay, on a cold, dull October morning. My room in the hotel looked across a sort of boulevard, marking the site of a moat outside the ancient wall of the town, over the front of the building belonging to the *Erholung* (Recreation) — the one club of the place — to the spire of the Stadtkirche where Herder preached. For a background I had the wooded hill and massive military barracks beyond the Ilm. The lovely park, the creation of Karl August and Goethe, lay unseen in the hollow between; south and west of me, I knew, there were only high, bare fields; and I wondered whether the famous authors who once dwelt within my range of vision ever seemed to themselves as lonely and forsaken as their monuments — or myself — on such a day. I took a spiritless walk through the streets, and came back without delivering one of my three notes of introduction. There was the Schiller house, with its merchandise of plaster-casts and photographs in the window beside the door; there was the Goethe house, inhabited at last (for curtains were visible behind the window-panes), but still looking gloomy and forlorn; the library, with no sign of life around it; and at a restaurant near the theatre, kept by *Werther*, one individual was drinking his solitary beer!

The waiter presently summoned me to the *table d'hôte*, placing me between half a dozen transient guests and a company of as many gentlemen whose wine-

bottles and napkin-rings marked them as *habitués*. The latter immediately excited my interest and attracted me towards them. The chairman's place was occupied by a hale, ruddy gentleman, who proved to be Dr. R——, Director of the Museum, to whom I was commended by a mutual friend. An English scholar and an English artist sat near him, and he used their language with as much fluency as his own. There was also a young Swiss artist, handsome as the Antinous; Baron von Salis, Adjutant of the Hereditary Grand Duke, and beside him, as if still illustrating the friendship between the poet Salis and Schiller, sat the grandson of the latter, Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm.

There could have been no more refined and genial company; the most of its members added the lustre of tradition to their own accomplishments, and the temporary additions to it, from time to time, were drawn from the same circle. In the evening, after the early closing of the theatre, the "Intendant," Baron von Loën, a relative of Goethe on the Textor side, came frequently; Baron von Stein sometimes drove over from his estate of Kochberg, famous in the annals of his grandmother, Frau von Stein; the families of Herder, Wieland, and Knebel were included in the common acquaintance, and many an old story, familiar elsewhere to the scholar only, here belonged to the presumed knowledge of all. The kindly courtesy with which room was made for me in this little society was no false promise of the enjoyment which I drew from it. Many a light which I had fancied extinguished soon began to send its rays out of Weimar's past; many an old interest proclaimed its stubborn life; until, in this new atmosphere, the heroic forms ceased to be mere shadows, drew nearer and nearer, and finally recovered as much reality of being as knowledge, memory, and fancy can bestow upon the dead.

I arose from my first dinner with only an instinct of the coming good fortune; for my acquaintance with the company

began, quite frankly and unconventionally, in the evening. But the desire to know somebody was aroused at last. I selected a letter to the Privy Court-Councilor, Schöll, whose name will be familiar to all Goethe-students as that of a rarely accomplished editor and critic. His residence is in the Schillerstrasse, next to that of Schiller's ghost, but I found him in his official quarters in the library. There was something in his high brow, brown bright eyes, and masculine nose, which suggested a milder and livelier Goethe; nor was I disappointed. The days that followed revealed to me much of the same mixture of wisdom and humor, of receptive, combative, and sympathetic intellect, mellowed by warm social qualities, which characterize all the local traditions of the great master's intercourse with others.

Herr Schöll introduced me to the librarian, Dr. Köhler, a man in whom scholarly fame is exceptionally linked with great modesty. The two were about to take their daily walk through the park to the village of Ober-Weimar, nearly two miles distant. I asked permission to be the third. The mist was already less dank, the first touches of autumn on the park trees less melancholy; a few single saunterers or pairs were abroad in the paths, and some market-women, with empty baskets on their shoulders, descended the steps, passed the artificial grottoes at the base of the hill, and took their way across the first meadow towards Goethe's garden-house. Below us, under the wooded bluff, lay the lonely pathway of shade beside the Ilm, which was Schiller's favorite walk: the crest, which we followed, with its freer outlook between the gaps in the foliage, its larger spaces of light and air, was preferred by Goethe.

The whole park, in fact, was created by Goethe and Karl August. It was a successful effort to base landscape-gardening upon nature, at a time when all Germany was painfully imitating the formalism of Versailles. Count Rumford's similar achievement at Munich

was some years later. The grottoes and an artificial ruin are the only incongruous features in the plan, and they are now so hidden or modified by the action of vegetable growth that they scarcely interfere with the first impression of an exquisite natural valley, gradually melting into pasture-meadows and cultivated fields. There is nothing forced or studied in the grouping of the trees or the disposition of the shrubbery; the turf harbors all the tribes of wild-flowers in their turn, and the paths add the one touch of luxury, of subdued and civilized nature, which we should be willing to find in the most waste and desolate places. A soft, sweet air of repose hangs over the valley; people linger rather than hurry when they enter it; the town is not noisy enough to disturb the solitude; even the highway to Belvedere, which skirts one side of the park, is half concealed by its avenue of broad-armed trees, and what little human labor is visible upon the remoter hills becomes a picture, and no more.

Ober-Weimar, also, claims its share of the literary traditions. Schiller once took refuge there, to get on more rapidly with his work by escaping company, but was sorely disturbed by the festal noises of a rural wedding. When we had taken seats in the dingy guest-room of a tavern, with cups of inspiring coffee before us, my new friend pointed to the stone bridge over the Ilm, and said: "The Duchess Anna Amalia took that for one of her artistic studies." Some days afterwards, I turned over a portfolio of her sketches, in the museum, and could easily imagine what sort of a study she made of it. The mannered drawing of that day finds its climax in Oeser, who gave Goethe his first lessons. Its crispy, woolly foliage, wooden rocks, and blurred foregrounds, dotted here and there with bits of rigid detail, are verily astonishing to behold. Even Meyer, who was so often sound in theory, never freed himself, in practice, from the cramped, artificial restraints of the school.

Goethe's own drawings are a curious illustration of a correct instinct strug-

gling with a false system, which he had not technical skill enough to break through. His most rapid sketches are always his best. The outlines are free and bold; light and shade, in masses, are often well disposed; and if he had possessed a fine sense of color he might have developed, under other influences, into a tolerable artist. But when he comes to detail, he never releases himself from Oeser's method, and all the freedom of his first outlines disappears in the process. I have seen his original drawing of the cloven tower of Heidelberg Castle, a crude but by no means a bad performance; then Oeser's copy of it, changed, stiffened, hardly to be recognized as the same thing; and, finally, Goethe's laborious copy of Oeser, emphasizing all the faults of the latter. The few drawings he made in Rome — especially a very clean and careful sketch of the Capitol, in India ink — give the best evidence of Goethe's amateur talent.

We took the meadow-path back to the town, passing the classic garden-house, where the poet plucked his earliest violets and raised his asparagus for Frau von Stein; where he was sometimes obliged to borrow a plate of corned beef, when the duke and duchess came unexpectedly to tea; where he taught Christiane Vulpius something of the metamorphosis of plants; and where, later, Thackeray took coffee under the trees planted in those early days. I looked over the gate, and could well believe that the same larkspurs and pot-marigolds had been blossoming under the windows for a century past. But there were dead leaves on all the paths, and the steep hill-side immediately in the rear looked moldy with shade and moisture. It is an inviting spot, with its sheltered, sunny site; although hardly ten minutes' walk from the town, its front looks only upon meadows, trees, and the dark, gliding, silent Ilm.

The rock-work on the opposite side of the stream is rather clumsily done. Goethe was so enthusiastic a geologist that he could hardly have had his own way in its arrangement; but he partly

relieved the stiff masses by stone stairways, landings, and tablets with inscriptions. Beside one of the paths of shade which lead to the top of the bluff he placed a rude piece of sculpture, representing a serpent coiled around an altar and devouring an offering-cake laid upon it. The common people, unable to understand the symbol, soon invented a legend of their own to interpret it; the present generation of peasants firmly believes that a huge serpent infested the banks of the Ilm, in ancient times, and was poisoned by some unknown knight or saint. There is also a little bark hut, too new to be quite the same, in all its parts, which Karl August erected. Its very plainness seems to be suggestive of mystery to certain minds, and the stranger may carry away some singular statements and conjectures, unless he knows how to weigh his authority.

One of my first visits was to Preller, the Homeric painter, whose frescoes illustrating the Odyssey are such a superb adornment of the long corridor in the museum. Nearly as old as the century, having been developed under Goethe's encouragement and Karl August's generous patronage, he was to me, as Tegnér says of Thorsten Vikingsson, "a living legend." I found him in his studio, with three young ladies working so zealously under his direction that only one of them looked up, — but she was just finishing an admirable crayon drawing of the Farnese Torso. Preller was painting a scene near Olevano, in the Sabine Mountains, with an Arcadian group in the foreground. I accepted an invitation to call at his house, and withdrew before he had time to lay down his brush.

The next evening I found that he had only changed his locality, not his surroundings. The ladies — one of them a great-granddaughter of Herder — had a portfolio of original drawings by famous German artists before them, and were enjoying these and Preller's instructive comments at the same time. They made room for me at the table, opposite the painter's strong head and full, gray beard; on one side there was a cast of

Trippel's bust of Goethe, the Apollo head, modeled in Rome in 1787. The original is in the Weimar library. It is one of those heads whose dignity and beauty are all the more striking because it just falls short of the exact Greek symmetry. Though suggesting a demi-god, it is still a possible man. Take the finest known heads, — Antoninus Pius, the young Augustus, Napoleon, Byron, — and this of Goethe at thirty-eight will seem the noblest and completest.

No cast had been made from Trippel's bust until about five years ago, when the sculptor Arnold was allowed to make a certain number of copies. I was fortunate enough to obtain one, and I now said to Preller: "I see the same head of Goethe here, and in the same position, as in my own room at home; only, opposite, I have placed the Venus of Milo. He, as man, should stand beside her, as woman."

He got up from the sofa, without saying a word, came to where I was sitting, and seized me by the arm. Following the hint of his action, I rose; he turned me a little to one side, and pointed silently at a bust of the Venus of Milo, which I had not noticed on entering the room. "There she is!" he exclaimed, at last; "I see her every day of my life, but I never pass her without saying to myself: 'My God, how beautiful she is!'"

This lucky coincidence of taste was more efficient than hours of talk in opening the old painter's heart. I spent many other evenings in his genial family circle, until he grew accustomed to unlock the store-house of his memory and bring forth many an illustrative anecdote of the man and men whom I wished to know. The clear intellectual perception, which always belongs to an artist whose genius lies in the harmonies of form no less than those of color, gave a special point and value to his narrations. No feature in them was of trivial import; he saw the personages again as he described them; he heard their voices, and his own, as he repeated their words, became an unconscious imitation. If all biographical studies could be made in

this way, how delightful would be the author's task!

Preller set before me a much more distinct picture of Goethe's son, August, than I had been able to obtain from any published sources. He seems to have inherited his mother's cheerful and amiable temperament, together with its sad physical failing, and much of his father's personal beauty, with hardly a tithe of his mental capacity. He was tall and finely-formed; a badly-painted head, still in existence, has the ruddy color, full lips, and large, soft eyes of a very sensuous nature; but Preller asserts that he was also intelligent, sympathetic, capable, and every way attractive when in his right mind. The former was in Rome when he arrived there, and related to me the circumstances attending his death. Inasmuch as a brief outline of the story has recently been published,¹ I feel at liberty to repeat it, in the artist's own words:—

"Shortly after young Goethe reached Rome, Kestner" (the Prussian Secretary of Legation, and son of the Charlotte whom Goethe made famous in *Werther*) "proposed a trip to Albano and Nemi, and invited me to join in it. During our donkey-ride to the lake, after leaving Albano, Goethe complained of being very ill. He could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle, but, between us, we got him as far as Frascati, where we waited three hours to let him rest, before returning in the carriage to Rome. He was in a raging fever when we arrived; I put him to bed, watched with him all night, and left him a little better in the morning. The next night I asked Rudolf Meyer, of Dresden, to share the watch with me. I sat up until midnight, then went into the next room and stretched myself out on some chairs. It seemed but a moment before Meyer came into the room and said to me: 'Goethe is evidently very ill.' I rose instantly and went to him; but I had hardly entered the door when Goethe made one leap from the bed, rushed towards me, threw his arms around my

¹ By Dr. Eitner, in a note attached to his translation of a part of Henry Crabb Robinson's journals.

neck, and strained me to his breast with such violence that I thought I should have died on the spot. As soon as I was able, I loosened his arms and pushed him softly backwards towards the bed. He sank down passively and his head dropped upon the pillow. I waited; he did not move a muscle. Then I saw that he did not breathe. Leaving Meyer, I ran to the house of the physician, who came at once, but found that death had instantly followed the paroxysm. Kestner was thunderstruck when he heard the news.

"The dissection showed that his brain was healthy, — only a little spot betrayed small-pox, which had not come out. This was the cause of his death. I attended his funeral and helped carry the corpse, but felt all the while as if in a strange dream, hardly conscious of what I saw and heard. Somewhere on the way home my senses entirely left me, and for many days there was a blank in my life. When I came to myself, I was almost lifeless, and covered with pustules; it was many months before I recovered my usual strength."

The day afterwards, it happened, my friend Schöll related to me how Otfried Müller died in his arms, at Athens. Singularly enough a Greek gentleman joined us in our walk to Ober-Weimar, — for this soon became also my "custom of an afternoon," — and we talked of the Hill of Colonos until bunches of asphodel seemed to dot the meadows of the Ilm. Another day, while I was waiting in one of the rooms of the library and idly poring over a map, a stranger who had entered suddenly pointed to the Himalayas of Nepal, and said: "There is where I am at home." But it is not the ostentatious tourists who thus quietly converge to Weimar from all quarters of the world.

The School of Art, established by the present grand duke, was convulsed by a semi-revolution during the whole of my stay. The prime cause thereof appeared to be a conflict of authority between the director, Count Kalkreuth, himself an excellent landscape artist, and the Belgian painter, Verlat, who

enjoyed the favor of the court. There was one time during the crisis when the students sharply took sides, and an emigration, almost *en masse*, was threatened. I was able to follow the movement, from day to day, through the confidential communications of some of the young artists concerned in it, but the story is scarcely important enough to be retold. Behind it, in the distance, — perhaps not at all evident to the most of the actors, — loomed the conflict of artistic theories, of the sensuous and the imaginative elements, of technical skill and the expression of ideas. The same struggle is going on all over the world. It is France, in league with Chinese silks and Japanese screens, against the extreme which is best illustrated by Kaulbach's attempt to represent the Reformation on a single cartoon. The midlying truth, as is always the case, is felt rather than consciously perceived by the honest, single-minded artists who work and leave the battle to others.

In the studio of Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm, however, I found a refuge from the passing storm. He kept for himself the serene atmosphere of art, while the trouble lasted; and his pictures, wherein a strong realistic truth was always steeped in the purest poetic sentiment, entirely satisfied both forms of the artistic sense. If I am not mistaken, he is the only child of his mother, Schiller's daughter Emilie, who most resembled the poet. In him the personal resemblance is weakened, but the genius is inherited and embodied in a new activity. His choice and treatment of subjects constantly reminded me of McEntee, whom, nevertheless, he but slightly suggests in technical quality. Like McEntee, he feels the infinite sweetness and sadness of late autumn; of dim skies and lowering masses of cloud; of dead leaves, lonely woodland brooks, brown marshes, and gray hillsides. Moreover, each has the same intense personal faith in his art, the same devotion to it for its own sake, and the same disregard of the transient popular tastes to which some artists submit, and foolishly imagine that they

have found fame. If the remembrance of my friend at home so frequently was present while I sat watching Schiller's grandson paint in Weimar, and beguiled me into a freedom hardly justified by so brief an acquaintance, it was delightful to find that the response came as frankly and heartily as if he had indeed been the older friend.

There are fewer traditions of Schiller in Weimar than of Goethe, for Schiller's ill health during the five years of his residence there obliged him to limit the circle of his familiar associates. Like Goethe, his ordinary manner towards strangers was cold, reserved, and seemingly proud — because a finer nature instinctively guards itself against a possible intrusion; but this characteristic was never remembered against him and evermore spitefully repeated, as in the case of his great friend. In Eckermann's *Conversations*, Goethe is reported as having called Schiller "an aristocratic nature," which he certainly was; but Goethe was only more democratic through the wider range of his intellectual interests. It is remarkable what strong harmonies held the two together, and what equally strong antagonisms were powerless to drive them apart.

I had a special interest in ascertaining the physical characteristics of both. One would suppose this to be an easy matter, but it was by no means so. In regard to height, weight, complexion, color of hair and eyes, there were a variety of memories: even those who had known the poets living seemed to color their knowledge by some reflected popular impression. Rietschel's group, in the square before the theatre, is a direct violation of the truth. The two figures are colossal, being nine feet high; and Schiller, who is standing erect, with his head thrown back, as he never carried it during the last years of his life, is about two inches taller than Goethe. Now, Goethe's stature was certainly not more than five feet ten inches, and probably a little less; his very erect carriage and wonderfully imposing presence made him seem taller. Schiller, on the

contrary, was said to be the tallest man in the Grand Duchy, during his life; his height was six feet three inches. But his gait was loose and awkward; he generally walked with stooped shoulders and bent head, and only his keen, intense, aspiring face, his broad brow, and large, gentle eyes, of a color varying between blue, gray, and pale-brown, made him personally majestic and impressive.

Goethe had dark-brown hair and eyes, the latter large and almost preternaturally luminous. His complexion, also, was more olive than fair; the nose nearly Roman, but with a Greek breadth at the base, and sensitive, dilating nostrils; the mouth and chin on the sculptor's line, ample, but so entirely beautiful that they seemed smaller than their actual proportions. His face was always more or less tanned; he rarely lost the brand of the sun. In his later years it became ruddy, and a slight increase of fullness effaced many of the wrinkles of age. Stieler's portrait (now in the Goethe mansion) painted when the poet was eighty, expresses an astonishing vital power. Preller once said to me: "There never was such life in so old a man! If a cannon-ball had suddenly grazed my head, I could not have been more startled than when I heard of his death. I felt sure that he would live to be a hundred and fifty years old!"

If Goethe illustrates as scarcely any other poet (yet we imagine both Homer and Shakespeare to have possessed the same) the perfect accord of intellectual and physical forces, Schiller is equally remarkable as an example of a mind triumphing over incessant bodily weaknesses and torments. During fourteen years he never knew a day of complete, unshaken health. He was fair and freckled, with so delicate a skin that the slightest excitement of his blood blushed through it. His thin, aggrivated, aquiline nose was so conspicuous that he often laughingly referred to it as the triumphant result of constant pinching and pulling during his school days. His chin was almost equally prominent, giving him what his sister

Christophine called a "defiant and spiteful under lip." His shock of hair, not parting into half-curls like Goethe's, but straight and long, was of a yellow-brown hue, "shimmering into red," as Caroline von Wolzogen poetically says. The picture of him touches our sympathies, as his bust or statue always does, — perhaps because he represents suffering and struggle so palpably. Beside him, Goethe seems to stand crowned by effortless achievement. But what a pair they are! Rietschel's great success in his statues lies in his subtle expression of their noble friendship. Goethe's hand on Schiller's shoulder, and the one laurel wreath which the hands of both touch in such wise that you cannot be sure which gives or which takes, symbolize a reality far too rare in the annals of literature.

The theatre is built upon the ashes of the old one, which was burned down about the year 1825. It is small, but charmingly bright, agreeable, and convenient. Here, as in other small German capitals, families take their tickets for the season, ladies go alone when they have no company, and good manners on the part of the public are as certain as in any private society. In fact the tenor and soprano, or the tragic hero and heroine, are quite likely to be a part of the society of the place. They are government servants, appointed by the ruler, rewarded by frequent leaves-of-absence when faithful, and pensioned when old or invalided. The organization of the theatre as an institution of the state has its disadvantages, and such as, in our country, would perhaps be insufferable; but it certainly elevates dramatic art, purifies it, and establishes it in its true place among the agents of civilization.

A few days after my arrival in Weimar, Schiller's *Wallenstein* — the entire trilogy — was given. Knowing that the theatre was still faithful to its old traditions, and perhaps a little more strictly so under the Intendancy of Baron von Loën, I went there at an early hour, expecting to get my former place in the front of the parquet, among

a company of most intelligent ladies, every one of whom came unattended. But I found only a single seat vacant, in one of the rear boxes: the building was crammed, to the very summit of the gallery. And there was hardly a person present but had seen the play a score of times!

I never saw anything else so perfectly put upon the stage as *Wallenstein's Camp*, the first part of the trilogy. A dialogue in verse, though never so picturesque and animated, with the merest thread of action, I had fancied, might be endured upon boards which had witnessed the *Antigone* of Sophocles revived, but must be sufficiently tedious to one accustomed to the hectic melodrama of our day. But a broad, ever-shifting background of by-play, upon which I had not reckoned, was here created. Just as the two poets had planned the representation of the piece, so it was given now. While Illo, Tertzky, Holker's Jäger, or Butler's Dragoons were speaking, there was all the bustle of a great camp of motley mercenaries behind them. The soldiers played dice, the *vivandière* was busy with her canteen, officers stalked past, guards presented arms, trumpets were blown in the distance, and the situation discussed by the speakers was made real in the costumes and actions of the groups which constantly formed and dissolved. Goethe despotically insisted on the smallest part being as carefully played as the greatest: an actor who surrounded himself with inferior players, to create a more conspicuous foil to his own performance, was never tolerated upon the Weimar stage. I suspect that bad playing in the most indifferent rôle would not be tolerated there now.

The fierce and stirring soldiers' song at the close roused the audience as if they now heard it for the first time. Every actor sang his appropriate stanza, and the orchestra grandly supported them. Then the curtain rose upon the Piccolomini, with its crowd of martial characters. Their performance was unequal, but they were at least very clearly and carefully individualized. I was

so deeply interested in hearing iambic blank verse correctly read, for the first time in my life, that I paid but slight attention to the representation of character. I had listened so long and vainly in other theatres that I had ceased to expect what I now heard; but surprise was soon lost in a delight which was renewed with every speaker. Herein they were all satisfactory.

This, also, we owe to Goethe. His programme of instructions to the players under his authority is less concise than Hamlet's, but it is equally clear and much more minute and practical. I have seen few actors on the English boards who could not yet learn something from it. His direction for the reading of blank verse is the single correct method: he insists that the measured lines shall be made recognizable to the hearer, not by a mechanical cadence, which would soon become intolerable, but by delicate inflections and rests, not so marked as the pauses of punctuation, but just enough to prevent the verse from lapsing into prose.

Our English actors and elocutionists, on the contrary, are not satisfied unless they make blank verse entirely prosaic in its pauses. They read, not by the metrical feet, but wholly by the punctuation; and many of them, where the phrase overruns the line, actually hasten the movement in order to avoid even the suspicion of a pause. Take, as an instance, Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, and we shall at once see how they read the opening lines: —

"To him, who, in the love of Nature,
Holds communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language.
For his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness,
And she glides into his darker musings with a mild
and gentle sympathy,
That steals away their sharpness ere he is aware."

How utterly the grave, majestic march of the original is lost, through this false method of reading! To the ear, the measured lines no longer exist, and the metrical spirit which informs them, endeavoring to assert itself in spite of the reader's will, prevents the movement from being wholly that of prose. There are passages in Shakespeare so inherent-

ly rhythmical that the actor cannot escape giving them a partial music, and just these passages delight the hearer, though he may never have scanned a line in his life.

In listening to The Piccolomini, I followed the lines at first, but rather as an experiment, to be quite sure that they were distinctly indicated. Soon, however, I forgot to do it, yet still continued to hear them. That is, without the least approach to monotonous sing-song, — with as great a variety of pauses and cadences as in prose, only far more delicately adjusted, — the rhythmical character of the language constantly asserted itself. The passionate and poetical scenes of the play gained immeasurably thereby; for passion, in real life, is seldom without a rude, broken rhythm of its own. The pause at the end of a line could hardly be called a pause; it was the lightest lingering of tone, and the observance of it gave a certain dignity to characters which might have seemed vulgar, could they have hurled out rapid, unmeasured sentences, as upon our stage.

I was fortunate in chancing upon an unusually mild and benignant October. After the first dull days, a long period of mellow sunshine descended upon the outer world, while the social life of Weimar, with its fine and ripe culture, gradually opened to the stranger. The statues lost their look of loneliness and became the familiar, protecting Lares of the place: many a crooked old alley gave me glimpses of private garden-nooks where the roses still budded in the sun; houses, unnoticeable at first, came to be inhabited by interesting phantoms or breathing, welcome acquaintances; and — best of all — the interest which chiefly drew me to Weimar was *not* dead or indifferent to its inhabitants.

One sunny afternoon the two scholars gave up their usual walk and rode with me to the Ettersburg, the grand-ducal country-seat, of which we hear so much during the days of Anna Amalia. The Ettersburg, both from the Weimar and the Erfurt sides, is such an unpromising blank of field and straight-edged

forest, that I could not well imagine how it could hide such a seat of summer "pleasance" as the *Burg* must have been. The greater part of the road thither, a distance of some four or five miles, shows but the tamest scenery. The woodland along the summit of the ridge, planted in a poor, sandy soil, contains few stately trees, and when it falls away northward, on the farther side, the first glimpse of the tawny Saxon lowlands is not at all cheering.

The Ettersburg, however, proved to be indented by a deep, winding valley, upon the sheltered sides of which there grew majestic groves, interrupted by the vivid green of meadows. We passed a forester's lodge, which the present grand duke copied from an English model: it was undeniably handsomer than the old German cottage, yet seemed a little out of place. In the little village straggling along the opposite slope, his Royal Highness has also endeavored to give a more cheerful aspect to the dwellings, by inserting bow-windows in their fronts, at his own expense. About one fourth of the householders, I noticed, had accepted the change, and their windows were already bright with geraniums, pinks, and rosemary.

The castle stands on a terrace, partly cut out of the hill-side. Shelves of garden descend to the meadow, and noble woods of maple, oak, and beech rise beyond. The ornamental grounds are very simply laid out, and soon lose themselves among the natural features of the landscape. The old ducal residence, a square structure, with no architectural character, stands in front of a small quadrangle containing guests' and servants' rooms, armory, theatre, and other apartments. The custodian pointed out the room which Schiller inhabited when he came hither to write the last act of *Marie Stuart*, and then admitted us into the chief building. Except the pretty portraits of Karl August and his brother, Prince Constantine, as small boys, and a few tolerable pictures, the rooms contain little of interest. Princely furniture, nowadays, has lost its particular pomp; anybody may have a

Japanese cabinet or a Persian rug which was a rarity in the last century.

The Duchess Anna Amalia is the special ghost who haunts the Ettersburg. In a portrait of her from life, hanging in one of the chambers, I first clearly saw her likeness to her uncle, Frederick the Great. The eyes, of which the old Court-Marshal von Spiegel used to say that few persons could endure their full, level glance without an uneasy sensation that their secret souls were being inspected, are strikingly similar to his, — large, clear, gray, and questioning in their expression. Many of the early pranks of Goethe were played here, with the duchess's encouragement; though I believe it was Tieffurt where she sometimes rode out with her friends in a hay-wagon, and where she once put on Wieland's coat when it rained. It is a little unjust that Goethe alone should bear the blame of what was then considered "nature" by one party, and scandalous lawlessness by another. There were few courts at that day where dissipation took so innocent a form.

We strayed into the woods and found the trunk of an old beech-tree, whereupon the members of the illustrious Ettersburg company long ago carved their names. So many of the unknown and foolish crowd have followed them that most of the original runes have disappeared in a labyrinthine pattern of scars. Bertuch's was the only name of which we could be at all certain. The bark is now protected by a wire netting, which worries the vandals without entirely keeping them off. I believe it was under this tree that Goethe kindled his funeral pyre of sentimental works, his own *Werther* among them, and pronounced an oration, the mere rumor of which provoked fiercer fires among his sensitive contemporaries. It was years before Jacobi could forgive the burning of his *Woldemar*, a book which is now read only by curious scholars.

Tieffurt, which is farther down the Ilm, a little more than two miles from Weimar, is almost as lonely a residence as the Ettersburg, but lies more cozily nestled in the river-vale. The dramatic

entertainments, partly extemporized, which were here acted in the open air, the river, its banks, trees, bushes, arbors, and a few painted castles or cottages representing stage and scenery, were diversions of the most charming character. They are features of an ideal literary life, which existed here for a brief while, but never elsewhere than here. It is a real loss that our accounts of them are so slight and so devoid of detail. Tradition keeps knowledge of the spot where the spectators sat, where the players appeared, where the lamps or torches were placed; but the performances themselves belong to the earliest years of the famous period, and there is no one living who remembers even having heard more of them than has already been written.

All the roads branching out of the little capital, in fact, have their associations, more or less remote. These may not come swiftly upon the visitor, for a

multitude of them hide only in the privacy of individual knowledge. Through acquaintance with the society of the place, they arrive like pleasant accidents; some new fragment drops into every intimate conversation upon the old themes, and little by little a purple atmosphere of memories settles down over the hills which once seemed so bare. No; there had been nothing of that decadence which includes reaction; the finer culture which once made Weimar so illustrious pervades its present life. There is more than a conventional reverence for the great departed. Their instinct of development, their tastes, their reachings towards eternal Truth and eternal Beauty, have been transmitted to the descendants of those among whom and with whom they wrought. If achievement has ceased, the recognition which stimulates it remains. We can ask no more than this: would that we found it in greater cities.

Bayard Taylor.

FRITZ REUTER.

WHATEVER merit wondering foreigners may be willing to ascribe to the Germans, there are yet boundaries which, in any fair view, this hard-working people has not crossed. They may be victorious in war over all their neighbors, and they may be the teachers of the teachers of all the rest of the world in the quiet studies of peace, yet the less-trained barbarians of other countries comfort themselves by the thought that none of the German professors can teach his pupils how to write good novels, and that no education, even one beginning at the cradle, is sure to produce genuine humorists. But there has recently died in Germany an author, Fritz Reuter, who wrote good novels and who was a real humorist. He was much admired in his own country; in foreign parts, however, he is less well known than he deserves. This

limitation of his fame is due to the fact that he wrote almost entirely in Plattdeutsch, a dialect which presents certain difficulties to foreigners, but none which those conversant with German could not overcome by a few hours' work. The resemblance of Plattdeutsch to English is much greater than that of English to High German, and after the reader has worked out a few pages carefully, he will be surprised to find with how little difficulty he can go on. In the vocabulary alone will any difficulties be found; the construction of the sentences is perfectly simple. The Plattdeutsch is a dialect that has survived among the country-people of some parts of North Germany; it is a natural language, formed by the mouths of men, not an artificial one like the more successful High German, which was molded in great measure by scholars who followed

Latin models. It is that which Reuter first learned, and which he always preferred to use.

Reuter's life was a singular one. He was born November 7, 1810, at Stavenhagen, or Stembhagen as it is called in Plattdeutsch, a large farming village in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. His father was the Bürgermeister of the place. One of Reuter's few writings in High German is a description of his childhood in this quiet town. He draws an admirable picture of its sleepy loneliness sixty years ago, of the intimate knowledge every one had of every one else, of the different schools, of the dancing-masters, of the rare balls to which the rigid Bürgermeister gave his children only reluctant permission to go, of the sending of the watchman into the ball-room after them when they had overstayed their time, of the yearly markets, etc., etc. Those who are familiar with his writings will find here a delightful record of the people and scenes he knew so well how to write about.

In 1830 he was at Jena, nominally a student of law; in fact, however, he was more devoted to those societies of the students which discussed the future glories of Germany, than to his duties in the university. For this he suffered most unjust punishment. Soon after the French Revolution of July and the outbreak at Frankfurt, the German governments became alarmed at the loud but harmless talk of the young and enthusiastic members of the Burschenschaft, and to their own great disgrace they proceeded to take violent measures against these youths. The lead in this mediæval persecution was taken by Prussia, and it is a blot in the history of that over-praised country which its indiscreet admirers would do well to recall. Fritz Reuter suffered along with many others. In the first place, he had to undergo a year of "preventive" imprisonment, and then, at the age of twenty-two, he was condemned to death. His sentence, however, was commuted to one of thirty years' imprisonment, by the grace of his Majesty King Frederick William III. At the accession of

Frederick William IV., in 1840, after seven years' confinement, Reuter was set free. This time he had spent in different Prussian fortresses, at Silberberg, Glogau, Magdeburg, and Graudenz, besides his stay in the Hausvogtei at Berlin.

In his *Ut mine Festungstid* (*My Prison Life*) he has given a very interesting description of this part of his life. In his different prisons he met with different sorts of treatment according to the disposition of the commandant. In some the cruelty was very great. The young men who were punished with this pompous severity for their youthful folly were often in separate cells; in Magdeburg, when this was the case, their lot was especially hard. Their cells were on the north side of the bleak fortress, — he was once painting portraits there of the officers of the post, and he speaks of it as the coolest north light a painter could wish, — they had but a brief time for daily exercise in the open air, and Reuter was the only one who came out of it without gray hair. Most of the rest, young men of twenty four and five, bore more alarming signs of the rigor of their punishment, in their shattered health. All of this, and even the gross indignities he met with at the Hausvogtei in Berlin, where he was insulted as well as ill-treated by the arrogant officials, he describes with hardly a word of complaint. He gives plenty of room to the practical jokes he and his young friends were continually playing upon one another; but this merriment only brings into stronger relief the misery of their situation. With all his cheerfulness, however, his heart was full of wrath at the system of justice which left him at thirty free, to be sure, but even less prepared to struggle with the world than he had been when he entered his prison. When he had been looking forward to a life-time of imprisonment, he had naturally discontinued preparing himself for any profession, and now, with want staring him in the face, he was fitted for nothing. He tried painting and farming without success, and then he taught school in Treptow and afterwards in

New Brandenburg. With this humble occupation he would probably have remained contented, and he would have gone to his grave as one whose life had been ruined, had it not been that some of his friends, who had been charmed by the humor of his talk, urged him to print some of the stories he had written down for their entertainment. At first he was reluctant, but he finally consented. His fame was made at once, and soon his fortune. His first book was called *Läuschen un Rimels* (Tales and Poems). For us it has no especial interest, but its exact local color, its neat presentation of familiar jests, its happy framing of bits of rustic stupidity, made it very popular among his fellow-countrymen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and indeed throughout Germany.

From this time he devoted himself to authorship, writing both novels and poems. Of the novels the best is *Ut der Franzosentid* (The Time of the French), which has been translated into English by Mr. Charles Lewes, under the title of *In the Year '13*, and in that dress it is probably familiar to many of our readers. It is certainly in its way a masterpiece. The story is simple enough, the plot is of the meagrest sort, but one reads Fritz Reuter much more for the present enjoyment of the story, with its vivid sketches of people, its intermingling of humorous and pathetic scenes, its occasional caricature, and its all-pervading kindness, than for the remoter intellectual joy of unriddling an intricate plot. His charm lies, in great measure, in his humor, and in the way he draws the peasant villagers whom he knew in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Take, for instance, Uncle Huse, who is being carried off a prisoner by the French, and who thus unfolds martial plans to Witte, the baker, and Miller Voss, his companions in misery.

"Now I ask you, Miller Voss, when you see this mill, what idea comes into your head?"

"Herr Rathsherr," said the miller, and he got up and stood a little distance off, "I hope you don't mean to treat me in that manner?"

"I only ask you, Miller Voss, what idea comes into your head?"

"Well," said the miller, "what idea ought to come? I think it's a rusty old thing, and that, in spring, it ought to have new sails; and that, if the stones are no better than these down here, the Stenhagen folk must get a devilish lot of sand along with their flour."

"And you are right there, neighbor," said the baker.

"And he's wrong there!" cried my uncle Huse. "If he had answered properly he would have said that it must be set fire to. And it will be set fire to; all the mills in the whole country must be set fire to." And he stood up and walked with long strides about the mill-stones.

"Lord save us!" said Miller Voss. "Who is to do this wickedness?"

"I," said my uncle Huse; and he slapped himself on the breast and went nearer to the two, who wondered what could be coming next, and said in a low voice: "When the Landsturm¹ rises, we must set fire to all the mills as a signal,—that's called a beacon; and the best proof you know nothing about war-matters is, that you don't even know what a beacon means."

"Herr Rathsherr," said Miller Voss, "it's all the same to me whether it's a beacon or a deacon, but whoever sets fire to my water-mill had better look out."

"Water-mill? Wind-mills I mean, Miller Voss; who ever said anything about water-mills? Water-mills lie in the ground and don't burn. And now I ask you, has the Burmeister as much knowledge and courage to act in time of war as I have?"

"He's never said he would set mills on fire," said the baker, and looked at the Herr Rathsherr rather doubtfully, as if he did not quite know whether he was in fun or earnest.

"My dear Witte, you look at me like a cow at a new gate. You are, no doubt, astonished and thinking what does a Stenhagen Rathsherr like me know of wars and stratagems. My

¹ *Levy en masse.*

dear Witte, you knead your dough with your hands, in the baking-trough; I knead mine in my head, by thought. If I were where I ought to be, I should be in the presence of the King of Prussia, talking with the man. "Your Majesty," I should say, "you are rather in difficulties, I think." "That I am, Herr Rathsherr," he would say, "money is devilish scarce just now." "Nothing else?" I say. "That's a mere trifle;" and he proceeds to explain how he would get the money by means of a forced loan from the Jews, and with twenty or thirty regiments he would fall on the enemy's rear and defeat him. "You must always fall on the enemy's rear, that is the chief thing; everything else is rubbish. A tremendous battle! Fifteen thousand prisoners! He sends me a trumpeter: "A truce." "No good," say I, "we have not come here to play." "Peace," he sends me word. "Good," say I; "Rheinland and Westphalia, the whole of Alsatia and three fourths of Lothringen." "I can't," says he, "my brother must live." Forward, then, again! I march to the right and quiet Belgium and Holland; all at once I wheel to the left. "The devil take it!" says he. "Here's that confounded Rathsherr again in my rear." "First regiment of grenadiers, charge!" I command; the battery is taken. "Second regiment of hussars to the front!" He ventures too far forward with his staff. Swoop, the hussars come down upon him. "Here is my sword," says he. "Good," say I, "now come along with me. And you, my boys, can now go home again; the war is at an end." I now lead him in chains to the foot of the throne. "Your Majesty of Prussia, here he is." "Herr Rathsherr," says the king, "ask some favor." "Your Majesty," say I, "I have no children, but, if you wish to do something for me, give my wife a little pension when I leave this life. Otherwise I wish for nothing but to retire to my former position of Stemhagen Rathsherr." "As you like," says the king; "but remember that whenever you may happen

to come to Berlin, a place will be kept for you at my table." I make my bow, say "Good day," and go back again to Stemhagen."

Reuter has been given the misleading name of "the German Dickens." In general this habit of classifying an author by comparing him with some better known writer in another country arises from some very obvious and not very important similarity between them, and it is so in this case. While we find in both these authors a keen eye for the ludicrous and a tendency to caricature, we detect very important differences. Reuter avoids drawing such impossible characters as most of those in *Pickwick Papers*, for instance, at whom we are forever laughing but who excite in us no trace of sympathy, nothing except amusement. He is by no means averse to caricature, but he lets the character also appear to us in the light of a human being. Instead of caricatures of different classes of people, such as we find in Dickens, he gives us copies of individuals, and he never lets his humor run away with him so far as to lessen our impression of the reality of the people about whom he writes. They all seem to be studies from nature, as, in fact, many of them were. Fritz Sahlmann, for instance, who figures in *In the Year '13*, was at first vexed at the prominence given his boyish pranks in that book, but soon he learned to regard it with pride. In *Ut mine Stromtid* again (of this novel an English version appeared in *Littell's Living Age* a few years since, with the title, *From Seed-Time to Harvest*) Bräsig is as amusing as Sam Weller, but he is as kind as he is absurd; we are able to feel fond of him as well as to laugh at him. He has no improbable virtues laid upon him; he is simply saved from the greater improbability of being a character who is only absurd and nothing else.

Reuter was at his best in his drawing of peasants and villagers. He detected very clearly their main qualities, and while he exaggerated them somewhat, he left a definite and apparently truthful impression of these characters as

a whole. They were never made any better than they are, nor is there any bitterness in our hearts when we laugh at them. His kindness never deserted him, and yet he had the rare art of being able to draw people who are good and kind and amiable, as well as interesting and possible, and without a trace of the vapidness which so often belongs to the good characters of fiction. Such, among others, are the pastor and his wife, and the wife of young Jochen, in this same novel.

The same good taste which preserved his fun from artificiality kept his pathos from being melodramatic. In the opening chapters of *Ut mine Stromtid* there is certainly pathos in the description of Habermann's ruin and bereavement, but this is by no means overdrawn. There is no violent assault upon the reader's feelings. As the novel runs on it reads like a truthful record told by a man whose humor flavors everything he says. It is not a well-constructed story, but yet it will not be found tedious by any one who has learned to know the characters, and that is no difficult task. It contains much broad farce, of which Bräsig's account of his adventures at a water-cure may be taken as an example; but the truth to nature is not sacrificed by making the different characters insensible to each other's absurdities, as is sometimes the case with Dickens, for instance, in whose writings we so often find all the *dramatis personæ* as blind to the ridiculousness of their neighbors as they are to their own.

In Reuter's poems the same qualities are perhaps even more noticeable than in his prose writings. The poems are of different sorts. *De Reis' nah Belligen* is absolutely absurd. It recounts the adventures of two peasants, who, having heard that there is a good agricultural school in Belgium, determine to take their two sons to it, and who by their ignorance and inexperience fall into all manner of difficulties. The opening of the poem is the best part; the tumbling into bass-drums and the frequent arrest of the two peasants by the police soon become threadbare incidents. Still this

boyishness does not need any severe denunciation; a greater fault is the lack of suitability between the pretty love of the peasant girl who is left behind and the loutishness of her betrothed. The separate scenes, however, are well enough.

Kein Hüsing (Houseless) is a poem of a very different sort. It is a sad story of what, so stringent were the laws of proprietorship, might very well have happened a few years ago in some parts of Germany. A young peasant, Jehann, and the young girl, Mariken, whom he loves, are miserably poor, and cannot get permission from the owner of the estate on which they live, to marry. He, the proprietor, is an avacious man, and, what is worse for them, he has himself been tempted by the girl's beauty. Matters go from bad to worse, Jehann and Mariken find themselves rebuffed in every direction, and one day Jehann in a fit of rage kills his master with a pitchfork and runs away. The girl, soon to be a mother, remains behind. After the birth of her child she goes mad, and drowns herself, and the poem ends with the reappearance of Jehann, who sees his child for the first time and hears from one of his old friends of Mariken's sad fate. This tragedy is told with the most impressive simplicity, and certain parts, notably where Mariken is tempted to make away with herself, and the final scene of Jehann's return, are full of feeling, and free from exaggeration. The author does not seem to be preaching a sermon; he escapes the fault of giving his characters too much to do in the way of reforming the world. He tells his story and lets it go for what it is worth. This is his most sombre work, but here, as well as elsewhere, he avoids weakening the impression he wants to make by too facile an utterance of grief. In such stories as these the apparent impartiality of the writer has the greatest rhetorical force; the less direct the appeal that is made to our emotions, the more likely they are to respond.

A third poem, named after its heroine, *Hanne Nüte*, is very charming. It

describes the love of a young peasant man and woman, and gives an account of the interest taken by the birds in these young people. As a story the poem has but little value; it begins well, and the reader cannot help wishing that more had been made out of it, for it is brought to a very hasty end. But the talk of the birds is delightful; they chatter together as freely as they did in Æsop's Fables, but not for the purpose of inculcating moral lessons. To say that Fritz Reuter had a warm love of nature would be very inadequate, for nowadays every one has that, but in this poem he certainly showed an innocent enjoyment of nature which is not shared by all who contemplate her. This, with all its defects of composition, is the most pleasing of his poems.

Dörchlächting, a translation of which has appeared in Littell's *Living Age* with the title, *His Little Serene Highness*, and *De Reis' nah Constantinople* (*The Journey to Constantinople*) are two rather broad caricatures. The first-named ridicules the petty pomp and affected grandeur of the powerless German rulers of the small principalities of the last century. Dörchlächting himself is a contemptible mass of silliness and weakness; but besides the scenes in which he is the chief figure, there are some in which more interesting characters are brought in. The fun of the book is not the only thing to be noticed; it is, to be sure, an amusing caricature, but it is also not without merit for the

light it throws on what, not so very long ago, was the great weakness of Germany. The other piece is an amusing account of the adventures of a party of neighbors from Rostock, who go together on an excursion-party to Constantinople. There is a slight love-story running through it, but the greater part of the book is devoted to laughing at the ridiculous efforts of a vulgar woman to show off her *Bildung*, or culture, with an amusing account of her husband's escape from her domineering ways. Besides this, there is an adventure with a pseudo-baron, who is a very transparent humbug. This little sketch is much less important than almost anything Reuter wrote, but nevertheless it is very pleasant.

In addition to this short list he wrote but little. It is by this he is to be judged, and by but part of it that he will be remembered. He was a writer without pretense, almost, indeed, without ambition; but while this limited the amount of his work, it improved the quality, by confining him to the simple record of things he knew. He was nowhere ungentle, his humor and his pathos came from his heart, his simple vein of poetry he never learned from books. He never aimed very high; it was a very narrow corner of the world he undertook to write about, but he set that before us full of life and full of cheerfulness, and with its own beauty; a writer who has done this has succeeded.

T. S. Perry.

A WOMAN'S MOOD.

BECAUSE you cannot pluck the flower,
You pass the sweet scent by!
Because you cannot have the stars,
You will not see the sky!

No matter what the fable means,
Put into English speech,
No matter what the thing may be
You long for — out of reach;

'Tis out of reach; and that's enough
For you and me for aye,
And understood in that still tongue
That souls interpret by;

The "little language" of a look,
A tone, a turn, a touch,
Are eloquence that, while it sayeth
Nothing, yet speaketh much.

Suppose that in some steadfast hour,
I gave to you the hand
Of a woman's faithful friendliness, —
Ah, hush! I understand!

I spare you speech, to spare you pain;
Perhaps I'd spare you more
Than men are made to comprehend, —
If, as I said before,

I held to you that open hand,
And you should turn away,
I hardly know which one of us
Were hurt the worse, that day;

I hardly know the reason why, —
But women are so made;
I could not give a man a rose
To see it 'neath his tread,

Although he trod on it, indeed,
To save his very soul
From stifling in the thoughts of me
Its sweetness might enroll.

I'd rather he should gather it
Within his trembling hand,
As sacredly as twilight takes
The shapes of sea and land;

And solemnly, as twilight learns
In lonely, purple state
Upon the hills the sun has fled
To bide its time — and wait.

For what? To wait for what, you ask?
I do not know, indeed,
For what; I cannot say for what:
It is the woman's creed!

I only know I'd wait, and keep
Steel-loyal and steel-true

Unto the highest hope I had,
Though 't were the saddest, too;

Unto the deepest faith I held
In a created thing,
Unto the largest love I knew,
Though love's delight took wing

And fled away from me, and left
Love's dear regret alone:
The chrism of loving all I could,
And loving only one.

I think the woman I preferred, —
If I were such a man, —
Might lean out helpfully across
My life's imperfect plan;

Might lend me mercy, grace, and peace,
In fashion womanly,
Although I knew her rarest smile
Would never shine on me.

I think I'd say right manfully, —
And so it all would end, —
Than any other woman's Love,
I'd rather be *her* friend,

And take the hand she dared not hold, —
Before its courage slips, —
And take the word she could not speak
From off her grieving lips;

And be to her heart what I could
(We will not mark the line),
And, like a comrade, call her soul
To walk in peace with mine.

A nobler man for that grave peace,
I think, dear friend, I were;
And richer were I than to lose
My love, in losing her.

And if I speak a riddle, sir,
That on your fancy jars, —
You know we're talking about flowers,
And thinking about stars.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

WILHELMINA.

"AND so, Mina, you will not marry the baker?"

"No; I waits for Gustav."

"How long is it since you have seen him?"

"Three year; it was a three-year regi-mènt."

"Then he will soon be home?"

"I not know," answered the girl, with a wistful look in her dark eyes, as if asking information from the superior being who sat in the skiff, a being from the outside world where newspapers, the modern Tree of Knowledge, were not forbidden.

"Perhaps he will reënlist, and stay three years longer," I said.

"Ah, lady,—six year! It breaks the heart," answered Wilhelmina.

She was the gardener's daughter, a member of the community of German Separatists who live secluded in one of Ohio's rich valleys, separated by their own broad acres and orchard-covered hills from the busy world outside; down the valley flows the tranquil Tuscarawas on its way to the Muskingum, its slow tide rolling through the fertile bottom-lands between stone dykes, and utilized to the utmost extent of carefulness by the thrifty brothers, now working a saw-mill on the bank, now sending a tributary to the flour-mill across the canal, and now branching off in a sparkling race across the valley to turn wheels for two or three factories, watering the great grass-meadow on the way. We were floating on this river in a skiff named by myself *Der Fliegende Holländer*, much to the slow wonder of the Zoarites, who did not understand how a Dutchman could, nor why he should, fly. Wilhelmina sat before me, her oars idly trailing in the water. She showed a Nubian head above her white kerchief: large-lidded soft brown eyes, heavy braids of dark hair, a creamy skin with purple tints in the lips and brown shadows under the eyes, and a

far-off dreamy expression which even the steady, monotonous toil of community life had not been able to efface. She wore the blue dress and white kerchief of the society, the quaint little calico bonnet lying beside her: she was a small maiden; her slender form swayed in the stiff, short-waisted gown, her feet slipped about in the broad shoes, and her hands, roughened and browned with garden-work, were yet narrow and graceful. From the first we felt sure she was grafted, and not a shoot from the community stalk. But we could learn nothing of her origin; the Zoarites are not communicative; they fill each day with twelve good hours of labor, and look neither forward nor back. "She is a daughter," said the old gardener in answer to our questions. "Adopted?" I suggested; but he vouchsafed no answer. I liked the little daughter's dreamy face, but she was pale and undeveloped, like a Southern flower growing in Northern soil; the rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired Rosines, Salomes, and Dorotys, with their broad shoulders and ponderous tread, thought this brown changeling ugly, and pitied her in their slow, good-natured way.

"It breaks the heart," said Wilhelmina again, softly, as if to herself.

I repented me of my thoughtlessness. "In any case he can come back for a few days," I hastened to say. "What regiment was it?"

"The One Hundred and Seventh, lady."

I had a Cleveland paper in my basket, and taking it out I glanced over the war-news column, carelessly, as one who does not expect to find what he seeks. But chance, for once, was with us, and gave this item: "The One Hundred and Seventh Regiment, O. V. I., is expected home next week. The men will be paid off at Camp Chase."

"Ah!" said Wilhelmina, catching

her breath with a half sob under her tightly-drawn kerchief, "ah, mein Gustav!"

"Yes, you will soon see him," I answered, bending forward to take the rough little hand in mine; for I was a romantic wife, and my heart went out to all lovers. But the girl did not notice my words or my touch; silently she sat, absorbed in her own emotion, her eyes fixed on the hill-tops far away, as though she saw the regiment marching home through the blue June sky.

I took the oars and rowed up as far as the island, letting the skiff float back with the current. Other boats were out, filled with fresh-faced boys in their high-crowned hats, long-waisted, wide-flapped vests of calico, and funny little swallow-tailed coats with buttons up under the shoulder-blades; they appeared unaccountably long in front and short behind, these young Zoar brethren. On the vine-covered dyke were groups of mothers and grave little children, and up in the hill-orchards were moving figures, young and old; the whole village was abroad in the lovely afternoon, according to their Sunday custom, which gave the morning to chorals and a long sermon in the little church, and the afternoon to nature, even old Christian, the pastor, taking his imposing white fur hat and tasseled cane for a walk through the community fields, with the remark, "Thus is cheered the heart of man, and his countenance refreshed."

As the sun sank in the warm western sky, homeward came the villagers from the river, the orchards, and the meadows, men, women, and children, a hardy, simple-minded band, whose fathers, for religion's sake, had taken the long journey from Württemberg across the ocean to this distant valley, and made it a garden of rest in the wilderness. We, too, landed, and walked up the apple-tree lane towards the hotel.

"The cows come," said Wilhelmina as we heard a distant tinkling; "I must go." But still she lingered. "Der regi-mènt, it come soon, you say?" she asked in a low voice, as though she

wanted to hear the good news again and again.

"They will be paid off next week; they cannot be later than ten days from now."

"Ten day! Ah, mein Gustav," murmured the little maiden; she turned away and tied on her stiff bonnet, furtively wiping off a tear with her prin: handkerchief folded in a square.

"Why, my child," I said, following her and stooping to look in her face, "what is this?"

"It is nothing; it is for glad,—for very glad," said Wilhelmina. Away she ran as the first solemn cow came into view, heading the long procession meandering slowly towards the stalls. They knew nothing of haste, these dignified community cows; from stall to pasture, from pasture to stall, in a plethora of comfort, this was their life. The silver-haired shepherd came last with his staff and scrip, and the nervous shepherd-dog ran hither and thither in the hope of finding some cow to bark at; but the comfortable cows moved on in orderly ranks, and he was obliged to dart off on a tangent every now and then, and bark at nothing, to relieve his feelings. Reaching the paved courtyard each cow walked into her own stall, and the milking began. All the girls took part in this work, sitting on little stools and singing together as the milk frothed up in the tin pails; the pails were emptied into tubs, and when the tubs were full the girls bore them on their heads to the dairy, where the milk was poured into a huge strainer, a constant procession of girls with tubs above and the old milk-mother ladling out as fast as she could below. With the bee-hives near by, it was a realization of the Scriptural phrase, "A land flowing with milk and honey."

The next morning, after breakfast, I strolled up the still street, leaving the Wirthshaus with its pointed roof behind me. On the right were some ancient cottages built of crossed timbers filled in with plaster; sun-dials hung on the walls, and each house had its piazza, where, when the work of the day was

over, the families assembled, often singing folk-songs to the music of their home-made flutes and pipes. On the left stood the residence of the first pastor, the reverend man who had led these sheep to their refuge in the wilds of the New World. It was a wide-spreading brick mansion, with a broadside of white-curtained windows, an inclosed glass porch, iron railings, and gilded eaves; a building so stately among the surrounding cottages that it had gained from outsiders the name of the King's Palace, although the good man whose grave remains unmarked in the quiet God's Acre, according to the Separatist custom, was a father to his people, not a king.

Beyond the palace began the community garden, a large square in the centre of the village filled with flowers and fruit, adorned with arbors and cedar-trees clipped in the form of birds, and enriched with an old-style greenhouse whose sliding glasses were viewed with admiration by the visitors of thirty years ago, who sent their choice plants thither from far and near to be tended through the long, cold lake-country winters. The garden, the cedars, and the greenhouse were all antiquated, but to me none the less charming. The spring that gushed up in one corner, the old-fashioned flowers in their box-bordered beds, larkspur, lady slippers, bachelor's buttons, peonies, aromatic pinks, and all varieties of roses, the arbors with red honeysuckle overhead and tan bark under foot, were all delightful; and I knew, also, that I should find the gardener's daughter at her never-ending task of weeding. This time it was the strawberry bed. "I have come to sit in your pleasant garden, Mina," I said, taking a seat on a shaded bench near the bending figure.

"So?" said Wilhelmina in long-drawn interrogation, glancing up shyly with a smile. She was a child of the sun, this little maiden, and while her blonde companions wore always their bonnets or broad-brimmed hats over their precise caps, Wilhelmina, as now, constantly discarded these coverings and

sat in the sun basking like a bird of the tropics. In truth, it did not reddened her; she was one of those whose coloring comes not from without, but within.

"Do you like this work, Mina?"

"Oh — so. Good as any."

"Do you like work?"

"Folks must work." This was said gravely, as part of the community creed.

"Would n't you like to go with me to the city?"

"No; I's better here."

"But you can see the great world, Mina. You need not work, I will take care of you. You shall have pretty dresses; would n't you like that?" I asked, curious to discover the secret of the Separatist indifference to everything outside.

"Nein," answered the little maiden tranquilly; "nein, fräulein. Ich bin zufrieden."

Those three words were the key. "I am contented." So were they taught from childhood, and — I was about to say — they knew no better; but, after all, is there anything better to know?

We talked on, for Mina understood English, although many of her mates could chatter only in their Württemberg dialect, whose provincialisms confused my carefully learned German; I was grounded in Goethe, well-read in Schiller, and struggling with Jean Paul, who, fortunately, is "der Einzige," the only; another such would destroy life. At length a bell sounded, and forthwith work was laid aside in the fields, the workshops, and the houses, while all partook of a light repast, one of the five meals with which the long summer day of toil is broken. Flagons of beer had the men afield, with bread and cheese; the women took bread and apple-butter. But Mina did not care for the thick slice which the thrifty house-mother had provided; she had not the steady, unfastidious appetite of the community which eats the same food day after day, as the cow eats its grass, desiring no change.

"And the gardener really wishes you to marry Jacob?" I said as she sat on the grass near me, enjoying the rest.

"Yes. Jacob is good, — always the same."

"And Gustav?"

"Ah, mein Gustav! Lady, *he* is young, tall, — so tall as tree; he run, he sing, his eyes like *veilchen* there, his hair like gold. If I see him not soon, lady, I die! The year so long, — so long they are. Three year without Gustav!" The brown eyes grew dim, and out came the square-folded handkerchief, of colored calico for week-days.

"But it will not be long now, Mina."

"Yes; I hope."

"He writes to you, I suppose?"

"No. Gustav knows not to write, he not like school. But he speak through the other boys, Ernst the *verliebte* of Rosine, and Peter of Dorothy."

"The Zoar soldiers were all young men?"

"Yes; all *verliebte*. Some are not; they have gone to the Next Country" (died).

"Killed in battle?"

"Yes; on the *berge* that looks, — what you call, I not know" —

"Lookout Mountain?"

"Yes."

"Were the boys volunteers?" I asked, remembering the community theory of non-resistance.

"Oh, yes; they volunteer, Gustav the first. *They* not drafted," said Wilhelmina, proudly. For these two words, so prominent during the war, had penetrated even into this quiet valley.

"But did the trustees approve?"

"Apperouve?"

"I mean, did they like it?"

"Ah! they like it not. They talk, they preach in church, they say 'No.' Zoar must give soldiers? So. Then they take money and pay for *der* substitute; but the boys, they must not go."

"But they went, in spite of the trustees?"

"Yes; Gustav first. They go in night, they walk in woods, over the hills

to Brownville, where is *der* recruiter. The morning come, they gone!"

"They have been away three years, you say? They have seen the world in that time," I remarked half to myself, as I thought of the strange mind-opening and knowledge-gaining of those years to youths brought up in the strict seclusion of the community.

"Yes; Gustav have seen the wide world," answered Wilhelmina with pride.

"But will they be content to step back into the dull routine of Zoar life?" I thought; and a doubt came that made me scan more closely the face of the girl at my side. To me it was attractive because of its possibilities; I was always fancying some excitement that would bring the color to the cheeks and full lips, and light up the heavy-lidded eyes with soft brilliancy. But would this Gustav see these might-be beauties? And how far would the singularly ugly costume offend eyes grown accustomed to fanciful finery and gay colors?

"You fully expect to marry Gustav?" I asked.

"We are *verlobt*," answered Mina, not without a little air of dignity.

"Yes, I know. But that was long ago."

"*Verlobt* once, *verlobt* always," said the little maiden confidently.

"But why, then, does the gardener speak of Jacob, if you are engaged to this Gustav?"

"Oh, *fader* he like the old, and Jacob is old, thirty year! His wife is gone to the Next Country. Jacob is a brother, too; he write his name in the book. But Gustav he not do so; he is free."

"You mean that the baker has signed the articles, and is a member of the community?"

"Yes; but the baker is old, very old; thirty year! Gustav not twenty and three yet; he come home, then he sign."

"And have you signed these articles, Wilhelmina?"

"Yes; all the womens signs."

"What does the paper say?"

"Da ich Unterzeichner," — began the girl.

"I cannot understand that. Tell me in English."

"Well; you wants to join the Zoar Community of Separatists; you writes your name and says, 'Give me house, victual, and clothes for my work and I join; and I never fernerer Forderung an besagte Gesellschaft machen kann, oder will.'"

"Will never make further demand upon said society," I repeated, translating slowly.

"Yes; that is it."

"But who takes charge of all the money?"

"The trustees."

"Don't they give you any?"

"No; for what? It's no good," answered Wilhelmina.

I knew that all the necessities of life were dealt out to the members of the community according to their need, and, as they never went outside of their valley, they could scarcely have spent money even if they had possessed it. But, nevertheless, it was startling in this nineteenth century to come upon a sincere belief in the worthlessness of the green-tinted paper we cherish so fondly. "Gustav will have learned its value," I thought, as Mina, having finished the strawberry bed, started away towards the dairy to assist in the butter-making.

I strolled on up the little hill, past the picturesque bakery, where through the open window I caught a glimpse of the "old, very old Jacob," a serious young man of thirty, drawing out his large loaves of bread from the brick oven with a long-handled rake. It was gingerbread day also, and a spicy odor met me at the window; so I put in my head and asked for a piece, receiving a card about a foot square, laid on fresh grape leaves.

"But I cannot eat all this," I said, breaking off a corner.

"Oh, dat's noding," answered Jacob, beginning to knead fresh dough in a long white trough, the village supply for the next day.

"I have been sitting with Wilhel-

mina," I remarked, as I leaned on the casement, impelled by a desire to see the effect of the name.

"So?" said Jacob, interrogatively.

"Yes; she is a sweet girl."

"So?" (doubtfully).

"Don't you think so, Jacob?"

"Ye-es. So-so. A leetle black," answered this impassive lover.

"But you wish to marry her?"

"Oh ye-es. She young and strong; her fader say she good to work. I have children five; I must have some one in the house."

"Oh, Jacob! Is that the way to talk?" I exclaimed.

"Warum nicht?" replied the baker, pausing in his kneading, and regarding me with wide-open, candid eyes.

"Why not, indeed?" I thought, as I turned away from the window. "He is at least honest, and no doubt in his way he would be a kind husband to little Mina. But what a way!"

I walked on up the street, passing the pleasant house where all the infirm old women of the community were lodged together, carefully tended by appointed nurses. The aged sisters were out on the piazza sunning themselves, like so many old cats. They were bent with hard, out-door labor, for they belonged to the early days when the wild forest covered the fields now so rich, and only a few log-cabins stood on the site of the tidy cottages and gardens of the present village. Some of them had taken the long journey on foot from Philadelphia westward, four hundred and fifty miles, in the depths of winter. Well might they rest from their labors and sit in the sunshine, poor old souls!

A few days later, my friendly newspaper mentioned the arrival of the German regiment at Camp Chase. "They will probably be paid off in a day or two," I thought, "and another day may bring them here." Eager to be the first to tell the good news to my little favorite, I hastened up to the garden, and found her engaged, as usual, in weeding.

"Mina," I said, "I have something to tell you. The regiment is at Camp

Chase; you will see Gustav soon, perhaps this week."

And there, before my eyes, the transformation I had often fancied took place; the color rushed to the brown surface, the cheeks and lips glowed in vivid red, and the heavy eyes opened wide and shone like stars, with a brilliancy that astonished and even disturbed me. The statue had a soul at last; the beauty dormant had awakened. But for the fire of that soul would this expected Pygmalion suffice? Would the real prince fill his place in the long-cherished dreams of this beauty of the wood?

The girl had risen as I spoke, and now she stood erect, trembling with excitement, her hands clasped on her breast, breathing quickly and heavily as though an overweight of joy was pressing down her heart; her eyes were fixed upon my face, but she saw me not. Strange was her gaze, like the gaze of one walking in sleep. Her sloping shoulders seemed to expand and chafe against the stuff gown as though they would burst their bonds; the blood glowed in her face and throat, and her lips quivered, not as though tears were coming, but from the fullness of unuttered speech. Her emotion resembled the intensest fire of fever, and yet it seemed natural; like noon in the tropics when the gorgeous flowers flame in the white, shadowless heat. Thus stood Wilhelmina, looking up into the sky with eyes that challenged the sun.

"Come here, child," I said; "come here and sit by me. We will talk about it."

But she neither saw nor heard me. I drew her down on the bench at my side; she yielded unconsciously; her slender form throbbed, and pulses were beating under my hands wherever I touched her. "Mina!" I said again. But she did not answer. Like an unfolding rose, she revealed her hidden, beautiful heart, as though a spirit had breathed upon the bud; silenced in the presence of this great love, I ceased speaking, and left her to herself. After a time single words fell from her lips,

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broken utterances of happiness. I was as nothing; she was absorbed in the One. "Gustav! mein Gustav!" It was like the bird's note, oft repeated, ever the same. So isolated, so intense was her joy that, as often happens, my mind took refuge in the opposite extreme of commonplace, and I found myself wondering whether she would be able to eat boiled beef and cabbage for dinner, or fill the soft-soap barrel for the laundry women, later in the day.

All the morning I sat under the trees with Wilhelmina, who had forgotten her life-long tasks as completely as though they had never existed. I hated to leave her to the leather-colored wife of the old gardener, and lingered until the sharp voice came out from the distant house-door, calling, "*Veel-helminy*," as the twelve o'clock bell summoned the community to dinner. But as Mina rose and swept back the heavy braids that had fallen from the little ivory stick which confined them, I saw that she was armed *cap-a-pie* in that full happiness from which all weapons glance off harmless.

All the rest of the day she was like a thing possessed. I followed her to the hill-pasture, whither she had gone to mind the cows, and found her coiled up on the grass in the blaze of the afternoon sun, like a little salamander. She was lost in day-dreams, and the decorous cows had a holiday for once in their sober lives, wandering beyond bounds at will, and even tasting the dissipations of the marsh, standing unheeded in the bog up to their sleek knees. Wilhelmina had not many words to give me; her English vocabulary was limited; she had never read a line of romance nor a verse of poetry. The nearest approach to either was the community hymn-book, containing the Separatist hymns, of which the following lines are a specimen:—

"Ruhe ist das beste Gut
Dass man haben kann: "

"Rest is the best good
That man can have," —

and which embody the religious doctrine of the Zoar Brethren, although they

think, apparently, that the labor of twelve hours each day is necessary to its enjoyment. The "Ruhe," however, refers more especially to their quiet seclusion away from the turmoil of the wicked world outside.

The second morning after this it was evident that an unusual excitement was abroad in the phlegmatic village. All the daily duties were fulfilled as usual at the Wirthshaus: Pauline went up to the bakery with her board, and returned with her load of bread and bretzels balanced on her head; Jacobina served our coffee with her slow precision; and the broad-shouldered, young-faced Lydia patted and puffed up our mountain-high feather-beds with due care. The men went afield at the blast of the horn, the work-shops were full and the mills running. But, nevertheless, all was not the same; the air seemed full of mystery: there were whisperings when two met, furtive signals, and an inward excitement glowing in the faces of men, women, and children, hitherto placid as their own sheep. "They have heard the news," I said, after watching the tailor's Gretchen and the blacksmith's Barbara stop to exchange a whisper behind the wood-house. Later in the day we learned that several letters from the absent soldier-boys had been received that morning, announcing their arrival on the evening train. The news had flown from one end of the village to the other, and although the well-drilled hands were all at work, hearts were stirring with the greatest excitement of a lifetime, since there was hardly a house where there was not one expected. Each large house often held a number of families, stowed away in little sets of chambers, with one dining-room in common.

Several times during the day we saw the three trustees conferring apart with anxious faces. The war had been a sore trouble to them, owing to their conscientious scruples against rendering military service. They had hoped to remain non-combatants. But the country was on fire with patriotism, and **nothing less than a bona fide Separatist**

in United States uniform would quiet the surrounding towns, long jealous of the wealth of this foreign community, misunderstanding its tenets, and glowing with that zeal against "sympathizers" which kept star-spangled banners flying over every suspected house. "Hang out the flag!" was their cry, and they demanded that Zoar should hang out its soldiers, giving them to understand that if not voluntarily hung out, they would soon be involuntarily hung up! A draft was ordered, and then the young men of the society, who had long chafed against their bonds, broke loose, volunteered, and marched away, principles or no principles, trustees or no trustees. These bold hearts once gone, the village sank into quietude again. Their letters, however, were a source of anxiety, coming as they did from the vain outside world; and the old postmaster, autocrat though he was, hardly dared to suppress them. But he said, shaking his head, that they "had fallen upon troublous times," and handed each dangerous envelope out with a groan. But the soldiers were not skilled penmen; their letters, few and far between, at length stopped entirely. Time passed, and the very existence of the runaways had become a far-off problem to the wise men of the community, absorbed in their slow calculations and cautious agriculture, when now, suddenly, it forced itself upon them face to face, and they were required to solve it in the twinkling of an eye. The bold hearts were coming back, full of knowledge of the outside world; almost every house would hold one, and the bands of law and order would be broken. Before this prospect the trustees quailed. Twenty years before they would have forbidden the entrance of these unruly sons within their borders; but now they dared not, since even into Zoar had penetrated the knowledge that America was a free country. The younger generation were not as their fathers were; objections had been openly made to the cut of the Sunday coats, and the girls had spoken together of ribbons!

The shadows of twilight seemed very long in falling that night, but at last there was no further excuse for delaying the evening bell, and home came the laborers to their evening meal. There was no moon, a soft mist obscured the stars, and the night was darkened with the excess of richness which rose from the ripening valley-fields and fat bottom-lands along the river. The community store opposite the Wirthshaus was closed early in the evening, the houses of the trustees were dark, and indeed the village was almost unlighted, as if to hide its own excitement. The entire population was abroad in the night, and one by one the men and boys stole away down the station road, a lovely, winding track on the hill-side, following the river on its way down the valley to the little station on the grass-grown railroad, a branch from the main track. As ten o'clock came, the women and girls, grown bold with excitement, gathered in the open space in front of the Wirthshaus, where the lights from the windows illumined their faces. There I saw the broad-shouldered Lydia, Rosine, Doroty, and all the rest, in their Sunday clothes, flushed, laughing, and chattering; but no Wilhelmina.

"Where can she be?" I said.

If she was there, the larger girls concealed her with their buxom breadth; I looked for the slender little maiden in vain.

"Shu!" cried the girls, "de bugle!"

Far down the station road we heard the bugle and saw the glimmering of lights among the trees. On it came, a will-o'-the-wisp procession: first a detachment of village boys each with a lantern or torch, next the returned soldiers winding their bugles, for, German-like, they all had musical instruments, then an excited crowd of brothers and cousins loaded with knapsacks, guns, and military accoutrements of all kinds; each man had something, were it only a tin cup, and proudly they marched in the footsteps of their glorious relatives, bearing the spoils of war. The girls set up a shrill cry of welcome as the procession approached, but the ranks con-

tinued unbroken until the open space in front of the Wirthshaus was reached; then, at a signal, the soldiers gave three cheers, the villagers joining in with all their hearts and lungs, but wildly and out of time, like the scattering fire of an awkward squad. The sound had never been heard in Zoar before. The soldiers gave a final "Tiger-r-r!" and then broke ranks, mingling with the excited crowd, exchanging greetings and embraces. All talked at once; some wept, some laughed; and through it all, silently stood the three trustees on the dark porch in front of the store, looking down upon their wild flock, their sober faces visible in the glare of the torches and lanterns below. The entire population was present; even the babies were held up on the outskirts of the crowd, stolid and staring.

"Where can Wilhelmina be?" I said again.

"Here, under the window; I saw her long ago," replied one of the women.

Leaning against a piazza-pillar, close under my eyes, stood the little maiden, pale and still. I could not disguise from myself that she looked almost ugly among those florid, laughing girls, for her color was gone, and her eyes so fixed that they looked unnaturally large; her somewhat heavy Egyptian features stood out in the bright light, but her small form was lost among the group of broad, white-kerchiefed shoulders, adorned with breast-knots of gay flowers. And had Wilhelmina no flower? She, so fond of blossoms? I looked again; yes, a little white rose, drooping and pale as herself.

But where was Gustav? The soldiers came and went in the crowd, and all spoke to Mina; but where was the One? I caught the landlord's little son as he passed, and asked the question.

"Gustav? Dat's him," he answered, pointing out a tall, rollicking soldier who seemed to be embracing the whole population in his gleeful welcome. That very soldier had passed Mina a dozen times, flinging a gay greeting to her each time; but nothing more.

After half an hour of general rejoic-

ing, the crowd dispersed, each household bearing off in triumph the hero that fell to its lot. Then the tiled domiciles, where usually all were asleep an hour after twilight, blazed forth with unaccustomed light from every little window, and within we could see the circles, with flagons of beer and various dainties manufactured in secret during the day, sitting and talking together in a manner which, for Zoar, was a wild revel, since it was nearly eleven o'clock! We were not the only outside spectators of this unwonted gayety; several times we met the three trustees stealing along in the shadow from house to house, like anxious spectres in broad-brimmed hats. No doubt they said to each other, "How, how will this end!"

The merry Gustav had gone off by Mina's side, which gave me some comfort; but when in our rounds we came to the gardener's house and gazed through the open door, the little maiden sat apart, and the soldier, in the centre of an admiring circle, was telling stories of the war.

I felt a foreboding of sorrow as I gazed out through the little window before climbing up into my high bed. Lights still twinkled in some of the houses, but a white mist was rising from the river, and the drowsy, long-drawn chant of the summer night invited me to dreamless sleep.

The next morning I could not resist questioning Jacobina, who also had her lover among the soldiers, if all was well.

"Oh yes. They stay — all but two. We's married next mont."

"And the two?"

"Karl and Gustav."

"And Wilhelmina!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, she let him go," answered Jacobina, bringing fresh coffee.

"Poor child! How does she bear it?"

"Oh, so. She cannot help. She say noding."

"But the trustees, will they allow these young men to leave the community?"

"They cannot help," said Jacobina.

"Gustav and Karl write not in the book; they free to go. Wilhelmina marry Jacob; it's joost the same; all r-r-ight," added Jacobina, who prided herself upon her English, caught from visitors at the Wirthshaus table.

"Ah! but it is not just the same," I thought as I went up to the garden to find my little maiden. She was not there; the leathery mother said she was out on the hills with the cows.

"So Gustav is going to leave the community," I said in German.

"Yes, better so. He is an idle, wild boy. Now, Veelhelminy can marry the baker, a good steady man."

"But Mina does not like him," I suggested.

"Das macht nichts," answered the leathery mother.

Wilhelmina was not in the pasture; I sought for her everywhere, and called her name. The poor child had hidden herself, and whether she heard me or not, she did not respond. All day she kept herself aloof; I almost feared she would never return; but in the late twilight a little figure slipped through the garden-gate and took refuge in the house before I could speak, for I was watching for the child, apparently the only one, though a stranger, to care for her sorrow.

"Can I not see her?" I said to the leathery mother, following to the door.

"Eh, no; she's foolish; she will not speak a word; she has gone off to bed," was the answer.

For three days I did not see Mina, so early did she flee away to the hills, and so late return. I followed her to the pasture once or twice, but she would not show herself, and I could not discover her hiding-place. The fourth day I learned that Gustav and Karl were to leave the village in the afternoon, probably forever. The other soldiers had signed the articles presented by the anxious trustees, and settled down into the old routine, going afield with the rest, although still heroes of the hour; they were all to be married in August. No doubt the hardships of their campaigns among the Tennessee mountains

had taught them that the rich valley was a home not to be despised; nevertheless it was evident that the flowers of the flock were those who were about departing, and that in Gustav and Karl the community lost its brightest spirits. Evident to us; but, possibly, the community cared not for bright spirits.

I had made several attempts to speak to Gustav; this morning I at last succeeded. I found him polishing his bugle on the garden bench.

"Why are you going away, Gustav?" I asked. "Zoar is a pleasant little village."

"Too slow for me, miss."

"The life is easy, however; you will find the world a hard place."

"I don't mind work, ma'am, but I do like to be free. I feel all cramped up here, with these rules and bells; and, besides, I could n't stand those trustees; they never let a fellow alone."

"And Wilhelmina? If you do go, I hope you will take her with you, or come for her when you have found work."

"Oh no, miss. All that was long ago. It's all over now."

"But you like her, Gustav?"

"Oh, so. She's a good little thing, but too quiet for me."

"But she likes you," I said desperately, for I saw no other way to loosen this Gordian knot.

"Oh no, miss. She got used to it, and has thought of it all these years; that's all. She'll forget about it, and marry the baker."

"But she does not like the baker."

"Why not? He's a good fellow enough. She'll like him in time. It's all the same. I declare it's too bad to see all these girls going on in the same old way, in their ugly gowns and big shoes! Why, ma'am, I could n't take Mina outside, even if I wanted to; she's too old to learn new ways, and everybody would laugh at her. She could n't get along a day. Besides," said the young soldier, coloring up to his eyes, "I don't mind telling you that — that there's some one else. Look here, ma'am;" and he put into my hand a card photograph representing a pretty

girl, overdressed and adorned with curls and gilt jewelry. "That's Miss Martin," said Gustav with pride; "Miss Emmeline Martin, of Cincinnati. I'm going to marry Miss Martin."

As I held the pretty, flashy picture in my hand, all my castles fell to the ground. My plan for taking Mina home with me, accustoming her gradually to other clothes and ways, teaching her enough of the world to enable her to hold her place without pain, my hope that my husband might find a situation for Gustav in some of the iron-mills near Cleveland, in short, all the idyl I had woven, was destroyed. If it had not been for this red-cheeked Miss Martin in her gilt beads! "Why is it that men will be such fools?" I thought. Up sprung a memory of the curls and ponderous jet necklace I sported at a certain period of my existence, when John — I was silenced, gave Gustav his picture, and walked away without a word.

At noon the villagers, on their way back to work, paused at the Wirthshaus to say good-by; Karl and Gustav were there, and the old woolly horse had already gone to the station with their boxes. Among the others came Christine, Karl's former affianced, heart-whole and smiling, already betrothed to a new lover; but no Wilhelmina. Good wishes and farewells were exchanged, and at last the two soldiers started away, falling into the marching step, and watched with furtive satisfaction by the three trustees, who stood together in the shadow of the smithy, apparently deeply absorbed in a broken-down cask.

It was a lovely afternoon, and I, too, strolled down the station road embowered in shade. The two soldiers were not far in advance. I had passed the flour-mill on the outskirts of the village and was approaching the old quarry, when a sound startled me; out from the rocks in front rushed a little figure, and crying "Gustav, mein Gustav!" fell at the soldier's feet. It was Wilhelmina.

I ran forward and took her from the

young men; she lay in my arms as if dead. The poor child was sadly changed; always slender and swaying, she now looked thin and shrunken, her skin had a strange, dark pallor, and her lips were drawn in as if from pain. I could see her eyes through the large-orbed thin lids, and the brown shadows beneath extended down into the cheeks.

"Was ist's?" said Gustav, looking bewildered. "Is she sick?"

I answered "Yes," but nothing more. I could see that he had no suspicion of the truth, believing as he did that the "good fellow" of a baker would do very well for this "good little thing" who was "too quiet" for him. The memory of Miss Martin sealed my lips. But if it had not been for that pretty, flashy picture, would I not have spoken!

"You must go; you will miss the train," I said, after a few minutes. "I will see to Mina."

But Gustav lingered. Perhaps he was really troubled to see the little sweetheart of his boyhood in such desolate plight; perhaps a touch of the old feeling came back; and perhaps, also, it was nothing of the kind, and, as usual, my romantic imagination was carrying me away. At any rate, whatever it was, he stooped over the fainting girl.

"She looks bad," he said, "very bad. I wish—but she'll get well and marry the baker. Good-by, Mina." And bending his tall form, he kissed her colorless cheek, and then hastened away to join the impatient Karl; a curve in the road soon hid them from view.

Wilhelmina had stirred at his touch; after a moment her large eyes opened slowly; she looked around as if dazed, but all at once memory came back, and she started up with the same cry, "Gustav, mein Gustav!" I drew her head down on my shoulder to stifle the sound; it was better the soldier should not hear it, and its anguish thrilled my own heart, also. She had not the strength to resist me, and in a few minutes I knew that the young men were

out of hearing as they strode on towards the station, and out into the wide world.

The forest was solitary, we were beyond the village; all the afternoon I sat under the trees with the stricken girl. Again, as in her joy, her words were few; again, as in her joy, her whole being was involved. Her little rough hands were cold, a film had gathered over her eyes; she did not weep, but moaned to herself, and all her senses seemed blunted. At night-fall I took her home, and the leathery mother received her with a frown; but the child was beyond caring, and crept away, dumbly, to her room.

The next morning she was off to the hills again, nor could I find her for several days. Evidently, in spite of my sympathy, I was no more to her than I should have been to a wounded fawn. She was a mixture of the wild, shy creature of the woods and the deep-loving woman of the tropics; in either case I could be but small comfort. When at last I did see her, she was apathetic and dull; her feelings, her senses, and her intelligence seemed to have gone within, as if preying upon her heart. She scarcely listened to my proposal to take her with me; for, in my pity, I had suggested it in spite of its difficulties.

"No," she said mechanically; "I's better here;" and fell into silence again.

A month later, a friend went down to spend a few days in the valley, and upon her return described to us the weddings of the whilom soldiers. "It was really a pretty sight," she said, "the quaint peasant dresses and the flowers. Afterwards, the band went round the village playing their odd tunes, and all had a holiday. There were two civilians married also; I mean two young men who had not been to the war. It seems that two of the soldiers turned their backs upon the community and their allotted brides, and marched away; but the Zoar maidens are not romantic, I fancy, for these two deserted ones were betrothed again and

married, all in the short space of four weeks."

"Was not one Wilhelmina, the gardener's daughter, a short, dark girl?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And she married Jacob the baker?"

"Yes."

The next year, weary of the cold lake-winds, we left the icy shore and went down to the valley to meet the coming spring, finding her already there, decked with vines and flowers. A new waitress brought us our coffee.

"How is Wilhelmina?" I asked.

"Eh — Wilhelmina? Oh, she not here now; she gone to the Next Country," answered the girl in a matter-of-fact way. "She die last October, and Jacob he haf anoder wife now."

In the late afternoon I asked a little girl to show me Wilhelmina's grave in the quiet God's Acre on the hill. Innovation was creeping in, even here; the later graves had mounds raised over them, and one had a little head-board with an inscription in ink.

Wilhelmina lay apart, and some one, probably the old gardener, who had loved the little maiden in his silent way, had planted a rose-bush at the head of the mound. I dismissed my guide and

sat there alone in the sunset, thinking of many things, but chiefly of this: "Why should this great wealth of love have been allowed to waste itself? Why is it that the greatest power, unquestionably, of this mortal life should so often seem a useless gift?"

No answer came from the sunset clouds, and as twilight sank down on the earth I rose to go. "I fully believe," I said, as though repeating a creed, "that this poor, loving heart, whose earthly body lies under this mound, is happy now in its own loving way. It has not been changed, but the happiness it longed for has come. How, we know not; but the God who made Wilhelmina understands her. He has given unto her not rest, not peace, but an active, living joy."

I walked away through the wild meadow, under whose turf, unmarked by stone or mound, lay the first pioneers of the community, and out into the forest road, untraveled save when the dead passed over it to their last earthly home. The evening was still and breathless, and the shadows lay thick on the grass as I looked back. But I could still distinguish the little mound with the rose-bush at its head, and, not without tears, I said, "Farewell, poor Wilhelmina; farewell."

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

LOST AT SEA.

SOME VERSES WRITTEN ONE CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE solemn head that Guido drew
Looks down from out its leafy hood —
The holly berries, gleaming through
The pointed leaves, seem drops of blood.

Above the cornice, round the hearth,
Are evergreens and spruce-tree boughs;
'Tis Christmas morning: Christmas mirth
And joyous voices fill the house.

I pause, and know not what to do;
I feel reproach that I am glad:
Until to-day, no thought of you,
O Comrade! ever made me sad.

But now the thought of your blithe heart,
Your ringing laugh, can give me pain,
Knowing that we are worlds apart,
Not knowing we shall meet again.

For all is dark that lies in store!
Though they may preach, the brotherhood,
We know just this, and nothing more,
That we are dust, and God is good.

What life begins when death makes end?
Sleek gownsman, is 't so very clear?
How fares it with us? — Oh, my Friend,
I only know you are not here!

That I am in a warm, light room,
With life and love to comfort me,
While you are drifting through the gloom,
Beneath the sea, beneath the sea!

O wild green waves that lash the sands
Of Santiago and beyond,
Lift him, I pray, with gentle hands,
And bear him on — true heart and fond!

To some still grotto far below
The washings of the warm Gulf Stream
Bear him, and let the winds that blow
About the world not break his dream!

— I smooth my brow. Upon the stair
I hear my children shout in glee,
With sparkling eyes and dancing hair,
Bringing a Christmas wreath for me.

Their joy, like sunshine deep and broad,
Falls on my heart, and makes me glad:
I think the face of our dear Lord
Looks down on them, and seems not sad!

T. B. Aldrich.

TOUCHING VISITANTS FROM A HIGHER LIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from his native land,
Where first he walked when clasped in clay?"

TENNYSON.

I AM of Tennyson's opinion. It is presumptuous, in advance of positive evidence, for or against, to assume that those whom we call dead cannot reappear to us. Men who think themselves wise and enlightened are wont to declare — and I myself once assented to the declaration — that superstitious ignorance alone believes in ghosts.¹ Science adds her cogent authority; but science, ere now, has had to reconsider her verdicts. Less than a century ago she denied the reality of aerolites, popularly believed in throughout tens of previous centuries.

Herbert Spencer has brought prominently forward the principle that any world-wide belief, persisted in throughout past ages, may be assumed as having a foundation in truth. The popular version of the day may be erroneous, but there is a reality (to which the universality and longevity of the main principle are due) underneath. Dr. Johnson, long before Spencer wrote, made special application of this principle; putting into the mouth of the sage Imlac the confession: "That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those who never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible. That it is doubted by single cavilers can very

¹ The French more properly call them *revenants*, returns

little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

If there be another phase of life; if conduct and character in this world determine our state in the next; if the Great Originating Mind be actuated by benevolence, — all which propositions seem to me reasonable, — then it is, *a priori*, not unlikely that, as part of the cosmical economy, there may be evidence, palpable to the senses, of a higher life to come. It is an open theory, therefore, with probability in its favor, that there is phenomenal proof of man's continued existence. Whether we can obtain such proof or not is a simple question of fact, which it is unphilosophical to prejudge.

A simple question; yet where shall we find another, religious or scientific, of which the solution is fraught with results of such inestimable importance to mankind? Toward that solution I have a contribution to make.

On Monday, April 20, 1874, I had a sitting with Mrs. Hardy of Boston, a trance medium in whose good faith I place confidence. Through her came, unasked, a message from what purported to be the spirit of "Violet." After sundry recommendations concerning diet, which I have since followed with evident benefit to my health, she said: —

"Before you leave the earth you shall see spectres (as you call them) walking about; and they will take you by the hand and converse with you: me also you shall behold in the form. You shall witness far more wonderful things than you have ever yet seen."

I interpreted this to mean that, ere I died, I should acquire one among the spiritual gifts enumerated by St. Paul — the "discerning of spirits;" and,

deeming this unlikely, I put little confidence in the promise given. When, some weeks later, accounts reached me from London of experiments in spirit-materialization witnessed and attested by eminent scientists, they failed to recall Violet's prediction. I thought not of it till I myself had verified all, and more than all, the London phenomena.

On May 29 I received a letter from my friend Dr. Child, a well-known Philadelphia physician, stating that a spirit, purporting to be the same which had appeared to Mr. Crookes and usually known as "Katie King," had shown herself, during the sittings of a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, at the aperture of a dark cabinet; had conversed with him in audible tones, and had requested him, on her behalf, to write and ask that I would come and see her in Philadelphia. A startling summons, surely, if in very deed from a spirit! Was such an invitation ever before extended by a denizen of the next world to a mortal in this?

On my arrival (June 5) all appeared fair enough. I found the mediums established on the second floor of a small house in Ninth Street near Arch. There were but two rooms on the floor, a front parlor and a bedroom; the lower floor under both rooms being occupied as a shop for the sale of musical instruments. In a back corner of the parlor was a walnut cabinet, seven feet wide and eight feet high, with a door that opened into the parlor, and two apertures, five and six feet high respectively, both curtained with black cloth. We had lamp-light, shaded but sufficient to enable us to recognize faces and to see everything that passed in the room. After we had examined the cabinet, the medium entered it, closing the door.

¹ Under instructions from Katie herself, the door of the bedroom was taken off (June 18) and a partition of black walnut boards, an inch thick, eight feet high and five feet wide, was substituted: it was secured on each side by four stout battens firmly screwed on throughout their entire length, and spiked, with twelpenny nails, to the casing of the discarded door. Suspicion still prevailing among some skeptics that the partition might have been tampered with so that a portion of it could be

Soon at one of the apertures appeared a fair, thoughtful young face, a girl of eighteen apparently, by whom I was cordially welcomed in a low, pleasant voice. She returned and spoke to us several times. At the close of the sitting she twice appeared, robed in white, just within the cabinet door; not coming out, however, into the room: the first time (so I was told) that she had ever shown herself in full form.

It was evidently a living, moving, thinking being. Yet I suspended judgment. One of the mediums was out of our sight. Then there was a door—locked, padlocked, and otherwise effectually secured, it seemed, but yet a door—from the cabinet into the bedroom adjoining. The possibility of a confederate suggested itself.

Forty memorable sittings followed. Gradually test conditions were perfected, and every imaginable ground for suspecting deception was removed;¹ and then, instead of failure, all the phenomena came out in greater perfection than before. I select the more remarkable; to copy my notes in full would involve tedious repetition.

June 7. Katie allowed Dr. Child to feel her pulse; its beats were distinct, about seventy-two a minute. A lady offered her a gold ring, and asked me to put it on her finger. I did so. The hand, beautifully formed, was like that of a mortal woman, nearly of the same temperature as my own, and slightly moist. At the close of the sitting she advanced into the room, dropped a finger on my head, and touched several other persons.

June 9. I gave her a long chain, composed of Violet's hair, a present to myself more than forty-five years ago: hoping, as I told Katie, thereby to attract Violet herself in accordance with

removed, and speedily replaced, at will, some of the audience, at the close of a most successful sitting at which I assisted (July 5), proposed, and were permitted, to take it to pieces. A tedious and critical examination resulted in a certificate signed by all present (ten in number) to the effect that the partition was faithfully constructed, and that entrance or exit from the cabinet, except by the door opening into the parlor in which the sittings were held, was utterly impossible.

her promise. I observed that Katie wore the gold ring. But when, at the close of the sitting, I examined with a light every nook and corner in the cabinet, neither ring nor chain was to be found.

June 10. Katie called me up to the aperture, handed me back the hair chain, and said: "Violet wishes you to keep this, in memory of her, until you are called to meet her in her spirit-home."

Where was that chain during the preceding twenty-four hours? One is lost in conjecture on such subjects.

Ere Katie came forth, a tall figure, partly hidden by the cabinet, laid its luminous hand on her head; then the hand and arm floated up out of sight; the door being seven and a half feet high.

June 15. Present only myself and Mr. Oluf Stenersen, minister to the United States from the Swedish court.

Three different faces showed themselves: one of a middle-aged man, one of a young lady, and another of a child. Then Katie, from the left hand aperture, asked the medium for paper and pencil. Half a sheet of note paper being handed to her, she beckoned to me and gave me the paper, saying: "Mr. Owen, please put your private mark on it." I wrote at the top of the sheet three words in the German character; and, as I returned it to her, she added: "An English friend wishes to write to you." In a minute or two we saw, at the left hand aperture, a luminous detached hand, shaded off at the wrist, and holding the pencil as a mundane writer would. Over against this hand floated in the air a half sheet of paper, the surface illuminated as if phosphorescently. At first it swayed to and fro; but presently, without apparent cause, it remained stretched and motionless. Then the hand approached

it and wrote, under our eyes, during some three or four minutes; covering the page. Then the sheet, again without apparent cause, turned over in the air, the hand continuing to write until the second page was half filled. Then the hand laid hold of the paper, and passed it out of the cabinet window toward me. I went up and received it, and the pencil dropped on the floor. It was the same paper on which I had written "*Ich bin hier*;" and proved to be a letter addressed to me, didactic in character and elevated in sentiment, signed: "Fred. W. Robertson."¹

Afterwards, accompanied by a friend who is an expert in autographs, I took this paper to the Franklin Library; and there, in presence of the librarian, we compared it with Mr. Robertson's signature as it is given in the English edition of his biography, by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Both gentlemen agreed that the signature obtained by me was so perfect a fac-simile of the other, that the internal evidence of its genuine character was unquestionable.

June 19. A circle of twenty-five persons. The partition between parlor and bedroom (alluded to in a previous note) had been put up the day before. Each time that Katie issued from the cabinet, a brilliantly luminous hand, emitting light, showed itself at the left upper corner of the cabinet door. It pointed downward, sometimes waving, toward Katie. The second time that she stepped out, she beckoned me to approach her. I did so, extending my hand, which she pressed; then, as I bent my head toward her, she took it in both hands and kissed it, uttering her usual low and earnest "God bless you, Mr. Owen."

June 20. Present only my friend Mrs. L. Andrews, of Springfield, and myself. We both thoroughly examined the bed-

¹ At Dr. Slade's, in New York (February 9, 1874), I witnessed, by gaslight, a precisely similar phenomenon. The paper, placed on a slate, lay on my knee; and a hand, luminous and entirely detached at the wrist, rose from under the table and wrote, while I looked on, what proved to be three verses from the Greek Testament; headed in English, 'Law of Love = Matth. 5: 43-46 —' (punctuation,

contraction, and dashes exactly as here set down). To use a common phrase, I could scarcely believe my eyes. My knowledge of Greek has, under half a century of disuse, almost faded out: but, having submitted the manuscript to one of the best Hellenists of our country, I learned that every word and letter was correct, a few breathings and accents only being omitted.

room before sitting down. For the first time *neither of the mediums, at any time during the sitting, entered the cabinet*; so that, when we had searched it and closed its door, we were certain that no human being occupied it.

A remarkable sitting followed. First, we were surprised by a dusky face at one of the apertures. Soon after, the door opened and a girl at least two inches taller and rather stouter than Katie, with dark, handsome Indian features, and lithe figure, arrayed in richly ornamented Indian dress, walked out to within two feet of us. She had a snow-white blanket over her head, which she held under her chin. This she waved toward us; it was very fine, thick, and soft to the touch. She came out three times, spoke to us, the last time quite distinctly, telling us that her name was Sauntee.

"Good God!" cried Mrs. Holmes, in evident astonishment and alarm.¹

Next there issued from the cabinet the figure of a lad dressed in sailor-boy fashion; his bow and gestures awkward and jerky, his face frank and pleasant. He came out three times, and when we asked his name he answered, in hoarse and broken but audible tones: "Don't you know me? You've heard me speak often enough; I'm Dick."

We had frequently heard of Dick, as one of the (alleged) operating and talking spirits in the dark circles for physical manifestations which Mrs. Holmes occasionally gave. Both he and the Indian girl presented themselves now for the first time.

At last Katie herself appeared. When she stepped into the room, I asked permission to approach, and gave her a mother-of-pearl cross, with white silk braid attached, together with a small note, folded up, in which I had written: "I offer you this because, though it be simple, it is white and pure and beautiful, as you are." She took both, did not open the note, suspended the cross from

her neck, kissed it and retreated to the cabinet, closing the door. In a minute or two she returned, the cross, shining as with phosphorescent lustre, in one hand, and the folded note in the other; bent over me, and said, in her low, earnest voice and with her charming smile: "White and pure and beautiful like me — is it?" How did she read that note? The cabinet, with its closed door and its black-covered apertures, was, as I have often verified, quite dark. Ever after, when she appeared, she wore that cross on her breast; reminding one of the well-known lines in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

Immediately after the close of the sitting we critically examined the cabinet. No cross there! Where was it?

June 21. No medium in the cabinet. Katie appeared at the aperture; and Dr. Child, desiring to please all, proposed that every person in the circle (upwards of twenty) might go up, one by one, to the aperture, touch Katie's hand, and speak to her. They all did so except one young lady, deterred by fear. Toward the close, one of the circle (not a lady) asked if Katie would not allow him to kiss her. She instantly withdrew and we saw her no more that night.

Afterward I remonstrated, in private, with Dr. Child, against this lack of decorum; adding that unless the wishes of the spirit were consulted in all things, I would not attend another sitting, nor countenance the proceedings in any way. He took what I said in excellent part, frankly admitting that I was in the right. Little did I expect what was to come!

June 22.² Katie, appearing at the aperture after unusual delay, beckoned to me. The pale and beautiful face, now grown familiar, usually tinged with sadness, wore such a look of weary sorrow and deep depression that I was moved almost to tears when, in low and plaintive tones, she said: "Mr. Owen, indeed, indeed I cannot come out to-night

Mrs. Young, purporting to come from this young Indian girl. Just two months before this sitting Mrs. Young had died.

² At this and all succeeding sittings, both mediums remained outside, unentranced.

¹ She explained to me, after the sitting, that "Sauntee" was the name of the (alleged) controlling spirit of Mrs. Fanny Young, an intimate friend of hers and a trance medium; and that she (Mrs. Holmes) had had many a communication, through

unless I have assurance that my wishes shall be respected."

"They shall be," said I, "so long as I come here."

"I want *your* promise," she added. "When you touch me, it gives me strength; but when others, with whom I have no sympathy, are suffered to approach indiscriminately, it wearies and exhausts me. I want your promise that no such overture as that made last night shall be repeated. They forget that I am a spirit. They forget why I come to them at all."

"Dear Katie," said I, "I will protect you, as I would my own daughter, from that and every other annoyance. No one shall approach you except with your express permission."

The changed, more hopeful expression was charming to see, as she said: "God bless you! Tell my medium not to urge me; it hurts me to refuse her."

At a request from the audience, I stated to them, in brief, what Katie had said. Nothing more was needed, that evening, to call forth a hushed reverence such as is not often found, even in church.

I pass by my record of sundry meetings where phenomena similar to those already recorded presented themselves, and come to a memorable *séance*, June 28. At Katie's suggestion, coupled with her promise of "a good time," I had this sitting all to myself, the two mediums only being present, and sitting beside me.

Sauntee again appeared. The materialization seemed absolutely perfect. She wore a rich, dark jacket, reaching to the knee, of stuff resembling silk velvet, embroidered in white spangles, open over the bosom and showing an undergarment apparently of Indian-tanned buckskin; the jacket coming to a point at the waist. She wore black leggins and embroidered moccasins. This time she had no blanket, but some soft, light, gray tissue covering her head and falling over her shoulders. Around her waist was a belt, with lappets that dropped on one side. She held one of these toward us to touch; it was soft and thick as rich

velvet. Her motions were more free than before, and there was more spirit in her large, expressive eyes. She spoke, too, more readily and distinctly. Four several times she showed herself, uttering friendly expressions.

Then, after an interval, came Katie. She, too, stepped out, more freely than usual. I showed her a small tortoiseshell box, in which I had preserved several mementoes of her; to wit, a card on which she had written my name, a small nosegay, and a tiny lock of hair which she had given me during the sitting with Mrs. Andrews. She seemed pleased, and said, smiling, "I'll give you something better worth keeping than that." Retreating to the cabinet, she returned in a minute or two without the lace veil she usually wore depending from each side of her head; this being the first time I had ever seen her bareheaded. She asked for scissors, and I provided a pair which I had brought with me, hoping to obtain a bit of her dress. Then she stooped her head toward me, and, passing both hands through her back hair, separated a lock and bade me cut it off. I did so, close to the head. It proved to be a beautiful ringlet, about four inches long, literally of a golden color, soft and fine. After four months it has not melted away, and it is not distinguishable from human hair, though one seldom sees any so beautiful.

The next time she came out she asked for a large nosegay which stood on the mantelpiece; and, coming close to me, she knelt down, laid the flowers on the floor, and deliberately picked out two or three lilies. These she handed to me, returning the rest to Mrs. Holmes. As she knelt there, I observed that her hair curled in short, graceful ringlets over the top and front of her head, while several longer curls dropped to her shoulders. One of these, longer than the rest, she had several times shown us, and allowed us to touch, at the aperture.

Once more — and for the last time that evening — she emerged from the cabinet, came quietly close up to me, extending a hand. I passed my left arm gently round her, and sustained her

left arm, bare from the elbow, in my right hand. To the touch her garments and her person were exactly like those of an earthly creature.

In low but distinct tones, she made some recommendations in regard to my health. "You have work to do," she said, "before you leave your earth; and you must rest, that you may be able to do it."

Then, stepping back, she took my face in both hands, kissed me on the forehead, and retreated to the cabinet, as is her wont, without turning from us. After closing the door, she half opened it again with a smile and the words: "Did n't we have a good time, Mr. Owen, as I promised?"

"Indeed we did," I replied; "you kept your word."

"But we'll have far better times, by and by, when you come to us." The door closed upon that earnest, beautiful face, and we were left alone with the memory of the marvels we had witnessed!

I questioned my consciousness. Had I held familiar converse with a creature who had already, perhaps, returned to her fellow-denizens of the skies?

July 3. Besides myself only two friends, Dr. P—— and Mrs. B——. Both the mediums outside, as usual.

Sauntee came out in full form, saluting and touching us all: her features handsome, spirited, but unmistakably Indian, and very distinct. The third time she appeared, bending over me till her face was scarcely a foot from mine, she said: "Come pale-faced chief." Some twenty minutes later, the cabinet door opened and disclosed the form, distinctly materialized, of a man, apparently of middle age, some five feet ten in height, as I judged, with broad shoulders, rather dark complexion, mustache, and short beard; his look earnest and spirited. At the same time that he appeared Sauntee showed herself at the aperture and repeated: "Pale-faced chief." The male figure showed itself four times; its dress a white robe reaching to the feet, with some sort of dark vest, partially visible, underneath.

We asked its name. After several unsuccessful efforts, it said distinctly, the third time it appeared: "General Rawlings."

Katie, appearing ten minutes later, repeated, in answer to our inquiries, that it was General Rawlings.

"Who was General Rawlings?" asked Mrs. B——.

"Secretary of War under President Grant," replied Katie.

Of course I knew of the general as one of our bravest soldiers; but neither I nor any one present had seen him or his photograph; so that I am unable to say whether the figure thus unexpectedly presented to us resembled him or not.

This evening Katie came out into the room eight or nine times, appearing more distinct than usual. She wore, as is her wont, a resplendent white robe, falling in loose folds, open at the neck, running to a point on the bosom and belted at the waist. Her arms were bare several inches above the elbow; the gauze sleeves which she wore being open half-way to the shoulder and dropping some six inches below the upper arm. She remained with us three or four minutes at a time; probably twenty or twenty-five minutes in all.

I particularly noticed, this evening, the ease and harmony of her motions. In Naples, during five years, I frequented a circle famed for courtly demeanor; but never in the best-bred lady of rank accosting her visitors have I seen Katie outrivaled. Anything more refined than the gentle sway of the body and turn of the head and gesture of arm and hand, as she passed round, saying something pleasant or playful to each, I do not expect to witness till I reach that higher life whence this visitant descended to teach and to charm us here.

In the course of the evening I had asked her if she could give me a bit of her dress, to which she replied: "I'll try to materialize it so that it will keep." The fifth time she came out, receiving from me a pair of scissors, and turning to the left, so as to be just opposite where Dr. P—— and Mrs. B—— sat,

and not more than three feet from them, she gathered up her dress, cutting and handing to me a portion; then afterwards of her veil in like manner.

The piece from her dress, less than two inches long and nearly in the form of a leaf, proved to be a fabric like fine bishop's lawn; that taken from the veil was nearly circular, an inch and a quarter in diameter, apparently a single figure of the finest quality of Honiton lace, with a star-like opening near one edge.

An astounding incident connected with this gift remains to be told. Dr. P—— and Mrs. B——, under whose very eyes the cutting was done, unite in declaring that the hole left in the robe where Katie cut from it, was not less than five or six inches long, and that made in the veil at least three or four inches in diameter; further, that in the course of a few seconds both openings disappeared and the garments were whole again. Although, when Katie turned from me, I could not distinctly see the cutting done, yet, intimately acquainted as I am with both these witnesses, I cannot doubt their veracity.¹

How the pieces cut were thus condensed in size, I do not assume to explain. Katie's robe looks like the thinnest gauze, and her veil like the fleeciest cobweb-lace. But the bits of each now in my possession seem *bona-fide* lawn and lace, such as ladies wear in this lower world.

This evening, for the first time, Katie vanished and reappeared, but a part of her form was intercepted by the front partition of the cabinet; at another sitting I witnessed the same phenomenon in perfection.

July 6. Katie exhibited an amiable trait of character. A little, slender, and somewhat infirm old lady, already in her

seventy-sixth year, a Mrs. Peterman who, though never a professional medium, had been for half a life-time endowed with what Paul calls spiritual gifts, was present, and had modestly taken a back seat. Katie spied her, and requested that she should have a seat in front. Then she called me and said: "Mr. Owen, I want to kiss that old lady, she's so cunning; ask her if she would be afraid."

Mrs. Peterman expressed great delight; and Katie, slowly advancing, in her usual gracious way, lightly touched the gray head, as it bent before her, and imprinted a kiss on the wrinkled forehead.

A well-known artist of Philadelphia attended this sitting; and, after examining Katie through his opera-glass, said to me, ere he left, that he had seldom seen features exhibiting more classic beauty. "Her movements and bearing," he added, "are the very ideal of grace."

July 9. This evening, having observed that Katie seemed to delight in flowers, I handed her a large calla lily. She smelt it, exclaiming: "What a charming odor!" And each time that evening when she issued from the cabinet, she carried the flower in her hand.

I had begged her, if she could, to repeat for us the phenomenon of disappearance, and had placed myself so that I could see her entire person without the intervention of any part of the cabinet front.

It is an era in one's life when one witnesses, in perfection, this marvelous manifestation. Katie stood on the very threshold of the cabinet, directly in front of me, and scarcely nine feet distant. I saw her, with absolute distinctness, from head to foot, during all the time she gradually faded out and reappeared. The head disappeared a little

eyes, twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her tunic, as souvenirs for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it which way you would."

In the same communication Mrs. Ross-Church adds: "Katie desired me to place my hands within the loose single garment which she wore, and feel her nude body. I did so thoroughly, and felt her heart beating rapidly beneath my hand."

¹ To those who may read this with incredulity, I state that Mrs. Ross-Church (Florence Marryatt, daughter of the well-known novelist, and editor of London Society) relates, in the (London) Spiritualist of May 29, 1874, a similar experience. After giving various particulars of Katie's last London séance, she says: "What appeared to me one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural power was, that when she had cut, before our

before the rest of her form, and the feet and lower part of the drapery remained visible after the body and the cross she wore had vanished. But the lily was to be seen, suspended in the air, for several seconds after the hand which had held it was gone; then it vanished, last of all. When the figure reappeared, that lily showed itself in advance of all else, at first like a bright crystal, about eighteen inches from the floor; but gradually rising and assuming the lily shape, as the hand which had held it, and the form to which that hand belonged, first shimmered and then brightened into view. In less than a minute after the reappearance commenced, Katie issued from the cabinet in full beauty, bearing the lily in her right hand, with the cross on her bosom, and arrayed in the self-same costume which she had previously worn; then, coming toward us, she saluted the circle with all her wonted grace.

I am not sure whether we have, on record, any account of the vanishing and reappearance, in the light, of physical objects; at least any example when it was observed so closely and in such perfection as this.

During the sitting of July 10, Katie allowed us again to witness this phenomenon; and, on that occasion, a bouquet which she held in her hand vanished and reappeared, as the lily and cross had done.

About this time I obtained incidentally most cogent additional evidence (little needed) that these phenomena were genuine.

An old and valued friend, Mr. Ferdinand Dreer, desiring to allay the suspicions of certain skeptical intimates of his, proposed to bring them to a séance, at which he should be allowed to keep watch outside the parlor door. At ten o'clock on the morning of July 13, he called on me, asking me if I could arrange this for him with the mediums. As soon as he left I proceeded, in accordance with his wishes, to the Holmeses, whom I found just returned from breakfast. We talked the matter over, and I remarked: "I wish I could know what Katie thinks about it."

"I dare say we could ascertain," said Mrs. Holmes; "we can try."

So we locked the doors, closed the window-blinds, lit and shaded a single gas-burner, and sat down quietly before the cabinet. In ten minutes Katie appeared at the aperture, beckoned to me, and, before I had said a word, asked: "Is Mr. Dreer a man upon whose promises you can rely?"

I. Absolutely. And he has given me his solemn promise that neither he nor the friends he proposes to bring with him will violate any conditions imposed.

Katie. But you must have some of our intimate friends in the front circle. I need such aid.

I. Be sure that we shall attend to that.

Katie. Let Mr. Dreer examine all the rooms before the sitting begins, and leave the door of this parlor open, so that he can see and hear what passes.

It did not occur to me, till after this impromptu sitting closed, what a severe test it was. The Holmeses had never, up to this time, had a forenoon or mid-day sitting. They could not, by possibility, have anticipated my coming, since the intention to visit them preceded my visit by five minutes only. Still less could they have imagined that I would express a desire to hear from Katie at that hour. The hypothesis of preparation is absolutely barred. The door of the cabinet stood open, as usual, when I entered. I examined it carefully, and myself closed its door, before we sat down.

July 14. Mr. Dreer came with four friends. Ere the sitting commenced, he examined the house, inspected the bedroom most critically, saw the outside window-shutter of that room effectually barred, saw its door locked, and placed a bit of adhesive plaster over the key-hole, then sat down in the entry, so that no one could go up or down stairs without passing him. The door opening from the parlor on the passage where he sat remained open during the whole sitting.

Under these strict test conditions, the manifestations were triumphantly suc-

cessful. Katie came out in full form five or six times. In the course of the evening she jestingly deplored Mr. Dreer's solitary condition, begged him to let her know in case he saw Katie King pass up or down stairs, and finally invited him into the room, advancing and gracefully saluting him.

Ere the sitting closed we had — now for the fifth time — the phenomenon of appearance and disappearance in full perfection. During this and the sitting of June 12, the reappearance seemed to be effected in a somewhat modified way. The form came into view first as a sort of dwarfed or condensed Katie, not over eighteen inches high; then the figure appeared to be elongated, almost as a pocket-telescope is drawn to its full length, till the veritable Katie, not a fold of her shining raiment disarranged, stood in full stature before us. That scriptural expression of "shining raiment" was constantly suggested to me when Katie, issuing from the darkness of the cabinet, shone out upon us in full form.

Another phenomenon, that of levitation, which we witnessed during the sitting of July 12, and on four or five other occasions, recalled some of the old paintings of the Transfiguration. Within the cabinet, but in full view, we saw Katie's entire form — her graceful garments literally "white as the light" — suspended in mid-air. I observed that she gently moved hands and feet, as a swimmer, upright in the water, might. She remained thus, each time, from ten to fifteen seconds.

July 16. This was my farewell sitting, appointed on the forenoon of the day on which I left Philadelphia, by Katie herself, Dr. and Mrs. Child being present, at her request.

I had a talk with her at the aperture. Producing the mother-of-pearl cross I had given her, she said: "Father Owen,¹ I shall keep this cross forever, and when, at any time, I fall short of my highest conceptions of duty, be sure

that the sight of it will recall me to better thoughts."

I told her with how much regret I parted from her, and she added: "But you will return in the autumn; for I don't think it is intended that you should come to us yet awhile. But if it is, be very certain that I shall be *there* to receive you."

I told her I should be quite content to go at once, only that I had some work which I desired still to do.

Katie. I think you will live to do it; yet you ought to rest for two months at least. The excitement of these interviews keeps you up, but you will feel exhausted when that passes off.

She came out four or five times, walking about freely, seated herself on a chair, then came up to us, laying her hands on our heads. She gave sundry instructions touching the sittings to come, and expressed the hope that, in the future, she might still be able to do much for us.

Myself. It is a marvel to me, dear Katie, that you should take such pains about us earthly creatures.

Katie. Why, I love you all. It is beautiful to be here, among dear friends.

Toward the close of this sitting we had a phenomenon somewhat different from any we had yet witnessed. The door of the cabinet opened slowly, without visible cause. Nothing was to be seen within except the black walnut boards; but, after a minute or two, there appeared, exactly as if emerging from the floor, first the head and shoulders of Katie, then her entire body; and, as on previous occasions, after standing a few seconds, she came out into the parlor and approached us.² When the astonishment called forth by such a sight had somewhat subsided, I thought of the text which speaks of Samuel, at En-dor, "arising out of the earth."

She came up to me, kissing me on the forehead, and bestowing her final benediction. Then, after a few pleas-

¹ Ever since the day I promised to protect her from annoyance as if she were my own daughter she was in the habit of thus addressing me.

² At that hour the music store, of which I have spoken as being immediately below the parlor and cabinet, was open and frequented by customers.

ant words to the mediums and to Dr. and Mrs. Child, and after looking at us all for some time, she said: "I am *very* sorry that I shall soon have to part with you all."

As she spoke, the tears — literal tears — stood in those large, kind eyes, and she wiped them with her veil, slowly retreating to the cabinet. Both the ladies wept; and to us all it was a sad and solemn leave-taking.

The reader who may have followed me to this point will have concluded (correctly) that I no longer entertained the slightest doubt touching the genuine character of these manifestations.

The proof lies in a nutshell, and may be stated in simplest syllogistic form; the only axiom to be conceded being this: Human beings cannot pass, at will, through the substance of a brick wall, or of a stout wooden partition. This conceded, the case stands thus:—

Either Katie was, what she professed to be, a visitant from another phase of being, or else she was a confederate stealthily introduced into the cabinet, for purposes of deceit.

But under the conditions as they were arranged, entrance to or exit from the cabinet, except by the door which opened into the parlor where we sat, was a physical impossibility.

Therefore Katie, not being an inhabitant of this world, was a denizen of another, made visible to us, for the time, by some process which has been called materialization.

It was to a similar conclusion that the London scientists, Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Varley, came, after a long, patient, and critically conducted investigation.

To the same effect is the experience (ten years older than ours) of Mr. Charles Livermore.¹ He saw the *eidolon* of his deceased wife on eighty or ninety different evenings. The figure vanished and reappeared, floated in the air, touched him, and suffered him to

touch it; all as with us: also a luminous detached hand wrote for him. But there were differences. In his case the materialization was effected, in every instance, during a dark sitting, while all our sittings were lighted. The figure which appeared to him was made visible by spiritual light; being sometimes self-illuminated, sometimes lighted from an ephemeral light vehicle which he saw and handled; and when the figure vanished, the light went out with it. Again, it never conversed with him, uttering only (now and then) inarticulate sounds. Nor did the expression of the face vary, as in a human being. It was more or less perfect in resemblance, indeed, on different occasions; depending in part, it seemed, on the weather; but, once formed, it maintained, throughout the evening, a fixed expression, as if crystallized.

There was another marked difference. Mr. Livermore obtained, as I did, a lock of hair and a portion of the dress; but both melted away in ten or fifteen minutes.

Thus it appears that, since that time, spirit artists have made progress. They are now able to materialize the vocal organs, and to give to the features that mobility of expression which thoughts and feelings, as they change, impart to the human countenance. Finally, they have learned how to give permanence to locks of hair and portions of garments, so that these gifts from spiritual hands no longer vanish as we gaze,

"Like fairy-gifts fading away;"

but remain in human possession, tangible vouchers for the reality of spirit-visitation.

It would lead me too far to extend comparison to the sittings of the Eddys, of Vermont, whom I have not seen. Some of the phenomena obtained through them seem to be even more marvelous, and much more varied, than those here recorded: but with them, as in London, it has ever been necessary, in order to

¹ Formerly head of the well-known New York banking firm of Livermore, Clews, & Co. His experience, running through five years (1861 to 1866),

will be found (based on his own record, made from day to day) in *The Debatable Land* (Carleton & Co., New York), pages 482 to 501.

obtain materialization, that a medium should remain in the cabinet.

I have seen Katie's brilliant form walk forth into the room eighty or a hundred times. Nearly as often I have conversed with her at the aperture, sometimes as to the manner of conducting the sittings. On several of these occasions she read, and replied to, my thoughts. I saw her face, day after day, as distinctly as I ever saw that of a human being. I am as certain that it was the *same* spirit, from first to last, as I can be in regard to the identity of any friend whom I meet daily. Not only by the bright, changeful play of the features, and the large, somewhat sad eyes, with their earnest, honest look, but by the tone and tenor of her conversation, evincing alike good sense and good feeling, did I recognize a distinct and uniform, and, I may add, an amiable and estimable character.

There are, however, certain discrepancies which seem, at first, not easily explained. In somewhat strange contrast with Katie's high-bred finish of manner when she walks forth from the cabinet, are a few of her peculiarities. When those who ought to know better, making light of the occasion, have spoken to her after what is sometimes called a *chaffing* fashion, she has replied, if she replied at all, in the same tone; using such expressions as "Of course I be," "I can't," "I shan't," and giving to the *a* in these words, and in the word "thank," its broad sound, as in *hall*; occasionally, too, jestingly calling the mediums or Dr. Child "stupid." But whenever I have conversed with her alone, I have detected no triviality; her language has been that of an educated woman, and her sentiments those of a kind and a good one. On such occasions she has more than once re-

minded me that her mission here was to give to the children of this world evidence of their immortality.

These apparent discrepancies of bearing and manner are, perhaps, philosophically accounted for in a communication purporting to come from Katie herself through the mediumship of a gentleman whose good faith is unquestionable; in which occur these passages:—

"The way in which I sometimes appear and speak, when I am materialized, is not a true exponent of my present condition. . . . Spirits either in or out of the form, as you call it, are, to a great extent, subject to the influences of material elements; and if you could spend a little time with me, in an appreciative manner, in my home in spirit-land, you would not recognize me as the same Katie who calls you 'stupid,' and uses expressions that are often repulsive to my inner consciousness. . . . All spirits, when they visit earth, must, in subjection to a law of their being, assume the conditions they had when they left the earthly form, though they may bring to your world many thoughts and ideas which they have acquired in the inner life. . . . All spiritual communications are more or less modified by the channel through which they pass." ¹

As to the side issue regarding the identity of the Katie who appeared to us with the Katie who was the subject of Mr. Crookes' investigations, it is less conclusively settled than the reality of the phenomena themselves. Yet I see strong reason for admitting it ² and little or none for denying it. In the main, our experience on this side is but the counterpart of that obtained in England, with such advance as, in the progress of all phenomenal experiments, is to be expected. I do not believe that

¹ Holding this for truth, and being desirous not to mix uncertainties with certainties, I refrain from alluding here to certain (alleged) particulars of Katie's earth-life (with a truthful ring in them), coming to us through such a channel. All that Katie herself ever told me on that subject was, that her true name is Annie Morgan, and that the spirit usually known as John King or Henry Morgan is her father.

² On one occasion, without any previous allusion

by myself to the subject, Katie said to me, from the cabinet window: "Some of my London friends misinterpreted my parting words. I took final leave, not of your earth, but of dear Florrie Cook, because my continuance with her would have injured her health."

This is the *only* allusion which Katie has ever made to me in regard to her London experience, or her friends in that city.

we could have succeeded as we did in Philadelphia, unless the way had been prepared for us in London; nor unless we had been aided by the same spirit which had acquired, during three years' experience with Florence Cook as medium, the skill—if I may use the earthly expression—which enables her to present herself in veritable earthly guise.

To judge by the London photographs of Katie taken by electric light, the beautiful form and features with which we are familiar here do not resemble those which appeared to the English observers; nor is there here, as there was in London, any likeness between the spirit-form and either of the mediums. The face of the London Katie suggests the adjectives *pretty* and *interesting*. The face of our Katie is Grecian in its regularity. Earnestness, with a passing touch of weariness, is its habitual expression; and even its smile, though bright, has an occasional dash of sadness in it. One thinks of it as unquestionably handsome, as full of character, as intellectual, and withal as singularly attractive; but one would never call it pretty, any more than one would apply that term to the Venus of Milo. The nose is straight, not aquiline as in the London photographs, and the large, clear eyes are dark gray with a bluish tinge. The face is a trifle broader than the classical model; the upper lip somewhat less short, and the features, perhaps, less delicately chiseled: yet both features and expression much more nearly resemble those of some fine old statue, than they do the lineaments and looks of Florence Cook, so far as one can judge from her photograph. But in this case identity must be determined by internal evidence, not by outward form. The mediums, from whom is doubtless drawn a portion of the elements to materialize, here and there, being entirely different.

The chief advance which, so far as my reading goes, we have made over all

¹ For brevity's sake I have passed over the record of more than half our sittings, with numerous minor details; among them the appearance, in full form within the cabinet, of a tall, stately figure, purporting to be that of Abraham Lincoln and of

previous observers is, that the mediums remain outside in full view and unentranced during the whole sitting. I have not found any record of a case in which a spirit in full form issued from the cabinet, walked about the room, conversed with its visitors, touched them and was touched in turn, *unless a medium had previously entered the cabinet*, and had remained there (usually entranced) until the spirit-form returned thither. Our light, too, was sufficient to show the features in perfection (at least when we approached the cabinet); and this has not usually been the case at materializations elsewhere.

Nor do I doubt that, at the sittings which have recently been recommenced, — and at which the self-same Katie has already shown herself, as distinctly as ever, — we shall make important additional progress.¹

If, now, I am asked where all this is to end; what is to come of it, in case familiar converse with visitants from a higher life shall continue to be permitted here; I reply that that is not our affair. We have to deal, for the present, with facts, not with the results from facts. We are not the governors of this world, and need not trouble ourselves with predictions looking to the ultimate consequences of natural phenomena. Cosmical order has never, so far, been disarranged by any new class of truths; and if we fear that it ever will be, we shall merit the reproach: "O ye of little faith!"

I hold it of all human privileges the greatest, to have been permitted to witness these phenomena.

Postscript. Since writing the above there has come to my notice a document which enables me to speak with more assurance of the identity of the Katie King of Philadelphia and the spirit appearing under the same name in London.

Mr. J. C. Luxmore, a gentleman of another said to be John King. There came also, at different times, to the apertures, fifteen or sixteen different faces, a few of which were recognized by relatives or friends.

the utmost respectability, has been, throughout the period of Miss Florence Cook's mediumship, her constant friend and supporter. Many of her sittings were held at his town-house, 16 Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, London.

Now, in *The (London) Spiritualist* of February 1, 1873, Mr. Luxmore has given, under his own signature, the full details of a séance, by the Holmeses, which he attended on the evening of January 13, 1873. After describing a preliminary dark séance, and then the appearance, in the light at the aperture, of four or five faces, "very plainly seen," he adds: "Last of all came Katie, who generally, or I believe I may say always, presents herself at Miss Cook's séances. I have seen her three times at Hackney,¹ and could perfectly identify the face. She spoke, as usual, in a whisper, but not sufficiently loud for me to determine what was said. I, although I had not the *slightest doubt of her identity*, said: 'If you are Katie, put out your chin as you do at Miss Cook's.' This was at once done. I should think it perfectly impossible for any one who has had the privilege of attending Miss

¹ Where Miss Cook and her parents then lived. Katie, at that time, had not appeared in full form.

Cook's séances to have a single doubt of its being the same face we see there." The italics are Mr. Luxmore's.

But all those who, like myself, were fortunate enough to converse frequently and familiarly with Katie last summer, will bear me out in asserting that the one peculiarity which marked her appearance at the aperture was, that each time, after she had said something to us, she withdrew the upper part of her face and head, bringing her chin prominently forward. The self-same peculiarity marks her recent reappearance.

It does not at all affect the genuine character of the phenomena whether we conclude that the question of identity is determined, or that it must be left open. Nor do I assert that it is *positively* settled by the above facts. What I do say is, that these facts, taken in connection with other evidence already adduced, afford to my mind fair and reasonable assurance that (though varying in outward feature) the spirit which conversed with Mr. Crookes and others in London and that which has spoken to myself and others here — in both cases an eminent instrument to advance the cause of Spiritualism — is but one and the same.

Robert Dale Owen.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

I.

WHEN I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi River. That was, to be a steamboatman. We had transient ambitions of other sorts, but they were only transient. When a circus came and went, it left us all burning to become clowns; the first negro minstrel show that came to our section left us all suffering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates. These ambitions faded out,

each in its turn; but the ambition to be a steamboatman always remained.

Once a day a cheap, gaudy packet arrived upward from St. Louis, and another downward from Keokuk. Before these events had transpired, the day was glorious with expectancy; after they had transpired, the day was a dead and empty thing. Not only the boys, but the whole village, felt this. After all these years I can picture that old time to myself now, just as it was then: the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer's morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water Street

stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the wall, chins on breasts, hats slouched over their faces, asleep — with shingle-shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in water-melon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight piles scattered about the "levee;" a pile of "skids" on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood flats at the head of the wharf, but nobody to listen to the peaceful lapping of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun; the dense forest away on the other side; the "point" above the town, and the "point" below, bounding the river-glimpse and turning it into a sort of sea, and withal a very still and brilliant and lonely one. Presently a film of dark smoke appears above one of those remote "points;" instantly a negro drayman, famous for his quick eye and prodigious voice, lifts up the cry, "S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin'!" and the scene changes! The town drunkard stirs, the clerks wake up, a furious clatter of drays follows, every house and store pours out a human contribution, and all in a twinkling the dead town is alive and moving. Drays, carts, men, boys, all go hurrying from many quarters to a common centre, the wharf. Assembled there, the people fasten their eyes upon the coming boat as upon a wonder they are seeing for the first time. And the boat is rather a handsome sight, too. She is long and sharp and trim and pretty; she has two tall, fancy-topped chimneys, with a gilded device of some kind swung between them; a fanciful pilot-house, all glass and "gingerbread," perched on top of the "texas" deck behind them; the paddle-boxes are gorgeous with a picture or with gilded rays above the boat's name; the boiler deck, the hurricane deck, and the texas deck are fenced and ornamented with clean white railings;

there is a flag gallantly flying from the jack-staff; the furnace doors are open and the fires glaring bravely; the upper decks are black with passengers; the captain stands by the big bell, calm, imposing, the envy of all; great volumes of the blackest smoke are rolling and tumbling out of the chimneys — a husbanded grandeur created with a bit of pitch pine just before arriving at a town; the crew are grouped on the forecandle; the broad stage is run far out over the port bow, and an envied deck-hand stands picturesquely on the end of it with a coil of rope in his hand; the pent steam is screaming through the gauge-cocks; the captain lifts his hand, a bell rings, the wheels stop; then they turn back, churning the water to foam, and the steamer is at rest. Then such a scramble as there is to get aboard, and to get ashore, and to take in freight and to discharge freight, all at one and the same time; and such a yelling and cursing as the mates facilitate it all with! Ten minutes later the steamer is under way again, with no flag on the jack-staff and no black smoke issuing from the chimneys. After ten more minutes the town is dead again, and the town drunkard asleep by the skids once more.

My father was a justice of the peace, and I supposed he possessed the power of life and death over all men and could hang anybody that offended him. This was distinction enough for me as a general thing; but the desire to be a steamboatman kept intruding, nevertheless. I first wanted to be a cabin-boy, so that I could come out with a white apron on and shake a table-cloth over the side, where all my old comrades could see me; later I thought I would rather be the deck-hand who stood on the end of the stage-plank with the coil of rope in his hand, because he was particularly conspicuous. But these were only day-dreams — they were too heavenly to be contemplated as real possibilities. By and by one of our boys went away. He was not heard of for a long time. At last he turned up as apprentice engineer or "striker" on a steamboat. This

thing shook the bottom out of all my Sunday-school teachings. That boy had been notoriously worldly, and I just the reverse; yet he was exalted to this eminence, and I left in obscurity and misery. There was nothing generous about this fellow in his greatness. He would always manage to have a rusty bolt to scrub while his boat tarried at our town, and he would sit on the inside guard and scrub it, where we could all see him and envy him and loathe him. And whenever his boat was laid up he would come home and swell around the town in his blackest and greasiest clothes, so that nobody could help remembering that he was a steamboatman; and he used all sorts of steamboat technicalities in his talk, as if he were so used to them that he forgot common people could not understand them. He would speak of the "lab-board" side of a horse in an easy, natural way that would make one wish he was dead. And he was always talking about "St. Looy" like an old citizen; he would refer casually to occasions when he "was coming down Fourth Street," or when he was "passing by the Planter's House," or when there was a fire and he took a turn on the brakes of "the old Big Missouri;" and then he would go on and lie about how many towns the size of ours were burned down there that day. Two or three of the boys had long been persons of consideration among us because they had been to St. Louis once and had a vague general knowledge of its wonders, but the day of their glory was over now. They lapsed into a humble silence, and learned to disappear when the ruthless "cub"-engineer approached. This fellow had money, too, and hair oil. Also an ignorant silver watch and a showy brass watch chain. He wore a leather belt and used no suspenders. If ever a youth was cordially admired and hated by his comrades, this one was. No girl could withstand his charms. He "cut out" every boy in the village. When his boat blew up at last, it diffused a tranquil contentment among us such as we had not known for months.

But when he came home the next week, alive, renowned, and appeared in church all battered up and bandaged, a shining hero, stared at and wondered over by everybody, it seemed to us that the partiality of Providence for an undeserving reptile had reached a point where it was open to criticism.

This creature's career could produce but one result, and it speedily followed. Boy after boy managed to get on the river. The minister's son became an engineer. The doctor's and the postmaster's sons became "mud clerks;" the wholesale liquor dealer's son became a bar-keeper on a boat; four sons of the chief merchant, and two sons of the county judge, became pilots. Pilot was the grandest position of all. The pilot, even in those days of trivial wages, had a princely salary—from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and 10 board to pay. Two months of his wages would pay a preacher's salary for a year. Now some of us were left disconsolate. We could not get on the river—at least our parents would not let us.

So by and by I ran away. I said I never would come home again till I was a pilot and could come in glory. But somehow I could not manage it. I went meekly aboard a few of the boats that lay packed together like sardines at the long St. Louis wharf, and very humbly inquired for the pilots, but got only a cold shoulder and short words from mates and clerks. I had to make the best of this sort of treatment for the time being, but I had comforting day-dreams of a future when I should be a great and honored pilot, with plenty of money, and could kill some of these mates and clerks and pay for them.

Months afterward the hope within me struggled to a reluctant death, and I found myself without an ambition. But I was ashamed to go home. I was in Cincinnati, and I set to work to map out a new career. I had been reading about the recent exploration of the river Amazon by an expedition sent out by our government. It was said that the ex-

pedition, owing to difficulties, had not thoroughly explored a part of the country lying about the head-waters, some four thousand miles from the mouth of the river. It was only about fifteen hundred miles from Cincinnati to New Orleans, where I could doubtless get a ship. I had thirty dollars left; I would go and complete the exploration of the Amazon. This was all the thought I gave to the subject. I never was great in matters of detail. I packed my valise, and took passage on an ancient tub called the Paul Jones, for New Orleans. For the sum of sixteen dollars I had the scarred and tarnished splendors of "her" main saloon principally to myself, for she was not a creature to attract the eye of wiser travelers.

When we presently got under way and went poking down the broad Ohio, I became a new being, and the subject of my own admiration. I was a traveler! A word never had tasted so good in my mouth before. I had an exultant sense of being bound for mysterious lands and distant climes which I never have felt in so uplifting a degree since. I was in such a glorified condition that all ignoble feelings departed out of me, and I was able to look down and pity the untraveled with a compassion that had hardly a trace of contempt in it. Still, when we stopped at villages and wood-yards, I could not help lolling carelessly upon the railings of the boiler deck to enjoy the envy of the country boys on the bank. If they did not seem to discover me, I presently sneezed to attract their attention, or moved to a position where they could not help seeing me. And as soon as I knew they saw me I gaped and stretched, and gave other signs of being mightily bored with traveling.

I kept my hat off all the time, and stayed where the wind and the sun could strike me, because I wanted to get the bronzed and weather-beaten look of an old traveler. Before the second day was half gone, I experienced a joy which filled me with the purest gratitude; for I saw that the skin had begun to blister and peel off my face and neck.

I wished that the boys and girls at home could see me now.

We reached Louisville in time — at least the neighborhood of it. We stuck hard and fast on the rocks in the middle of the river and lay there four days. I was now beginning to feel a strong sense of being a part of the boat's family, a sort of infant son to the captain and younger brother to the officers. There is no estimating the pride I took in this grandeur, or the affection that began to swell and grow in me for those people. I could not know how the lordly steamboatman scorns that sort of presumption in a mere landsman. I particularly longed to acquire the least trifle of notice from the big stormy mate, and I was on the alert for an opportunity to do him a service to that end. It came at last. The riotous powwow of setting a spar was going on down on the fore-castle, and I went down there and stood around in the way — or mostly skipping out of it — till the mate suddenly roared a general order for somebody to bring him a capstan bar. I sprang to his side and said: "Tell me where it is — I'll fetch it!"

If a rag-picker had offered to do a diplomatic service for the Emperor of Russia, the monarch could not have been more astounded than the mate was. He even stopped swearing. He stood and stared down at me. It took him ten seconds to scrape his disjointed remains together again. Then he said impressively: "Well, if this don't beat hell!" and turned to his work with the air of a man who had been confronted with a problem too abstruse for solution.

I crept away, and courted solitude for the rest of the day. I did not go to dinner; I stayed away from supper until everybody else had finished. I did not feel so much like a member of the boat's family now as before. However, my spirits returned, in installments, as we pursued our way down the river. I was sorry I hated the mate so, because it was not in (young) human nature not to admire him. He was huge and muscular, his face was bearded and whiskered all

over; he had a red woman and a blue woman tattooed on his right arm. — one on each side of a blue anchor with a red rope to it; and in the matter of profanity he was perfect. When he was getting out cargo at a landing, I was always where I could see and hear. He felt all the sublimity of his great position, and made the world feel it, too. When he gave even the simplest order, he discharged it like a blast of lightning, and sent a long, reverberating peal of profanity thundering after it. I could not help contrasting the way in which the average landsman would give an order, with the mate's way of doing it. If the landsman should wish the gang-plank moved a foot farther forward, he would probably say: "James, or William, one of you push that plank forward, please;" but put the mate in his place, and he would roar out: "Here, now, start that gang-plank for'ard! Lively, now! *What're* you about! Snatch it! *snatch* it! There! there! Aft again! aft again! Don't you hear me? Dash it to dash! are you going to *sleep* over it! 'Vast heaving. 'Vast heaving, I tell you! Going to heave it clear astern? WHERE're you going with that barrel! *for'ard* with it 'fore I make you swallow it, you dash-dash-dash-dashed split between a tired mud-turtle and a crippled hearse-horse!"

I wished I could talk like that.

When the soreness of my adventure with the mate had somewhat worn off, I began timidly to make up to the humblest official connected with the boat — the night watchman. He snubbed my advances at first, but I presently ventured to offer him a new chalk pipe, and that softened him. So he allowed me to sit with him by the big bell on the hurricane deck, and in time he melted into conversation. He could not well have helped it, I hung with such homage on his words and so plainly showed that I felt honored by his notice. He told me the names of dim capes and shadowy islands as we glided by them in the solemnity of the night, under the winking stars, and by and by got to talking about himself. He seemed over-

sentimental for a man whose salary was six dollars a week — or rather he might have seemed so to an older person than I. But I drank in his words hungrily, and with a faith that might have moved mountains if it had been applied judiciously. What was it to me that he was soiled and seedy and fragrant with gin? What was it to me that his grammar was bad, his construction worse, and his profanity so void of art that it was an element of weakness rather than strength in his conversation? He was a wronged man, a man who had seen trouble, and that was enough for me. As he mellowed into his plaintive history his tears dripped upon the lantern in his lap, and I cried, too, from sympathy. He said he was the son of an English nobleman — either an earl or an alderman, he could not remember which, but believed he was both; his father, the nobleman, loved him, but his mother hated him from the cradle; and so while he was still a little boy he was sent to "one of them old, ancient colleges" — he could not remember which; and by and by his father died and his mother seized the property and "shook" him, as he phrased it. After his mother shook him, members of the nobility with whom he was acquainted used their influence to get him the position of "lob-lolly-boy in a ship;" and from that point my watchman threw off all trammels of date and locality and branched out into a narrative that bristled all along with incredible adventures; a narrative that was so reeking with bloodshed and so crammed with hair-breadth escapes and the most engaging and unconscious personal villainies, that I sat speechless, enjoying, shuddering, wondering, worshipping.

It was a sore blight to find out afterwards that he was a low, vulgar, ignorant, sentimental, half-witted humbug, an untraveled native of the wilds of Illinois, who had absorbed wildcat literature and appropriated its marvels, until in time he had woven odds and ends of the mess into this yarn, and then gone on telling it to fledgelings like me, until he had come to believe it himself.

Mark Twain.

ENCHANTED.

SHE sat in a piteous hut
In a wood where poisons grew;
Withered was every leaf,
And her face was withered too;
Like a sword the fierce wind cut
Her worn heart through and through.

Gray as the frost was her hair,
Dim as the dusk were her eyes,
As still as stone was her mouth;
Yet she knew that she was fair,
And she knew that she was wise.
Therefore she waited there.

Away, and so far away,
She looked for a light and a sign:
“Oh, he has not forgotten me!
What should I care for to-day,
When all to-morrow is mine?
I am content to stay.”

On the heights the hail would beat,
In the thorns would sink the snow,
And the chasms were weird with sound;
Yet the years would come and go:
“Somewhere there is something sweet,
And sometime I shall know.

“There is a land close by,
A land in reach of my arm;
It is mine from shore to sea;
There the nightingales do fly,
There the flush of the rose is warm:
I shall take it by and by.

“But the shape that guards the gate,
Where my mirror waits to show
How beautiful I am,
Oh, he makes me loath to go.
I wait, and I wait, and I wait,
Through fear of him, I know.

“But who breaks this charm of breath
Enchantment himself must wear.
Two from each other shrink
In the freezing dark, and stare . . .
Your kiss for my kiss, O Death!
Each makes the other fair.”

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE AMERICANIZED EUROPEAN.

WHEN the hens as by a common impulse all make a sudden rush for the spot where their lord and master is scratching, it is pretty certain that he has unearthed some seed or kernel of more than common pretensions. So the quick and somewhat tumultuous movement of the unfeathered sisterhood upon the first essay of Dr. Clarke's gave reasonable cause for thinking that he had uncovered some notable grain of truth by the scratches of his pen. The slender volume, *Sex in Education*,¹ is, in fact, a seed which, in spite of having been so vivaciously pecked at, has germinated, and brought forth a hundred fold, and is now the parent of a little library on the subject it discussed. As for the work itself, about a dozen editions of it within the few months since its publication show that it was called for and continues to be wanted.

Dr. Clarke has followed up his first essay with a second, *The Building of a Brain*, which, treating more broadly of what we may call educational hygiene, turns more especially on the same point to which the other was exclusively devoted. A brief abstract of the work will show its leading topics and purpose.

The essay is divided into three parts: I. Nature's Working Plans. II. An Error in Female Building. III. A Glimpse at English Brain-Building.

Dr. Clarke startles us at the outset by saying that no human race has kept a permanent foothold on this continent, and that the Anglo-Saxon race will die out here like those which have preceded it, unless it can develop an organization and a brain equal to the demands made upon it by its conditions. — To keep up the race is not enough; the individual must also be developed to the highest point. Our common and high schools have fallen into the error of developing

one part of the organization at the expense of the rest.

"Brains rule the world. . . . A human brain is the last, the highest product, the 'consummate flower' of nature's development on this planet." Poor brains — "automatic ganglia" — will grow, like weeds, on any soil. The best brains are only built by "educated evolution in accordance with the working plans that nature furnishes. . . . We know and only can know the mind through the brain. . . . The development of the soul and mind — of the *ego* — resolves itself into the development of the brain." "No perfect brain ever crowns an imperfectly developed body." A brain "cannot be made except as the crown of the rest of the body, and, to a large extent, out of the rest of the body." An artist knows that if his fountain is properly built the water will flow properly through it. So, "build the brain aright, and the divine spirit will inhabit and use it. Build it wrongly, and the devil will employ it."

Dr. Clarke understands by the brain the whole cerebro-spinal axis, by education "all that training, alike of the brain and of the body, which yields the just and harmonious development of every organ." One of the indispensable objects of schools and colleges is to build a brain of the right sort, but "many of them have thwarted and obstructed nature's way of work. . . . Especially is this true with regard to American female education, which has looked upon a girl as if she were a boy, and trained her as if she were to have a boy's destiny." In the higher education in store for woman, her peculiar organization must not be ignored. The women must see to this themselves; the medical profession must be consulted, and for this, as well as other purposes, there should be a class of well-educated

¹ *Sex in Education*. Boston, 1873.

The Building of a Brain. By Edward H. Clarke,

M. D., author of *Sex in Education*. Boston: James B. Osgood & Co. 1874.

female physicians. After a short description of some of the wonderful structural characters of the brain, Dr. Clarke illustrates, by examples, on the one hand the constructive and conservative functions of the brain as the superintendent of the forming and the matured organism, and on the other hand its special thinking function, or, as he calls it, conscious or volitional cerebration.

Believing in the almost boundless possibilities of cerebral development, he considers the proper work of the brain as a thinking organ, or rather as the organ of "intellection, emotion, and volition," the most important factor in brain-building. It should not be attempted too early in life; if a hundred boys or girls were trained as John Stuart Mill was, the majority would either die or become invalids or imbeciles. This is the kind of cerebral training our schools have pushed to a dangerous extreme. If the single factor of cerebration, "employing in its work only mathematics, the humanities, and the like," is alone attended to, the organization will be sure to go astray.

And so we come to the doctrine specially enforced in the former essay. The education of the sexes should proceed on similar principles, but just so far as they differ in organization a difference must be made in their special adjustments. "Identical education of the sexes is in the last analysis equivalent to an unjust discrimination between them. . . . One result of a school system animated by such methods is to make a very poor kind of men out of women, and a very poor kind of women out of men." The necessity of implicit obedience to the special laws which govern the movements of the female constitution is forcibly insisted on in the remaining pages of the first part of the book.

The second and longest part of Dr. Clarke's work is one which does not so much invite as demand and compel attention. It is chiefly made up of evidence bearing on the great "error in female building," to which the author called attention with such extraordinary

results in his preceding essay. This evidence is derived from public documents, parents, and school-teachers, and from physicians. No one to whom the education of girls is entrusted can afford to overlook the facts here brought together, resting, as they do, on the testimony of experts, and pointing to momentous practical conclusions in full agreement for the most part with those of Dr. Clarke's widely discussed and sharply assailed *Sex in Education*. The letter from a mother included in this mass of evidence is a practical lesson so touchingly enforced that it will go to the heart of thousands of parents, and plead more eloquently for the immunities of womanhood than any other form of argument. Many young women may pass through the dangerous ordeal of forced education without manifest injury, as many soldiers go through a campaign unhurt; evidence enough has been brought forward to show that many do. But the fact remains that flying bullets and habitual neglect of physiological laws are always dangerous, and sometimes fatal.

The third part, of only a few pages, gives the results of some inquiries of a careful observer as to the methods of "brain-building" and constitution-building commonly employed in the education of English girls.

Both Dr. Clarke's books have a purpose so grave, so far-reaching, so forcibly supported, that it would be trifling with the reader to criticise them from a literary point of view. They have raised various interesting questions which must be left for larger discussion elsewhere. No one can read what has been written in the controversies to which these essays have given rise, without noticing that a deep undercurrent of feeling betrays itself, with regard to the alleged physical disqualifications of women for keeping pace with the other sex in education and in various pursuits supposed to unfit her for or to interfere with her primal duties as the mother of mankind. No sensitiveness, no theories, and no aspirations must be allowed to stand in

the way of the recognition of a law of nature. Dr. Clarke has shown, what few will deny, that this law has too often been overlooked in the education of American young women. He has told us how, as a physician, he has been a witness of the penalties exacted for its violation. Without taking ground openly against the *co-education* of the sexes, he has made out a strong case against it so far as he has established the principle that regular and considerable intervals of rest from bodily and mental labor and from emotional excitement are required by one sex which are not needed by the other. The facts bearing on this point have, for obvious reasons, been kept in the background, to the great known damage of individuals and probably to the injury of many who suffer from the same cause without suspecting it. A large mass of evidence is now before the public tending to support Dr. Clarke's positions, coupled with not a little intended to weaken them. With all its contradictions, it can hardly fail to leave the conviction that the health of our women demands a more careful management of our girls with regard to special physiological conditions, which have been commonly enough winked wholly out of sight by our educators. As to *identical education*, it is obvious enough that this is a very loose expression. Until men are taught to sew and knit, to darn and patch, to trim dresses and make puddings, to plait ruffles and dress hair, to take charge of the household, nursery included, in case of need, it means nothing more than that young men and women should study many of the same things, and the only real question is, just how many. *Identical co-education* is still less likely to be literally carried out. It was tried in the noted instance of Achilles, with a result which was not felicitous, though by no means surprising.

Common sense, common prudence, common delicacy, will assert and in the long run maintain the distinction in the training of the sexes which nature indicates, and mind and body alike demand. Many of their studies will be

identical; many may, at the proper ages and under proper regulations, be pursued in company. We do not separate the sexes at our churches as they do in Quaker meetings, as they did aforetime in certain rural ball-rooms while waiting for the solemnizing festivities to begin, or, as the local authorities would have said, to commence. If they can listen without harm in each others' society to the impassioned discourse of a young and ardent preacher, there is no reason why they might not sit together to hear a calm lecture on congelation, or a tranquil account of the formation of glaciers, possibly a less refrigerating discourse from a discreet professor of geology, chemistry, or even anatomy, if the dry bones were the subject. Co-education and identical education in their full extent are quite absurd and chimerical. The discussion which Dr. Clarke has set going will do much to show what is the best practical line to be drawn between the sexes in our schools and colleges. That such a line must be drawn somewhere he has made plain enough if it was not plain before.

Dr. Clarke's remark as to the disappearance of successive races from this continent, and his warning about our own race, suggests the subject to which a considerable part of this paper will be devoted. It is evident that the special question of education must be affected by any general conditions relating to the organization and vitality of the imported American.

The fact he refers to is no more than what has happened in most countries of the Old World. It is hard to find an autochthonous race anywhere except among the mountain fastnesses where, if at all, the remains of once powerful original races have survived the general destruction, or rather the disappearance, of the special type to which they belonged; as, for instance, the Basques among the Pyrenees. *Human life* has maintained itself, at any rate, on the American continent, and if one race has yielded to another, it has been to another *native* race, until the advent of

the European threatened the extinction of all the indigenous inhabitants. Still, there is a prejudice against this continent as a home for white men, the origin of which we may find it worth our while to consider. For this purpose the following citations, from sources often vaguely referred to, are here brought together. Whatever of truth or of prejudice, of fact or of theory, of wisdom or of shallowness they show in their authors, they mean something collectively, and the reader can afford to look them over without losing his patience, and may possibly find himself amused with some of their absurdities.

The Pilgrims and other early colonists seem to have been well contented with the climate of New England. Winslow says, after three years' experience, that he could hardly tell it from that of Old England in respect of heat and cold, frost, snow, rain, winds, etc. He thinks the winter is sharper and longer, but suggests that he may have been deceived by the want of those comforts he had left at home. In spite of all their hardships they have kept their health, he says, in a way that would be admired in England. Edward Johnson says the children "are as cheerful, fat, and lusty, with feeding upon those muscles, clams, and other fish, as they were in England with their fill of bread." And good Mr. Higginson's famous saying that "a sup of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale" was flattering evidence in favor of the climate, but would have been more convincing if he had not added a practical comment upon it by dying in the course of little more than a year, "of a hectic fever."

The biogenic (life-producing) and biotrophic (life-supporting) conditions of America, and especially of its northern portion, during the first century and a half of its settlement, are only to be inferred from hints to be gathered here and there. That *dour* and troublesome Scotch doctor, William Douglas, "always positive and sometimes accurate," who kept Boston practitioners as con-

stantly in hot water as some of his professional brethren have tried with less success to do since, says in his Summary (1753), that the children of New England are more forward and precocious than those of the Old World, and that instances of longevity are rarer; "fecundity identical." No general accusation was brought against the New World as unfavorable to the development of animal life, none certainly that attracted much attention, until Buffon, in the ninth volume of his *Natural History* (1761), contrasted the vitality of the two continents to the disadvantage of the latter. America, he says, has very few native species of quadrupeds, and no animals as large as the elephant and rhinoceros, or as strong and fierce as the lion and the tiger. Her bears, her wolves, her deer, are all smaller than those of the Old World. Animal life in the New World is much less active, less varied, and, it may be said less vigorous. — The Swedish botanist Kalm, who was in this country from 1748 to 1751, stated his impressions of the people in language not very complimentary to their physical appearance. At Philadelphia one would suppose that men were of a different nature from Europeans. Their bodies and minds mature earlier and decay sooner. It is common to hear children answer with the good sense of adults, but it is rare to find old men of eighty years. Europeans degenerate perceptibly. Children born to them in America are less hardy than those born and bred in Europe. Women cease bearing children after thirty. — Cornelius de Pauw, a Dutchman, uncle of the noted Anacharsis Clootz, in his *Recherches*, etc. (1770), maintained the broad thesis that this continent is the seat of a race which has degenerated from its original type; that a people could not have been created in such a state of feebleness and decrepitude as he pretends is that of the aborigines.

After what we have seen of Buffon, we are surprised to find him in his *Supplement* (1777) arguing with great zeal and force against both these authors. He does not believe that men can de-

generate in a country where Europeans multiply so rapidly as in America. He thinks Kalm's observations have no better foundation than his story about the serpents that charm the squirrels and make them come and be swallowed. Regarding the imperfection of nature with which De Pauw gratuitously reproaches America, Buffon considers it as belonging only to the animals of the southern part of the continent. As to the human race, only strong and robust men, he says, have been found in Canada and all the other parts of North America, and the same thing is true of the native Californians. It seems as if this Supplement, in which Buffon appears as the advocate of the vitalizing energies of the New World in its northern half, had not been remembered by many of those who have quoted his earlier volume.

Dr. Robertson, in his *History of America* (1777), echoes the original statements of Buffon, and amplifies them by various quotations from other authorities. "The principle of life seems to have been less active and vigorous there [in the New World] than in the ancient continent." "Nature was not only less prolific in the New World, but she appears likewise to have been less vigorous in her productions." "It is remarkable, however, that America, where the quadrupeds are so dwarfish and dastardly, should produce the *condor*, which is entitled to preëminence over all the flying tribe in bulk, in strength, and in courage." An exception is very useful now and then. An interview with a Californian "grizzly" would have suggested another exception, relating this time to quadrupeds. There are still some odd fancies in Europe about our country. Dean Ramsay tells us in the Preface to his very pleasant *Reminiscences* (1867), that "the North American woods, although full of birds of beautiful plumage, it is well-known have no singing birds."

The Abbé Raynal (1774) reproached America with not having produced a good poet, an able mathematician, or a **man of genius** in any art or science.

He was sharply controverted in his positions by Mr. Jefferson in his *Notes on Virginia*. In a later edition he makes an exception in favor of the northern part of America, probably here, as in the first instance, following the lead of Buffon. Lord Kames (1774), arguing for the original diversity of origin of mankind, maintains the general proposition that native races degenerate when transplanted. The European, he says, would die out at Charleston in Carolina, and in Jamaica, and "if continual recruits did not arrive from Europe to supply the places of those that perish, the countries would soon be depopulated." Robert Knox (*The Races of Men*, 1850) maintains a similar doctrine.

The Reverend Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of the College of New Jersey, published in the year 1787 an *Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species*. It is written partly from a theological and partly from a national point of view. He wishes to maintain the scriptural doctrine of the unity of the human race, and to defend, with Mr. Jefferson, "the people of the United States, and the aboriginals of the American continent, against the aspersions of Mr. Buffon, and the Abbé Raynal, and generally of the European writers who impute to them great debility both of mental and of bodily powers." He believes that by the joint effects of climate and modes of life, the European may come to resemble the aboriginal native, and the Indian, on the other hand, to approximate very closely in physical characters to the Anglo-European. He recognizes a change in the aspect of our people from that of the stock from which they are derived. "A certain paleness of countenance and softness of feature in the native American strikes a British traveller as soon as he arrives on our shores. Many exceptions there are, but in general the American complexion does not exhibit so clear a red and white as the British or the German." "In general the habit of the Anglo-Americans is more slender than that of the natives of

Great Britain or Ireland, from whom the greater part of our population is descended."

These discussions were mainly confined to the years just preceding, including and following the American Revolution. A few stray observations of travellers may be added. The Reverend Andrew Burnaby, who travelled in America in 1759-60, speaks of the women as of fair and delicate complexion, but as having universally, and even proverbially, bad teeth. Thomas Aubrey (1789) notices the same defect in Americans, which he attributes to the use of molasses. De Beaumont (1825) and Mrs. Trollope (1831) notice the fragile and transient character of female beauty. — Miss Martineau (1837) found that vigorous health prevailed only in the elevated parts of the Alleghany range, in the State of Michigan, and perhaps, she says, she might add, among the ladies of Charleston. Invalidism seemed almost a matter of course. Causes, more or less directly suggested, climate, want of exercise, anthracite fires, hot bread, cakes, pickles, preserves, too much meat, mental anxiety in males and vacuity in females. — Captain Marryatt (1839) is very outspoken; thinks the Americans are not equal to the English in strength or form; that they are taller than Europeans, but not muscular in proportion, and that one peculiar defect, namely, narrowness of the shoulders, is common to both sexes. "Their climate, therefore, I unhesitatingly pronounce to be bad, being injurious to them in the two important points of healthy vigor in the body and healthy action of the mind, enervating the one and tending to demoralize the other." Sir Charles Lyell (1849) remarks on the less ruddy and robust look of the American than the Englishman, which he also attributes to the climate. — Anthony Trollope (1862) finds the Englishman losing his rosy cheeks, becoming thin in face and figure, and caring less for exercise after some years' residence in this country. He wants less nourishing and stimulating food and drink, and becomes more sensitive to

outside impressions. Another travelling Englishman remarks on the want of fullness in the nape of the neck as a characteristic of the American.

To counterbalance these statements of opinions and impressions, we have a mass of evidence relating to one class of our population, which shows the danger of drawing hasty conclusions from taking a look at a people. It is true that the men who present themselves for examination to enter the army are in the vigor of their years, and by the mere fact of their being candidates shown to be select and not average members of the community. Still they furnish on the whole a fair enough type of the physical organization of our people, and contrasted with the candidates of other nationalities give us a very significant result.

The late Surgeon-General of the United States Army, Dr. William A. Hammond, says (1861): "The present inhabitants of the United States are of European descent, and are mainly natives of the soil, the emigration not being sufficient in a generation to make any decided impression. In stature, in girth of chest, in powers of endurance, they will compare favorably with the inhabitants of any country in the world. In fact, as the result of over fifteen thousand observations, embracing the chief points desirable in a collection of vital statistics, I am enabled to assert that so far as physical development is concerned, it is very doubtful if any people in the world excel those of the Northern States." "Who can doubt that the activity both of mind and body, the ceaseless energy, the superb physical development of the people are due to the commingling of the blood of all the nations of Europe?"

The most extensive series of anthropological data, probably, that was ever brought together is to be found in the *Investigations in the Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers*, by Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Actuary to the United States Sanitary Commission. Here we get quantitative values in place of general impressions. A few

of these will interest the reader. Chart H, showing the mean *statures* for men of different nationalities, ranks them as follows: The tallest men were 1, from Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois; then came successively 2, New England; 3, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; 4, British Provinces; 5, Scotland; 6, England; 7, Germany. In Chart I Kentucky and Ohio are at the top of the list, having the tallest men of any section of the Union. France is at the bottom, about the same as Germany, and Ireland is between England and Scotland. In *weight*, Table III., the men of Kentucky and Tennessee stood highest, averaging, leaving off fractions, 150 pounds; Ohio and Indiana 146, nearly; New England 140; England, Scotland, France, Belgium, etc., all between 138 and 139; Ireland 141. The mean *girth of the neck* measured on nearly ten thousand men was 13.633 inches. The smallest observed mean value was for New Englanders, 13.44; and the largest for Germans, 13.79. The *breadth* between the summits of the shoulders (acromion processes) was 12.700 inches for natives of Kentucky and Tennessee; 12.377 for New England; 12.436 for England; 12.241 for Scotland; 12.459 for Ireland; 12.288 for France; 12.308 for Germany. The *ratio of weight to stature* gave, in pounds to the inch, Ohio and other Western States 2.185; New England 2.121; England and Scotland 2.118; Ireland 2.144; Germany 2.168. The comparison of the condition of the teeth between Americans and Englishmen gives a result as follows: New Englanders, "good," "fair," or "medium," 851; "poor" or "bad," 149 in a thousand. Englishmen, good or fair, 821; poor or bad, 168. The best condition of the teeth was found in the white men from the slave States west of the Mississippi River, 950 in the thousand being reckoned as "good." Next to these came "miscellaneous," and then Scotland, 915 "good" or "fair" in the thousand.

The Report of Dr. Baxter, chief medical purveyor of the United States army, is said to be nearly ready for pub-

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lication, and promises additional statistics to those just referred to, deduced from the physical examination of nearly two million men.

In the Statistics of the United States for 1860, at page 524, is given a "Life-table for the white population of the United States," which is prefaced by the following remark:—

"Comparing the result with other life-tables, we find that it lies between those of continental Europe and one for English healthy life in selected counties; but it ranges decidedly above the general table for England and Wales, which is attributed chiefly to the larger proportion of the British nation that reside in manufacturing towns and cities. And so far as correct statistics can be obtained in very large numbers, the average duration of life is found to be above that of any other nation."

Mr. Elizur Wright, whose evidence as a consulting actuary of experience in these matters is peculiarly valuable, informs the writer that in most of the American life insurance companies the mortuary experience has been a little better than that on which the "combined experience table" of the British companies was founded. But he mentions certain sources of fallacy in comparing the results which would have to be weighed if we were giving the subject a more extended consideration.

Few subjects would repay investigation better than that of human development and health, at different ages and in the two sexes in the different regions of America. If we knew half as much of man on this continent as Agassiz has taught us of turtles (tortoises) or his son has taught us of echinoderms, we should be most fortunate. The works referred to contain a vast collection of *faits pour servir*, but it wants half a dozen young lives to be devoted to working out the problem in the various sections of the country for comparison with the other hemisphere, and then we shall be ready to say whether or not we are on the wrong half of the planet, like the ill-conditioned creatures that hide beneath

the white under side of a pumpkin. There was a hope at one time that an observer of great ability, Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, would be neglected long enough to have leisure to carry out the inquiries he had begun. But the people of the Quaker City have found out what the colleges seem not to have discovered, and have given him so much to do as a practitioner, that he can hardly be expected to complete the investigations foreshadowed in the tabular questions he drew up and distributed in different parts of the country.

Quite independently of the statistical results which have been given, we have more familiar evidence bearing on the question, which may be taken for what it is worth.

It can be proved clearly enough that the imported American race, properly cared for and with fortunate crosses of blood, can not only continue itself, but can also develop exceptionally fine types of manhood and womanhood. This has been shown by tracing known families through several generations. An old college friend of the most extraordinary muscular development was the great-great-grandson of an ailing invalid clergyman, was of pure New England blood, and counted two professors of Harvard College among his lineal ancestors. Our countrymen's record in the prize-ring may not be morally enviable, but it is far from discreditable to their thews and sinews. We know the good show our young men have made as rowers and ball-players. We raise our own giants and fat women for the side-shows. The heaviest man, probably, on record, before whom Daniel Lambert and Edward Bright would have had to hide their diminished obesities, whose impressive obituary the sceptic may find in Appleton's *New American Cyclopædia*, was Miles Darden, born in North Carolina. At his death, in 1857, he is said to have weighed a little over one thousand pounds. As to longevity, a good instance of what the climate is capable of is close at hand. The four grandparents, all native New Eng-

landers, of certain young persons very near by, averaged eighty-three years and three quarters, at their death, their respective ages being seventy-four, eighty, eighty-eight, and ninety-three. One of our best known public men, of the truest New England type, traces his direct descent in the male line through seven ancestors whose age averaged more than eighty-four years. Timothy Pickering, *Washington's Secretary of War*, born in Salem, Massachusetts, was one of nine children whose average age was within a few weeks of eighty-three years. Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke, son of one of the Presidents of Harvard College, born in Marblehead, near Salem, was publicly entertained and responded to the sentiment offered in his honor, upon his hundredth birthday. Good minister Charles Cleveland was walking alone about our Boston streets a few years ago at the age of ninety-nine. Judge Paine Wingate, who graduated at Harvard College in 1759, died in 1838, aged nearly ninety-nine years, and his wife, in 1843 at the age of one hundred years and eight months. These instances, exceptional and not exceptional, are brought forward to show that the climate and its conditions have nothing incompatible with luxuriant and even extreme development and with protracted life, and they are only such as were accidentally suggested without any express searching for them.

On the other hand, we must recognize a strong tendency in American families to run down and run out, not peculiar by any means to American families, but, it may be suspected, more marked in them than in the stock from which they came. There are more men and women, or what pass for such, in an average American community, who show an apparent falling off in original force of development and in vital capital, than in a corresponding English one. Such at least is a very general impression among us. A friend who has often combated the opinion, said that when he got into a street car here after his recent return from a long visit to Europe, he felt on looking round as if

he must be going with a load of patients to the hospital. We all remember Hawthorne's repeated allusions in *The Scarlet Letter* and in *Our Old Home* to the slowness of American women as contrasted with the massive and ruddy aspect of the women of England.

Man, meaning woman especially, is a forced fruit in these latitudes. In England he is raised in a cold or moderately warmed greenhouse; in New England and the latitudes corresponding to it, in a hot-house, in both cases under glass. We have only four or five months of the year in which artificial heat can be dispensed with. Apart from mere temperature, the dry atmosphere, the effects of which were pointed out by M. Desor in a very interesting essay, the peculiarities of a new soil, the meteorological changes, the electrical and many other little known conditions, might lead us to expect, *a priori*, that the new country would breed a new type of humanity. That it has done so, the authorities cited, common observation, characteristic portraits, the ideals of national caricaturists, agree in showing. Better or worse may be questioned if we choose, but different, certainly. Arrest of lateral expansion seems to be a frequent characteristic of the bony framework. Defective nutrition, as shown by meagre outlines, is a prevalent failing. When there is high color in the cheeks it is apt to have more of lake and less of carmine than we see in the Englishman. Imperfect development and action of the oil-secreting organs account for a very common dryness of the skin and hair, and in many of our women show themselves in the partial atrophy and utter uselessness of the glands upon which the young American depends for his daily allowance of butter.

The attempts to account for all these physiological changes have varied according to the wooden quadruped on which the prancing theorist, commonly enough a cheap lecturer, was mounted. They might be compared to the famous "bow wow" theory in linguistics, for homeliness of origin. There is the

"pie and pickle" theory, the "saleratus" theory, and the "hot-bread" or "Johnny-cake" theory; the "food-bolting" theory, the "corset" theory, the "thin shoes" theory, the "hot-air-furnace" theory, the "want of exercise" theory, each of which has some pretext for asserting itself. Allowing all due weight to these alleged causes of degeneration and invalidism, they do not seem to account for the generally recognized fact that an American is different in physiognomical and physiological qualities, after a very few generations, from the European race that gave birth to his ancestors. He may eat beans in Beverly or sweet potatoes in Savannah; he may dine on salt fish at Cape Ann or opossum in Virginia; he may wade through the snowbanks half-way up Mount Washington or sprawl under the orange-trees of Florida; he may rock in his dory off the sands of Swampscott or float on his raft between the banks of the Mississippi; do what he will, go where he will, live as he will, America puts her stamp upon him, and all over the personality of every mother's son she claims as her genuine product one may read her *E pluribus unum*.

No doubt there is a very great difference in stature, forms, and other personal traits in Americans born in different sections of the country. But on the whole the type is a new one, not Celtic, not Saxon in their old patterns, but itself — as new in certain points as the Seckel pear or the Hovey seedling strawberry. We cannot attribute so general a fact to any but a very general cause, and the only cause wide enough in its compass is what we call climate, which carries with it a great deal besides merely the weather. It is always to be borne in mind, as Sir Charles Lyell has remarked, that it may take a considerable number of generations before the European shall become completely acclimated in America. All our results must be therefore held to some extent conditioned by this possibility.

It is pretty generally agreed that our people have more of the nervous and less of the sanguine temperament than

their English ancestors. The tendency of our social conditions is to stimulate the nervous system, and the deficient blood-making power too often fails to support it in its forced exertions. Here are the special reasons why "brain-building" has proved with us so difficult and delicate a problem, especially in the schools where our girls are educated. The blood is to the brain what the water and the fire are to the steam-engine; not merely one, but both, and even more than both. It furnishes the engine itself and keeps it in repair. It carries the fuel to be burned and the fire to burn it. By four great pipes it pumps up the floods of circulating fluid which are as needful as the materials they carry with their current. The "high service" is the first to fail in case of a short supply; when one faints, first he grows pale, then he loses consciousness, then he falls to the ground; the high service becomes the low service, and he comes to himself again.

No sound working brain, then, without enough good blood to build it, repair it, and furnish the materials for those molecular changes which are the conditions essential to all nervous actions, intellectual and volitional as well as those of lower grade. No good blood without a proper amount of proper food and air to furnish materials, and healthy organs to reduce a sufficient quantity of these materials to a state fit to enter the circulation. No healthy organs, strictly speaking, except from healthy parents and developed and maintained by proper stimuli, nourishment, and use. No healthy parents—no help for it. We are, of course, applying the term healthy to the brain as signifying much more than freedom from disease. A healthy brain should show, by the outward signs of clear, easily working intelligence, well-balanced faculties, and commanding will, that its several organs, if such there be, or its several modes of action, if it works as a whole, are properly developed and adjusted by themselves and in relation to each other.

If we could only bespeak a brain for

one of the freshman class of 1890 as we lay out for an unborn colt to run for a cup in two or three years! But we have to take the brains as they come, and the range of difference is so enormous that one is tempted to say there is no such thing in the abstract as a good education. Have we not seen young men who had been for three whole years rained on with professional teachings of all kinds, upon whom the axioms of science had been dropping long enough to wear hollows in a stone, and who have come out of the showers of instruction with intellects as dry of knowledge as if Mr. Mackintosh had furnished each of their brains with an impermeable *dura-mater*?

A brain, like a watch, is to a considerable extent a product of skill and industry. Every well-built brain inherits a certain amount of these qualities from the series of civilized thinking marrows to which it belongs. The good watches come from the brains and hands of thoughtful and skilful workmen, and the thoughtfulness and skill that are ticking in your watch-pocket are working in the brain-case of their children, unless some other blood has the mastery there. No one need expect a cheap watch to keep exact time, and yet we are constantly trying to pile an education beyond its needs on cheaply-built brains that cannot support it. Some of our professional schools require no evidence of training or knowledge for admission; the consequences are utter failure with a considerable number of students to send them forth decently equipped for their work, an injury to those with whom they study, and worst of all, the gradual mental deterioration of the teacher. Cripples never go to dancing schools, but crippled brains are common in our higher educational institutions, where they have no business. They must be kept out by sufficiently rigorous preliminary examinations, and then the army that is in training for the fight with ignorance will not be overburdened, as it now is, with crutches and ambulances.

This is the first organic difficulty, and

it can only be got rid of at the expense of the individual. It is more troublesome in America than elsewhere, on account of the virulence of bite of the social *æstrum* which makes everybody want to scramble up to a place one or more degrees above the one he was meant for. Nature has established caste, and as soon as we are crowded enough and experienced enough in the necessities of civilized life, we shall find out the fact and act upon it. By caste we do not mean, of course, impassable barriers of rank, or any form of social exclusiveness, but the distribution of men according to their capacities, which will draw its lines more and more exactly and maintain them more and more permanently. The building of cities often begins with wood and ends with marble. The building of brains in the earlier stages of civilization works pretty largely in the first-named of the two, but the time must come when the higher institutions of learning will have done with it, and insist on better material.

The brains to be built upon being given, their ground-plan designed, and their foundations laid, the question of how the work shall go on so as to develop the intellect and character in harmony with all the laws of the organization is the great problem occupying the minds of those who are interested in education, that is, of many of the best thinkers in the community. The education of girls presents its special difficulties and is the hardest to deal with. Dr. Clarke has introduced some elements into the discussion which had hardly ventured to show themselves in it before he exercised his privilege as a physician in telling what his observation had taught him as a man of large experience. The rhythmical movements in the life of woman not only involve all her bodily conditions, but reach to the very springs of her mental and moral nature. We constantly see in our hospitals women who have been turned into liars and cheats by functional disturbances which react upon the brain, and lead to a well-known course of

what seems at first sight unaccountably perverse behavior, for which those who did not know the seven devils of hysteria would hold them morally responsible. But all this is only the excess of what betrays itself more or less generally in connection with the special conditions of womanhood. The *argumentum ad feminam* is even more delicate to handle than the obnoxious *argumentum ad hominem*. But it had to be brought up as an essential element in the problem of education, and to judge by the general character of the evidence from very numerous and very various sources it has called forth, it has put a new face on the old question. The interest the subject has excited has reached the Old World, as may be seen in Dr. Maudsley's article in the Fortnightly Review, and in an elaborate paper in the Westminster Review which has reached us since this article was in type.

We have heard a great deal, perhaps not too much, of late years, of the rights of woman. Among her rights are the immunities she is privileged to claim, and she must not let the substance fall in grasping for the shadow. It may be very desirable that she should vote, but it is not essential to the tolerably comfortable existence of society. It is essential that she should be the mother of healthy children, well developed in body and mind. It is not essential that she should know as much as man knows, or produce as much by her ordinary labor of mind or body as he does. It is essential that she should save her strength for the exhausting labors which fall to her lot as woman, and which render latent, to use the old chemical phrase, an amount of vitality of which men have but a very imperfect conception. Woman has often enough had a hard time of it. As a girl she has had to stand up in her class when a soldier would have been excused from appearing on parade if he had had half as much to complain of. Later in life she has been worn out by the cumulated shocks of close-crowded maternity, until there was not life enough left for her own exhausted organism. The sad fate of too many

overworked girls and overweighted mothers recalls the touching lines of Milton in his Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

"The god that sits at marriage feasts"

came bearing the wreath of orange-blossoms,

"But with a scarce well-lighted flame,
And in his garland as he stood
Ye might discern a cypress bud."

Time at last brought the hour of woman's trial to the slender frame which had been for years unfitting itself for the duties of maternity,

"But whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came,"

and severed the thread of life already worn to a mere filament.

Often, perhaps, the cypress bud has been interwoven with the maiden's garland of school triumphs, as in the case of poor Mary, whose story is told in the little book before us. It is a piteous ending

"After so short time of breath
To house with darkness and with death!"

The priest has had nothing for woman but a curse and a command. It remained for the physician to speak for her, and this is what Dr. Clarke has done in his two essays, contributions to educational hygiene which cannot fail by their direct and indirect agency to produce a wide and enduring effect on public opinion.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN I was young there seemed to be
No pleasure in the world for me;
My fellows found it everywhere,
Was none so poor but had his share —
They took mine, too!
I sought in vain; it was my fate
To be too early, or too late:
The nest was there, the bird was flown, —
Ah why? and to what golden zone?
If youth but knew!

Why art thou, Youth, so swift, so slow?
Why dost thou let thy pleasures go?
All that they grasp thy hands let fall;
The best they do not grasp at all,
Do not pursue!
What tingles in my blood like wine?
Those tender eyes that turn to mine,
The soft tears in my eyes that start —
Tell me, what does it mean, my heart?
If youth but knew!

Now I am old there seems to be
No pleasure in the world for me;
But vain regrets for what is past,
Because I did not hold it fast,
Because it flew!

That youth is weak, and age is strong,
Should be the burden of my song,
And might be in my happier hours,
If autumn leaves were summer flowers,
If age could do!

Mock not my sighs, and my white hair,
O Youth, so foolish and so fair!
Remember, life is not all June;
The lean and slippered pantaloon
Awaits thee too!
Be wise, delay not, oh make haste!
Go, steal your arm around her waist;
The rosebud mouth begins to blow;
Stoop down and kiss it, — so, boy, so!
If age could do!

Dum vivimus, the wise men say,
And you can do it as well as they;
So live and love, then, while you can,
Nor sigh, like me, when you are a man,
“If youth but knew!”
Far better be where Folly dwells,
And shake with him your jangling bells,
Than hear belated Wisdom come,
And beat upon the muffled drum,
“If age could do!”

R. H. Stoddard.

OUR POST-OFFICE.

IN 2 Chronicles xxx. 6, we read that “the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel.” We do not know how early a regular system of posts was established, but it must have been coeval with the foundation of centralized governments. Simple at first, — the messenger swift of foot bearing the commands of the sovereign to distant parts of his dominion, — it grew and widened with the growth of empire. Formed for the convenience of kings, the people had no share in its privileges, though they bore the tax.

It was not until the fifteenth century, when, as a consequence of the invention of printing, civilization and education spread rapidly among all classes, that

the people themselves began to feel the need of a postal service and to make use of it. Royal post-riders had been maintained in Europe for several centuries; about two hundred years ago they began to carry travelers for hire, and at a later date letters. All correspondence was subject to the inspection of the king, and private parties were forbidden to carry letters for hire lest the king should lose this privilege. The post from this and other causes has always been a monopoly controlled by the sovereigns, sometimes farmed out to private parties or given to favorites.

The earliest regular post appears to have been established by the Counts of Thurn and Taxis, who held a monopoly

of the postal service over different parts of Germany and Italy from the sixteenth century down to our own time. In Great Britain the exclusive control of the post was frequently given to princes of the royal family, who regarded it as a source of revenue, while the accommodation of the people was to them a matter of but small importance. Private posts were frequently established, but were suppressed as soon as they became profitable. Mail-coaches were introduced in 1784, and from that time the post-office of Great Britain dates its importance; before the establishment of coaches, ten days were required to send a letter from London to Edinburgh and receive an answer, "weather and highwaymen permitting." So small was the correspondence that the rider frequently left London with only five or six letters in his bag for Edinburgh.

In America the wants and interests of the people have been the sole objects that have been considered in the administration of the post-office. A simple arrangement among neighbors for their mutual convenience has grown until our post-office has become the largest in the world. Letters arriving from Europe were deposited in some coffee-house at the port of landing, and from thence carried by the nearest neighbor to those to whom they were addressed. In the records of the General Court of Massachusetts for 1639, "It is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks his house in Boston is the place appointed for all letters which are brought beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither, to be left with him; and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the directions; and he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all mis-carriages through his own neglect in this kind." The first step towards a postal service was made in Virginia, by the colonial law of 1657, which required "every planter to provide a messenger to convey the dispatches, as they arrived, to the next plantation; and so on, on pain of forfeiting a hog-head of to-

bacco for default." The government of New York in 1672 established "a post to goe monthly from New York to Boston," advertising "those that bee disposed to send letters, to bring them to the secretary's office, where in a lockt box, they shall be preserved till the messenger calls for them, all persons paying the post before the bagg is sealed up." In 1692 the control of the post-office was assumed by the home government, and the office of Postmaster-General for America was created. The rates of postage were established at nine cents for eighty miles, or under; from New York to Philadelphia eighteen cents, to Virginia twenty-four cents.

In 1710 the postal service of the British empire was consolidated into one establishment; the chief offices of Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York were reorganized. A Postmaster-General for the Colonies was appointed by the crown, and authorized "to keep his chief letter office in New York, and other chief offices at some convenient place or places in other of his Majesty's provinces or colonies of America," and also to appoint all deputy postmasters. The communication between the different colonies was very infrequent and irregular. Six weeks was the ordinary time required for receiving an answer to a letter sent from Philadelphia to Boston. Benjamin Franklin was the first to effect any great improvements in the system. For over forty years he was connected with the post-office department, commencing with his appointment as postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737. He published the appointment in his own newspaper in these words: "Notice is hereby given that the post-office of Philadelphia is now kept at B. Franklin's in Market Street, and that Henry Pratt is appointed riding-postmaster for all stages between Philadelphia and Newport in Virginia, who sets out about the beginning of each month and returns in twenty-four days, by whom gentlemen, merchants, and others may have their letters carefully conveyed." In 1753 Mr. Franklin was appointed by the home government Postmaster-

General for America, with a salary of £300 a year, provided the office yielded the requisite profit. In 1760 he startled the people by running a mail-wagon from Philadelphia to Boston, leaving each place Monday evening, and arriving on Saturday evening. In 1774 he was removed by George III., but reappointed by the Continental Congress the next year. Before his appointment, "the American post-office had never paid anything to that of Great Britain. In the first four years thereafter the office became £900 in debt, but it soon began to improve, and before I was displaced by a freak of the ministers, I had brought it to yield three times as much clear revenue to the crown as the post-office of Ireland. Since that imprudent transaction they have received from it not one farthing." The control of the Post-Office Department was transferred by the articles of confederation to Congress, which gave it "the exclusive right to establish and regulate post-offices." Among the earliest questions discussed in the Continental Congress, as of vital importance to the country, was the means of disseminating information in regard to the progress of the Revolution.

In May, 1775, a committee of six was appointed, with Benjamin Franklin chairman, "to consider the best means of establishing posts for conveying intelligence and letters throughout this continent." This committee reported a plan for the establishment of a Post-Office Department, with "a line of posts to be appointed under the direction of the Postmaster-General, from Falmouth, Maine, to Savannah, Georgia, with as many cross posts as he shall think fit;" the Postmaster-General to receive a salary of \$1000, and \$340 for a secretary, with power to appoint as many deputies and at such places as he should think proper; and the deputies to be paid by commissions on their collections. It was further provided, "that if the necessary expenses of this establishment should exceed the product of it, the deficiency shall be made good by the United Colonies and paid to the

Postmaster-General by the Continental Treasurers." Congress unanimously elected "Benjamin Franklin, Esq., Postmaster-General for one year, and until another is appointed by a future Congress." The franking privilege was then enjoyed by most officials, and in franking letters, instead of writing "Free, B. Franklin," as he had formerly done, he wrote "B. free Franklin." At a later period in the same year, a committee of three was appointed "to devise means of having expresses [persons of character] posted along the roads at different distances for the purpose of conveying early and frequent intelligence." In 1777 a committee was appointed to revise "the regulations of the Post-Office Department, and report a plan for carrying it on so as to render the conveyance of intelligence more expeditious and certain."

In 1782 an ordinance was passed regulating the post-office, and the first Congress of the United States in 1789 enacted that the "regulations of the post-office should be the same as under the resolutions and ordinances of the late Congress." These were continued in force by successive Acts of Congress nearly twenty years. The ordinance begins with the following preamble: "Whereas the communication of intelligence with regularity and dispatch, from one part to another of these United States, is essentially requisite to the safety as well as the commercial interests thereof," and the Congress being "vested with the sole and exclusive right and power of establishing and regulating post-offices throughout the United States," therefore resolved "that the Postmaster-General and his agents, and no other person, shall have the receiving, taking up, ordering, and dispatching, sending post, or with speed conveying or delivering of any letters, packets, or other dispatches from any place within the United States for hire" — postage to be paid in pennyweights and grains of silver according to the distance of transmission, the rates to be doubled for doubled letters, and packets

weighing an ounce to be charged equal to four single letters.

The articles of the confederation proving inefficient and inadequate to the administration of the affairs of a nation, the constitution was adopted. The eighth section provides that Congress shall have the power "to establish post-offices and post-roads," and "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers."

The control of Congress over the post-office was enlarged, and it was authorized to establish "post-roads" as well as post-offices, and thus the national government obtained full and absolute command of the postal service. The rates of postage during the Revolution were raised several times as the Continental currency depreciated in value, but were subsequently reduced and made payable in specie. In 1792 the rates were revised and established at six cents for distances not over thirty miles, increasing with the distance of transmission to twenty-five cents for all distances over four hundred and fifty miles. With a few unimportant changes these rates were maintained for more than fifty years. No provision was made for postage on newspapers in the early acts. The postmaster had not only the privilege of sending his own papers through the mail free, but the more valuable right of excluding all others from the mail. It naturally followed from this that the publication of newspapers fell almost exclusively into the hands of postmasters. On the appointment of a new postmaster the newspaper was generally transferred with the office, or after a vain struggle for life it was discontinued. Mr. Brocker was appointed postmaster of Boston in 1719; the former postmaster, feeling himself aggrieved by his removal, refused to sell out the *News Letter*, when Mr. Brocker started the *Boston Gazette*, and in his prospectus says he published it at the request of several "who have been prevented from having their newspapers sent them by post, since Mr. Campbell was removed from being post-

master." Mr. Franklin started a newspaper in Philadelphia about 1730, but was obliged to bribe the post-rider to carry his paper and deliver his exchanges. "I thought," he says, "so meanly of the practice of excluding rivals' papers from the mail, that when I came into his situation I took care never to imitate it;" and on his appointment as Postmaster-General he required the riders to take all papers offered. In 1782 a law was passed by which the postmaster was authorized "to license every post-rider to carry newspapers at such moderate rates as he shall establish." In 1790, Samuel Osgood, Postmaster-General, reported to Congress that "newspapers, which have hitherto passed free of postage, circulate extensively through the post-office, and one or two cents on them would probably amount to as much as the expenses of transporting the mail." In consequence of this report it was provided in 1792, that "newspapers shall be carried in a separate bag from letters, and charged one cent for one hundred miles, and one and a half cents for greater distances." Great difficulty was experienced in making change for postage: to remedy this difficulty, he proposed to have pieces of money coined to correspond with the postage, or to make the rates in each State conformable to the currency thereof.

There was no uniform plan for the transmission of the mails. On some routes they were transported by contract with stage proprietors. On others, as between Richmond and Staunton in 1787, the "exclusive privilege was granted for carrying letters and packets for hire at the postage." In 1792 the Postmaster-General was authorized to contract for a term not exceeding eight years, for the purpose of extending the line of posts to places not then supplied with mails, "and such roads shall be post-roads." In 1800 the mail was carried between Philadelphia and Baltimore in a line of stages established by the Postmaster-General at the expense of the United States. In 1802, in answer to inquiries of the Senate into the expediency of start-

ing a line of mail-coaches between Boston and New Orleans, the Postmaster-General replied, that "it was expedient to do so, and that it would soon pay; that the actual sum expended in purchase of coaches, horses, and other requirements necessary for the establishment of the line between Philadelphia and Baltimore was \$10,567, and that the expense of equipping a line for the whole distance would at the same rate be \$100,000. In 1786 the State of New Jersey, taking advantage of its situation between New York and Philadelphia, taxed travelers passing through the State, a custom which has continued until within a few years. The Postmaster-General in that year reports that "citizens of the United States have to purchase permission to travel on the highway of New Jersey. This tax is an unwarrantable imposition, but was the voluntary effect of the two lines of coaches then running, which designed thereby to secure a monopoly for carrying mails and passengers." About 1810 the running time between Portland and Savannah was reduced from forty to twenty-seven days, between Philadelphia and Nashville from forty-four to thirty days, between New York and Canandaigua from twenty to twelve days.

The cost of the postal service, when posts were used solely by kings and nobles, was borne by the public and defrayed by regular taxes; but when the people were permitted to use them, they were charged for the privilege a postage sufficient to defray the expenses not only of their own, but also of all franked letters. The theory of the post-office in America has been that the revenues from postage should equal or exceed its expenditures; in other words, that it should be self-supporting. The financial history of our post-office is intimately connected with the rates of postage. It may be divided into three periods: the first from 1775 to 1820, a period of forty-five years, in which the revenues uniformly exceeded the expenses; the second, of thirty-two years, until 1852, in thirteen of which, the

revenues exceeded the expenditures, though for the whole term there was a small excess of expenditure; the third, of twenty-two years, until 1874. In this term the expenditures have uniformly and largely exceeded the revenues, excepting in one year of the war. The revenue from 1789 to the 1st of October, 1819, thirty years, was \$26,889,003, expended as follows:—

Compensation to postmasters . . .	\$7,974,072
Incidental expenses . . .	902,662
Transportation expenses . . .	16,369,665
Net revenue paid to the treasury	<u>1,642,604</u>
Total	\$26,889,003

The revenue from 1819 to June, 1857, was \$99,346,000, and the expenditures \$99,578,000.

Transportation expenses . . .	\$60,715,000
Office expenses	<u>38,863,000</u>
Total	\$99,578,000

Deficiency, \$232,000. The revenue from 1851 to 1874, both inclusive, was \$306,199,866; the expenditures were \$385,033,611; the deficiency was \$78,833,545; transportation expenses, \$191,309,000; office expenses, \$193,724,000.¹

The whole income of the department for thirty years ending in 1819 was little more than its income for the current year. This, however, fails to give a correct idea of the great increase of correspondence, for it does not take into account the reduction in the average rate of postage, from fourteen and one half cents to less than three cents. To Great Britain we are indebted for the evidence that cheap postage may be more profitable than high rates. For over one hundred years the Post-Office Department of Great Britain has been a regular source of income to the treasury; but about forty years ago it was observed that while the population had increased in the preceding twenty years from 19,500,000 to 25,600,000, the postal revenues had decreased, though they should have increased \$2,500,000 to have kept pace with the population. This diminution of revenue did not arise from a decrease in correspondence, but from the greater number of franked let-

¹ These transportation expenses do not include route agents, messengers, nor postal car clerks.

ters (franks being often given away and sometimes sold for less than the postage), and from the fact that vast numbers of letters were sent by other conveyances, though contrary to law. The rates of postage ranged from eight cents to thirty-six cents; the average being nearly eighteen cents.

Rowland Hill was the chief advocate of postal reform. He showed that the great portion of the expenses of the postal service was for office expenses, and that these were nearly the same whether few or many letters were sent; that the difference in the cost of transmitting a letter fifty or a hundred miles was insignificant, and entirely disproportioned to the increased charge; that a low and uniform rate, by stimulating the business and securing to the mail the correspondence which had been diverted from it, would, with the abolishing of the franking privilege, in a short time yield as large a revenue as that derived from high rates, without a proportionate increase of the expenditures. His proposition was opposed by the post-office officials, who denounced it as ruinous and ridiculed it as visionary. The Postmaster-General said in the House of Lords, "Of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant."

Notwithstanding this opposition the measure was carried, a penny postage was adopted, and the franking and transmission of letters by private conveyance prohibited. The number of letters transmitted in 1839 was 76,000,000; in 1840, the first year of cheap postage, it was 168,000,000, an increase of one hundred and twenty-two per cent.; while the expenses increased only fifteen per cent. The second and third years showed an increase on each preceding year, respectively, of about sixteen per cent. in the number of letters. After that, the average increase for many years was five per cent. a year, though for the last three years it has been only two and one half per cent. a year. The net revenue was reduced from \$8,000,000 in 1838, to \$2,500,000 in 1840; but since then has

continued to increase, until it is now \$12,500,000, or fifty per cent. more than with high rates. In 1873, the population of Great Britain had increased to 31,390,000, and the number of letters to 907,000,000.

The favorable results of a penny postage in Great Britain were soon known in this country. Cheap postage was at once agitated, and numerous petitions were presented to Congress. The Postmaster-General considered it an unfortunate time for trying experiments, as the expenditures of the department for several years had exceeded the receipts. He admitted the expediency of some reduction, but opposed any radical change in the rates, on the ground that the department would become a heavy charge on the government. He recommended the abolition of the franking privilege, equalization of postage by an increase on newspapers and other printed matter of one hundred per cent., and a reduction on letter postage of twenty-five per cent., with a prohibition against sending letters by express. "If any doubt could exist in regard to the power of Congress to control the interchange of correspondence for hire, it must vanish upon reference to the tenth article of amendment of our constitution. The power to establish the post-office and post-roads is plainly and distinctly delegated to the United States. It is therefore not a power reserved to the States respectively, nor to the people, the right being in Congress; and it has power to protect that right." In 1844, the Senate committee on post-offices made a report, and said: "Government is brought more constantly and immediately in contact with a larger portion of the people by the operations of the post-office than by the exercise of any other of its powers or duties. It is believed that in consequence of the disfavor with the present rates and regulations, not more than one half the correspondence passes through the mails, the greater part being carried by private hands or by means of the recently established private expresses. It is impossible to believe that there are only about 24,000,000 or 29,000,000 let-

ters per year sent in America, and 204,000,000 in Great Britain."

For nearly three years the discussions were continued in and out of Congress. Bills were twice introduced, and defeated either in the Senate or the House, and it was not until March, 1845, that the first act was passed, making material reductions in the postage. The rates for letters under three hundred miles were fixed at five cents, over three hundred at ten cents; rates for newspapers were also reduced. Under thirty miles they were free; over thirty and under a hundred miles, or within the State, the rate was one cent; for greater distances, one and a half cents. The carriage of letters by express was prohibited unless the postage was prepaid. The average rate was reduced from fourteen and one half to six and one half cents, or fifty-six and one third per cent. No regular record of the number of letters mailed is kept, but since 1860 the number of stamps issued shows the mailed letters; from a very careful estimate made in 1843, it appeared that 27,831,000 letters and 57,810,000 newspapers were mailed that year; in 1847, 57,173,000 letters, 57,000,000 newspapers and pamphlets; the letters increased one hundred and five per cent., almost entirely because of the reduction

in letter postage. The number of newspapers remained as before, the postage being reduced but very little. In 1860, the number of letters was 245,650,000; in 1874, 905,457,305. The ratio of increase averaged ten per cent. a year from 1860 until 1872; since then it has been seventeen per cent. The number of letters in proportion to population has increased from one and a half in 1840, to twenty-two. The revenue during the six years prior to the reduction in 1845, was \$26,954,115; expenses, \$27,884,513; during the succeeding six years the revenue was \$28,828,377, and the expenses \$28,353,060; showing a very small increase in expenditures. In March, 1851, the rates were reduced to three cents for distances under three thousand miles for prepaid, and to five cents for unpaid letters, with double rates for greater distances. Slight modifications were made in 1855 and 1863, the first requiring prepayment, and the second establishing a uniform rate of three cents. The number of letters, the revenue, and expenditures have increased regularly since 1851, interrupted only by the war. A comparison of the business for two terms of seven years prior to and succeeding the war will show its growth.

	Letters.	Expenditures.	Revenue.	Balance of Expenditure over Revenue.
1867-1873	3,971,082,400	\$169,793,000	\$135,493,000	\$34,300,000
1856-1861	1,460,000,000	88,047,000	57,446,000	30,600,000
Increase	2,511,082,000	\$81,746,000	\$78,047,000	\$3,700,000
Percentage	275 per cent.	92 per cent.	142 per cent.	12 per cent.

Although the balance of expenditures was a little greater from 1867 to 1873, yet in proportion to the number of letters the expenses very greatly decreased, for while the letters increased two hundred and seventy-five per cent., the balance of expenditures over revenue was only ten per cent. greater. A comparison of this statement with one of the Post-Office Department of Great Britain for corresponding periods shows that there the number of letters and the revenue in-

creased about eighty per cent., the expenses sixty-six per cent., and that the profits nearly equaled the expenditures. It is generally known that with cheaper letter postage and a larger correspondence in Great Britain, there is a large annual surplus there and a large deficit here. From these facts the conclusion is drawn that our post-office is managed with less system and economy than that of Great Britain. A more careful examination will disclose causes which

account for such different results. In 1873 there were 33,244 post-offices in the United States; 790,000,000 paid, foreign, and official letters; 581,000,000 newspapers and parcels; total, 1,371,000,000 packets. The revenue was \$23,000,000, the expenses \$28,360,000,¹ the average postage per packet 1.68 cents. The transportation expenses were .01, the office expenses .0104, total expenses 2.04 cents. The same year there were 12,500 post-offices in Great Britain; 979,000,000 letters and postal cards, 125,000,000 newspapers, and 129,000,000 book parcels were sent; total, 1,233,000,000 packets. The revenue was \$26,740,000; the expenses were \$14,230,000;² the average postage per packet was .0217; the transportation expenses were .0038; office expenses .0077; total expenses .0115. The average postage is higher in England, the office expenses per packet are nearly the same, while the transportation expenses are only one third as much. In England they are about thirty-three and one third per cent., in this country fifty per cent. More letters are sent in Great Britain, more newspapers in the United States. There are seven States in America comparatively thickly settled. The postal service in these States will compare favorably with that of Great Britain in financial results and in the proportion of letters to population. The postal revenue from these States is \$10,000,000, or forty per cent. of the entire revenue; the expenses are \$7,580,000; the profit \$2,757,230, or nearly twenty-five per cent. The expenses of transportation are about thirty per cent., the proportion of letters to population twenty-eight to one. If the correspondence of the remaining States was in the same ratio, the postages would fully equal the expenses.

The statistics of seven other States and Territories show different results. In these the revenue was \$1,855,773, or seven and one half per cent. of the entire revenue, and the expenses were \$4,260,000. Transportation expenses

were \$3,138,800, or seventy-five per cent. Forty per cent. of the deficiency of the whole service was in these States. This loss should not be charged to the mail service any more than the subsidy paid steamships. "The idea that the Post-Office Department can be self-sustaining in the present condition of the country is absurd. It cannot and ought not to be. The increase must go on as long as the country prospers. The mines are not yet all developed; the lands are not all cultivated; the railroads are not all surveyed: our country is not finished. Until it is finished, he is not a wise man nor a sagacious man who assumes that the post-office will pay for itself." In 1873, in Great Britain, the postage from letters was about \$20,000,000; from 254,000,000 newspapers and parcels it was about \$5,000,000. In the United States the postage for the same year from letters was \$20,673,000; from 581,000,000 newspapers and parcels \$1,214,000; that is, the postage on twice as many newspapers and parcels in America was only one fourth as much as in England. If newspapers and parcels paid the same postage here as there, the service would be self-sustaining. If due allowance is made for the extent of territory, for the cost of three times as many offices, for the greater number of miles which the mails are transported, for the sparseness of population and the greater weight and bulk of our mails, it will be seen that the service is performed with greater economy in the United States than in Great Britain. A great disparity between the expenditures on account of newspapers and the postages derived from them has existed for a long time, but it has increased enormously within a few years, arising from the greater size, weight, and number of papers. Any one who remembers what the New York Herald, The Tribune, and The Independent were, when they first appeared, and what they now are, will fully understand this great difference.

We find frequent complaints, in the

¹ These expenditures do not include \$725,000 paid for subsidies to steamships.

² These expenditures do not include nearly \$5,000,000 paid for subsidies to steamships.

reports of the Postmaster-Generals, of the burden of newspapers to the mails; but the principle of carrying them at very low rates, and less than the actual cost, has never been departed from. The report for 1838 says, "The weight of letters is only three per cent. that of newspapers, while the postage is ten times as much;" the report for 1840, "Printed matter constitutes ninety-five per cent. of the whole mails, while it pays about twelve per cent. of the gross revenue. The low rates of postage on papers and other printed matter originated in consideration of public policy, and were designed to promote the general dissemination of intelligence among the people." By the law of 1845 newspapers were transmitted free to subscribers living near the places of publication.

The report for 1848 says that "the postage on newspapers fails to pay their cost by one third of the postage, and is in the nature of a tax on letters for the benefit of the newspapers." Postmaster General Creswell, in 1873, proposed that the postage should be prepaid and charged by weight at such rates as would make a large reduction in the nominal rates, but as it would be all collected would largely increase the revenue, and would also simplify and reduce the number of accounts and office expenses. Prepayment of postage would require the publishers of papers and magazines to pay a large annual sum as postage, heretofore theoretically paid by the subscribers, but generally uncollected. The publishers were willing to accede to the proposal if the postage was fixed at one cent a pound on newspapers, and two cents on magazines, which would yield an equivalent to the postage actually collected. They could afford to pay these rates without increasing the subscription price, as the profits from a larger circulation would probably cover the postage. If the rates were too high, they would be compelled to raise the subscription price, and this would diminish the circulation. The subject came up for action in Congress near the close of the session, when

there was no opportunity for a full discussion of its merits, and the rates were fixed at two cents a pound on newspapers, and three cents a pound on magazines, to take effect on and after January 1, 1875; weekly papers to be sent free in the counties in which they were published. This change in the law will undoubtedly increase the postal revenues; but as the postage will be less than the cost, the expenditure will be increased in a more rapid ratio. The low postage on newspapers has accomplished the purpose for which the post-office was established. Five million newspapers are daily distributed, two a week for every man, woman, and child who can read, — a circulation four times as large in proportion to population as in any other country. Ten per cent. of the dailies and sixty per cent. of the weeklies, or 581,000,000 a year, are sent by mail.

In 1873 the postage received from letters was \$20,673,000; from papers, \$1,214,000. The expenses of the department were \$28,360,000; the average cost of each packet was two and four hundredths cents. At this rate the total cost of letters was \$16,116,000; of papers, \$11,872,000. But this statement does not exhibit the real disparity between the receipts and expenditures on letters and papers. The cost can be divided into two items: office and transportation expenses. The former are about the same on every parcel, but the transportation expenses are proportioned to the weight and bulk. For the purpose of obtaining reliable statistics of the weight of letters and papers, the mails were weighed in several large cities during the month of April last, and from these and other data it appears that letters weigh about one third of an ounce, or one sixth as much as papers. Newspapers and other parcels on the average weigh two ounces. The parcels originally mailed in the Boston post-office were all counted and weighed one day, and weighed for thirty days: 111,773 letters and postal cards weighed 1599 pounds; 102,168 regular newspapers and pamphlets weighed 12,771 pounds;

26,311 other parcels weighed 3288 pounds. To obtain a fair comparison of the relative cost of conveying letters and newspapers the office expenses should be divided equally among all the parcels, the transportation in proportion to weight; letters weighing half an ounce, papers two ounces. The total weight of the mail in 1873 was 125,000,000 pounds. This estimate makes the cost of letters \$11,943,000, of newspapers \$16,415,000, showing a profit on letters of \$8,706,000, and a loss on papers of \$16,201,000. A two cent rate on letters could be substituted for the one, two, and three cent rates, and yield a revenue of \$16,000,000, a sum sufficient to cover the cost. More than one half of the loss on newspapers is defrayed from the profit on letters; the balance from the public treasury. There is no propriety in thus taxing letter correspondence. If the postage on newspapers were raised sufficiently to meet this deficiency, it would greatly cripple their circulation. The same reasons which have led to the assessment of a part of the cost on the treasury, and to carrying papers free in the counties where they are published, will justify the payment of the whole expense from the treasury, a return to the policy of our fathers, and transmission of all papers free. Newspapers are in every family, and the knowledge and intelligence communicated in their columns is for the benefit of all.

Within a few years past the Post-Office Department has begun to carry express parcels; this is not a normal development of our postal service, but is borrowed from foreign governments.

In Europe the post has been the general carrier of passengers, express matter, and letters, with separate bureaus for each. It owns the horses and coaches, and where railroads have superseded stages, these in many cases have been constructed and operated by the state. On express parcels abroad, the charges vary with the weight, rapidity, and distance of transmission; but though the average distance which parcels are transmitted is very much

greater with us, uniform rates are charged without regard to weight or distance. This is a fatal departure from the principle on which cheap postage is based, namely, that with minimum weights the distance is unessential, and can therefore be disregarded, but with parcels weighing three or four pounds, the weight becomes an essential feature. The weight of parcels was at first limited to one pound, but by the law of 1874 mailable matter of the third class, which includes all articles "which are not from either form or nature liable to destroy, deface, or otherwise injure the contents of the mail-bag, or the person of any one engaged in the postal service," and not exceeding four pounds in weight, may be sent for one cent for every two ounces, or eight cents a pound. Letters pay three cents for each half ounce, or ninety-six cents a pound. Tea, coffee, feathers, scissors, thread, etc., pay eight cents a pound.

A pound of letters pays a profit of about forty cents; a pound of nails or sugar is carried at a loss of three and a half cents, four pounds of silk at a loss of eleven cents; a further increase of the weight of mailable parcels in the same proportion will cover all ordinary express matter. While it is for the public interest that the post-office should carry books and printed matter for less than the cost, and throw the burden on the public treasury, the reason fails when applied to merchandise. Express companies cannot carry letters, but the act of 1874 makes the post-office a great express company. The carriage of merchandise by mail is a perversion of the objects for which our post-office was established, and when merchandise is carried below cost, and the loss is thrown upon letter correspondence, is unjustifiable. On short distances the express companies might compete with the post; but as their charges are necessarily based on distance, the post would carry all parcels between distant places. A system more certain to break down our entire mail service, to increase the deficit by millions a year, could not easily be devised; and the sooner attention is called

to it, and a remedy applied, the better it will be for the public. What effect this system would have on the trade of country places cannot be foreseen, but it has already made a great change in the book trade, the buyers being now supplied from the large city dealers at lower rates than at the country store. A "Special Notice" from A. T. Stewart informs ladies that silk for a dress can be ordered by pattern and sent to any part of the country at "a merely nominal expense;" one year old fruit trees are advertised to be sent in any quantities to the most distant part of the United States by mail.

As railroads increased new changes were required. "Route agents" were appointed, letters for the different offices were deposited in separate "pouches," to be delivered by the agent either at the offices of destination on the line of the road, or if for distant places to the connecting road or a distribution office. Then "express agents" were appointed at the termini of the main routes, to make out lists of the pouches forwarded, which were receipted for by the route agents, who took receipts at the end of the route to show fulfillment of their duties. On some routes the express agents were required to keep full accounts in book-form of all pouches so received and delivered, and of their disposition. Then it became necessary to provide for the exchange of letters between the various offices on the line of the road, and for this purpose railway post-office clerks were appointed: first a portion of a car, then a whole car, and finally a postal car constructed by the railroad was provided for their accommodation. These postal cars have now become the chief distributing offices; letters are not only received and delivered at each office on the line of the road, but in a few instances are assorted for delivery. In Boston the letter-carriers await the arrival of the great mails from the South and West at the railroad station, and there receive their letters for delivery, and many letters never enter a post-office. Letters for places beyond the

line are delivered to the connecting postal car or are made up into pouches to be forwarded in other mails; and sometimes, though unfrequently, go into distributing offices. There are now only twenty-nine distributing-offices where formerly there were several hundred. The system of postal cars and clerks is very expensive; it requires a great amount of car room, and a large number of clerks, as two clerks can do little if any more work than one in a regular office. It cannot be adopted on all railroads, and is not equally well adapted for all sections of the country. In the Eastern States, on routes where there is a great interchange of correspondence and frequent trains run, a different system is required from that which is fitted for the Western and Southern States, where but one or two express trains and an accommodation train are daily run: on the former, it is probably practical to make up pouches in the main office, to be forwarded by route agents on every train directly to their destination; on the latter, postal cars afford the best means for distributing the mail. Notwithstanding the great expense of railway postal clerks and cars, the proportionate expense of transportation to office expenses is less since the mails were transported by rail than formerly. Prior to 1851, sixty per cent. of all the expenses were on account of transportation, while now, exclusive of the railway post-office clerks, they are less than fifty per cent., and inclusive of them they are less than sixty per cent. The average cost per mile of railroad transportation in 1857 was 12.65 cents, in 1873 it was 12.67 cents per mile including expense of postal cars.

The introduction of postal cars upon the leading railroads is a natural outgrowth of the railroad service. In these "traveling post-offices" mails and letters are received, sorted, and delivered; by means of them the service on many routes is greatly expedited. The mails have increased so much in bulk that on some of the lines one car is insufficient to carry them, and the weight is so

great that some of the railroad companies refuse to attach a postal car to certain limited express trains, as it would cause delay. To overcome these objections, the department has proposed to run an express train of postal cars between New York and Chicago in twenty-four hours. In this exclusive mail train, which would have the right of way over all passenger trains, weeklies printed from two to seven days before their date, magazines printed two or three weeks before their date, and express parcels of wood, lead, iron, etc., must be carried. There can be no sufficient reason for burdening an exclusive mail train with this class of freight. The mail matter can be classified into letters, daily papers, other printed matter, and express parcels. Letters and daily papers constitute about one fifth in weight and bulk of the mails, and should be sent by express trains; on all the routes over which the large mails pass, express and accommodation trains run. For other printed and express parcels rapid transit is not essential, and these could be forwarded by accommodation trains. By such a classification and distribution, the public could be as well accommodated as at present, and a reduction of expenditure be made, equal in amount to the revenue now derived from newspapers. If this arrangement were adopted, newspapers and magazines could be carried free, without increasing the present annual deficiency. Postage on letters could be reduced to two cents the half ounce; on books and other printed matter to two cents an ounce. The weight of express parcels, if carried by mail, should be limited to one pound, or else charged with varying rates not less than the actual cost, according to the weight and distance. After a few years the Post-Office Department would become self-supporting and afford additional facilities to the public.

The correspondence of a nation depends upon its intelligence, its habits, the rates of postage, and the facilities afforded. The largest correspondence in proportion to the population is in

Great Britain, where it is as twenty-nine to one; in Switzerland it is as twenty to one, in the United States as eighteen to one, in Germany as thirteen to one, in France ten to one, in Austria four to one. The postage in Great Britain and Switzerland is two cents, in the United States three cents, in Germany two and a half cents, in France four cents, on local letters in Paris two cents. The number of letters mailed in the different cities of our country differs greatly. In Boston the proportion of population to letters is as 1 to 135; in Chicago as 1 to 115; in New York as 1 to 114; in Philadelphia as 1 to 56; in Louisville as 1 to 51; in St. Louis as 1 to 47; in Baltimore as 1 to 38: 105,000,000 of letters a year are sent from New York, 38,000,000 from Boston, 37,000,000 from Philadelphia, 34,000,000 from Chicago, and 15,000,000 from St. Louis. Our white population is about 41,000,000, mailing 905,000,000 of letters annually, an average of twenty-two to each person. The population of these seven cities is about 3,000,000; they mail 244,000,000 letters a year, or more than one fourth of the whole. The average is eighty-six letters to each person. Although in Great Britain the proportion of letters to the population is much greater than in the United States, yet at the respective ratio of increase in the two countries, the correspondence of the United States will soon exceed that of Great Britain. In every instance where the postage has been reduced from a high to a low rate the correspondence has rapidly increased. We believe that if the rates were reduced from three cents to two cents, a like result would follow. Postal cards were introduced into Austria, England, Germany, and Switzerland in 1870; great numbers have been sold without reducing the normal growth of the letter correspondence. In this country they were introduced in April, 1873; in the first quarter 31,000,000 were sold, while the increase of letters was larger than in any other quarter of the year. The rates for occasional newspapers were reduced in 1872 from two

rents to one cent, and this was followed by an increase in the number of newspapers mailed of seventy-two per cent. The post-offices in Cambridge, Massachusetts, were made sub-offices of the post-office in Boston, in January, 1874, the postage to Boston was reduced from three to two cents, and the mail facilities were increased. The union was followed by an increase in the correspondence in one of these offices from 73,000 in December, 1873, to 138,000 in July, 1874. Additional facilities are sometimes of greater benefit to the public than a reduction in rates. The secretary of the British post-office, in a recent report, said that it had been proved by actual trial that if the number of mails to any office, or the street boxes in any city, were doubled, the correspondence would increase in the same ratio.

The carrier system has been introduced into almost every city and town in Great Britain, and to the additional facilities thus afforded is greatly due the fact that the correspondence in Great Britain has continued to increase so much more rapidly than the population. In this country, wherever the carrier system has been adopted, the correspondence is much greater in proportion to population than in other parts of the country, and equal to that of Great Britain. The system was partially introduced into twelve cities in 1860, which then sent five per cent. of the whole number of letters. In 1873 the same cities sent fourteen per cent.; the correspondence of the whole country increased two hundred per cent., of these cities six hundred per cent. In 1868 the carrier system was in operation in forty-eight cities, which then sent twenty per cent. of the correspondence; in 1873 they sent thirty-three per cent.: and while the correspondence of the whole country had increased sixty-five per cent., that of these cities had increased one hundred and twenty per cent. In 1868 the expense of this service in these cities was \$996,000, the receipts from local postage \$476,000. In 1873 the expense was \$1,415,000, the receipts from local postage \$1,112,000. The carrier system

would be more fully appreciated if brought into more general use. Under the old law it could be introduced into cities with a population of only twenty thousand, but the law of 1874 requires a population of thirty thousand. The railroad and coach convey the mails between offices. The letter-carrier begins and completes the service, transmits all the local correspondence, and is a virtual extension of the post-office and mail route to every house. The postage on local letters alone pays all the expenses in several of these cities, and the larger proportion in the remainder; and if the net profit from the increased correspondence were added to the local postage, it would show a handsome profit in every city in which the carrier system is in operation. In 1870 there were about four hundred towns and cities having a population of five thousand or over; in 1873 the carrier system had been introduced into only fifty of these cities. In a large proportion of the three hundred and fifty other towns and cities the important mails are received only twice a day; three or four collections and deliveries would be sufficient; it would require about one thousand seven hundred additional carriers to give to each of these three hundred and fifty cities a sufficient collection and delivery. The receipts from postage on local letters which would be created by the carriers, with the increase of general correspondence, would in a very few years defray the entire cost. A more frequent delivery and collection are needed in all our large cities, especially in the evening. The morning papers and letters from New York, with the Washington mail of the preceding evening, are delivered in Boston and the neighboring cities the same evening, while the morning mail from Boston to New York is not delivered until the next morning; letters leaving Boston in the evening or at eight o'clock the next morning are delivered in Washington at the same time. In some of the largest cities in the country no collection is made on Sunday, although such a collection is required for the general convenience of the public.

Boston has more frequent mails than any other city excepting New York; more letter-boxes in proportion to population, the best delivery and collection system, and fifteen per cent. larger correspondence in proportion to population, than any other city. The eighth city in population, its revenue from sales of postage stamps is exceeded only by that of New York. It has two collections every evening: at half past six for the evening mails; and at nine for the early morning mails, and the same on Sunday. In New York the collection is made at half past four for the evening mails, while on Sunday there is no collection. An evening delivery is universal in the large cities of Europe, and is as much required here.

Our mails are transported 130,000,000 miles a year, over 270,000 miles of mail routes; of these, 67,000 miles of route and 72,000,000 miles of transportation are by railroad, 180,000 miles of route and 53,000,000 miles of transportation by horse power. The latter routes are divided into four sectional divisions, and every year the Postmaster-General decides how many mails shall be carried over the routes, on one of these divisions, when they shall start, where stop, and when arrive at their destination; and then advertises for proposals for such service, and contracts with the lowest bidder for a term of four years. Formerly the successful competitor was required to take the property of his predecessor at an appraisal; but this requirement has been waived, as the equipment being movable it can be made available in other ways or other places for like use. Railroads require a large, fixed, and permanent investment, and as there is usually no competition between them, it was early found that some other plan must be adopted for the railroad service. The compensation for carrying the mail upon railroads was originally based upon the price fixed for similar service on stage routes, but the Postmaster-General might increase the amount twenty-five per cent. at his discretion. This was subsequently limited to \$300 a year per mile. The act of

1845, which continued in force until 1873, divided the railroad routes into three classes, according to the size of the mail, the speed, and the importance of the service. The compensation was not to exceed \$300 a mile for the first class, \$100 for the second, or \$50 for the third, with an additional sum for night service. The compensation was originally a very large remuneration for the service rendered, but by degrees, as the whole character of the service changed, it became in many cases very inequitable. Cheap postage and additional facilities have increased the number of parcels over a thousand fold, and the weight and bulk in the same proportion. The mails are now carried many times a day; railway post-offices, or postal cars with railway post-office clerks, route and local agents, mail messengers, and baggage masters in charge of registered packages are employed, imposing additional duties and heavier liabilities and expenses upon the railroad companies. For this additional service the railroad companies have demanded increased compensation.

In 1867 a careful classification of the routes and service, and a partial but very inadequate readjustment of the compensation, was made by order of the Postmaster-General; and in consequence of his representation and that of the railroad companies, an act was passed in 1873 modifying the law of 1845, and providing for a still further revision. For that purpose the Postmaster-General was required to weigh the mail at least once in every four years on all routes, and to adjust the compensation in proportion to the weight; where postal cars were furnished, an additional sum was to be paid. This has increased the compensation to a few roads over \$1,500,000 a year. Some of the railroad companies performing the postal car service are not satisfied with this provision, and demand an advance of nearly one hundred per cent. upon the sums heretofore paid to them. The lines from Washington to Boston and from New York to Buffalo now receive \$497,652 a year, and demand \$979,979, an in-

crease of \$482,317. The Postmaster-General admits that an addition of fifty per cent. should be made for the use of postal cars. Several of the principal railroads gave notice that after a certain date they should decline to carry the mail unless their terms were accepted, but before the day arrived their action was postponed in the hope that an amicable arrangement could be made with the department. The railroad companies can at any time decline to carry the mails, and in case of such refusal the Postmaster-General has no alternative but "to separate the letter mail from the residue of the mail, and to contract for conveying the letter mail over such route by horse express at the greatest speed that can reasonably be obtained, and for carrying the residue of the mail in wagons or otherwise at a slower rate of speed." In 1845, when this provision was made, it was undoubtedly sufficient; for the lines of railroad were short and disconnected, and our mails were small and light; but in this day, when commerce and finance depend on railroad and telegraph facilities, the alternative of horse express is equivalent to a refusal to carry the mails. The Postmaster-General is powerless; it is illegal to send letters by express. The service cannot be secured by increasing the compensation with every new demand made by the railroad companies, for even the treasury of the United States would be insufficient to satisfy the ever-increasing demands. The first full payments under the law of 1873 will be made in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, and will increase the deficit of the Post-Office Department nearly to \$8,000,000. It is therefore necessary to consider what power Congress has over the transmission of the mails by railroad, and what remedy there is for the threatened evil.

By the eighth article of the constitution Congress is empowered to coin money, to declare war, to raise and support armies, to maintain a navy, to establish post-offices and post-roads, to regulate commerce among the States, and to pass all laws necessary to enforce

these powers. These are all attributes of sovereignty, and sovereignty, which in other countries is vested in the king or parliament, in this country was originally held by the people, and has been delegated either to the United States or to the States, or reserved by the people. Although Congress has only delegated powers, yet its sovereignty in the execution of them is unlimited, and as complete as that exercised by any other sovereign. In making war or peace, coining money, raising an army, or establishing post-offices and post-roads, its power is exclusive and uncontrolled. For these purposes it has the right of eminent domain, as modified by the fifth amendment, which provides that private property cannot be taken without the payment of just compensation.

Post-offices are established for the reception and delivery of correspondence, post-roads for its transmission between post-offices. If it is necessary to construct a railroad to carry on a war or for the postal service, Congress has the power to take land, to build, equip, and run a road. This right was often exercised in the late war, and no one doubted its constitutionality; but if Congress has power to build or take a road to wage war, it has the same power in order to carry on the post-office, for both powers are granted in the same section and in the same words. As the greater includes the less, it can take a part or the whole, or the use of a part or the whole. It has been said that the general government has no more right than a private individual over corporations chartered by a State, and that if a railroad should refuse to transport the mails, the only remedy would be an appeal to the courts of law. If our correspondence must wait until the courts have decided when and how it shall be carried, long delays will be inevitable, and both public and private interests will suffer.

Congress has established all railroads as post-roads for the transport of the mails, and to secure their transmission Congress is authorized "to make all

laws necessary to carry this power into effect." The counsel for the railroads, in his argument before the Senate committee on transportation, admitted that Congress could take private property on the payment of just compensation, but denied its power to prescribe the compensation, and claimed that this must be determined by the judiciary. The fifth amendment prescribes neither how nor by what tribunal the damages shall be assessed, but leaves the whole matter to the discretion of Congress. For over thirty years, or ever since the railroads began to run, Congress has determined the compensation, and though the railroads have frequently complained of its inadequacy, they have uniformly accepted it. But when it is proposed to give the Postmaster-General power to compel the transportation of the mails at such rates as Congress may determine, and at such times as the Postmaster-General may designate, the power of Congress to decide upon the compensation is denied. Questions involving the same principle, namely, as to the damages to be paid for property taken in war or for public purposes, are generally decided by Congress, and no judgment of the Court of Claims even can be collected until Congress has passed an appropriation to pay it. Some say that Congress has only the right to adopt the existing roads as post-roads. Even if this is the correct interpretation, Congress can adopt and use an existing railroad that objects to such use only by the exercise of eminent domain. The New York morning papers, carried by express, are delivered in Washington at four o'clock, P. M., but the delivery of the mail is delayed until the next morning, because the railroads will neither carry it on the newspaper express to Philadelphia, nor on the limited express from New York to Washington. The use of the Southern express from New York at three o'clock, P. M., is refused to the department; if it were not, it would be of great advantage in forwarding the Southern mail. For the proper performance of the mail service the Postmaster-General must have the right to specify

the time at which the mail shall start, where it shall stop, and when it shall arrive at its destination. This power he has always exercised on ordinary post-roads, and he needs it even more on railroads, as the mails they carry are much larger, and greater interests are at stake.

In 1837 the Post-Office Department of Great Britain adopted a plan for sending small sums of money by mail. These money orders, as they were called, originally limited to \$25 and to places within the United Kingdom, have been extended, and now sums for \$50 or less can be sent to many countries in Europe, America, Asia, and Africa, and to all the colonies of Great Britain. The fee is small, from two cents for sums under \$2.50 to 25 cents for \$50. These orders are very generally used, and increase at the rate of sixteen per cent. a year, letters at the rate of two and one half per cent. Last year fifteen and a half million of orders, transmitting \$134,011,320, were issued; the average amount was \$8.60, and the average fee six cents. Several Postmaster-Generals recommended to Congress the adoption of a similar system in this country, but it was not introduced until November, 1864. The number of orders has increased from 74,277 a year to 4,012,000. The growth is thirty per cent. a year; the amounts of the orders have increased from \$1,360,122 to \$74,424,000. The orders average \$18.55, or nearly twice as much as in Great Britain. The average fee is eleven cents; cost eight cents. The number of orders in proportion to population in Great Britain is one to two, in the United States one to ten, thus showing great room for development. There are five different rates; these increase with the amount of the order, from .05 for sums under \$10.00 to .25 for sums over \$40.00, and yield a large profit.

In September, 1869, the first international exchange of money orders was made with Switzerland; the system has been extended to Great Britain and Germany. The business between the United States and Great Britain is much

larger than between any other countries.

These transfers of money illustrate the tendency of capital towards the centres of trade, and from the West to the East. Smaller offices issue more orders than they pay, larger ones pay more than they issue. In 1873 California issued orders for \$1,394,000 and paid orders for \$857,956. Massachusetts issued orders for \$2,176,000 and paid orders for \$3,074,000. Iowa issued orders for \$3,112,000 and paid orders for \$2,318,000. The city post-office of New York issued orders for \$723,042 and paid orders for \$5,932,260.

America issued orders on Great Britain for \$1,364,476 and paid orders for \$215,087. The financial panic in the fall of 1873, which created distrust in all other kinds of business, greatly increased the number of money orders. The number issued in October, 1873, was forty-eight per cent. greater than in the corresponding month of 1872.

If the rates above ten cents were reduced to that sum it would simplify the accounts and facilitate and greatly increase the business, while the fees would still pay the expenses.

The amount paid to the department for orders issued has been every year in excess of payments by it, varying from \$50,000 to \$220,000; and a balance of over \$1,000,000 now stands to the credit of the department, a large portion of which may never be called for.

America has always had a great interest in the interchange and development of correspondence with Europe. The crowds of emigrants who have flocked to our shores desire to keep up intercourse with friends and relations left behind, and by their letters give more correct information of our institutions, the habits and character of our people, and the inducements for immigration, than is imparted in any other way. High postage prevented extensive correspondence. In 1866, when the postage to England was twenty-four cents and to the Continent even higher, only six millions of letters were exchanged

with Europe. Our post-office was the first to propose a reduction in ocean-postage, and its efforts have been successful in reducing the rates to England and to several of the Continental states to six cents, and now twenty millions of letters a year are exchanged.

Postmaster-General Creswell recommended to Congress two important extensions of the operation of the Post-Office Department: the union of the telegraph with the post-office, and the establishment of postal savings-banks. The telegraphic service comes directly within the functions of the Post-Office Department. It is of the greatest importance to the public, as all urgent private correspondence and all the most important press news, are transmitted solely by the telegraph. The post-office has adopted all other improved agencies but this, the latest and most valuable, for its rapid transmission. The propriety of the union of the two services has been carefully examined by several Postmaster-Generals of each of the political parties, and they have strongly favored it.

As early as 1844 and 1845, Postmaster-General Johnson, under Mr. Polk's administration, in his reports for those years referred at length to the telegraph and recommended its adoption by the Post-Office Department as of vital importance to the interests of the country, and as an invention which ought not to be controlled by private parties. In 1869, under Mr. Johnson's administration, Mr. Randall urged the importance of this measure, and Mr. Creswell three times recommended it to Congress. Three committees of the Senate and two of the House have carefully examined the question and made reports earnestly advocating this union. The Senate committee recommended a system in strict analogy with the system adopted for transmitting the mails by railroad. The bill which was reported establishes the rates of telegrams and authorizes the Postmaster-General to contract with parties for the construction and operation of the lines of telegraph, and determines that the compensation to be

paid to the contractors shall be the postages on telegrams, less five cents on each reserved by the department for its expenses. It requires no outlay by Congress, involves no expenditures beyond the receipts, and gives great additional facilities to the public at a very large reduction of rates. In Europe the state administers the telegraph. In England the telegraph and post-office were united in 1870; low and uniform rates were adopted, and the facilities largely increased; this was followed by a rapid development of the general telegraphic correspondence, but more especially in telegrams for the press. Eighteen million telegrams are sent in Great Britain at a cost of about \$5,000,000. In this country thirteen million are sent at a cost of \$9,000,000. The increase of letters in Great Britain in 1873 was two and one half per cent., the increase of telegrams was eighteen per cent., and of telegraphic reports to the press fifty per cent.; while in this country, the increase of letters was seventeen per cent., of telegrams sixteen per cent.

The business of the postal savings-bank is not analogous to that of the post-office; and though it would undoubtedly be a great convenience to the people, it may perhaps be doubted if the time has yet arrived for its adoption by the department.

In conclusion we will state the points we have endeavored to present:—

1. That our post-office was established for the purpose of conveying intelligence and letters throughout the country.

2. That to this end newspapers have always been transmitted either free or at a small postage entirely disproportioned to the expense, the revenue derived from newspapers amounting to only one tenth of the cost. That by a classification of the mail matter, forwarding letters and dailies by express, other papers and books by accommodation mail, a reduction of expense can be made equal to the postage from newspapers, and newspapers and magazines be carried free.

3. That our post-office has never been

regarded as a source of revenue: the postage on letters being fixed at rates that would barely cover the expenditures. That from the increase of letters the postages from them greatly exceed the expenditures on them, and that a uniform rate of two cents will yield a revenue equal to the letter expenditures.

4. That our post-office is managed more economically than the British post-office, and as efficiently. That the average postage on letters and newspapers is lower in the United States. The postage on newspapers is so much lower that it decreases the revenue, while the additional miles of transportation and the greater number of offices increase our expenditures. That the more favorable financial results of the Post-Office Department of Great Britain are obtained at the expense of newspapers, the circulation of which is only one fourth as great there as here.

5. That express parcels are carried at rates very much less than cost; that our post-office was not established for carrying merchandise or express matter, and that their carriage at uniform rates, without regard to weight or distance of transmission, is opposed to the principles of cheap postage, and if continued will involve the department in an enormous expense beyond its revenue, and will hinder and delay the transmission of letters and papers.

6. That Congress has the right to compel all railroads established as post-roads to carry the mail at a just compensation, to be fixed by Congress. That the growth of the mail business renders it indispensable for the prompt and efficient performance of the service, that the Postmaster-General shall have authority to prescribe when the mails shall depart and at what time they shall arrive.

7. That the same considerations which have required Congress to adopt every other improved means for the transmission of intelligence and correspondence require it to assume the telegraph, the common method of transmitting all press and urgent private correspondence.

Gardiner G. Hubbard.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

In those fond dreams of a future life which some of us still furtively indulge, despite the hard skeptic air of our science-smitten age, nothing is more dismaying than the chaos which the conditions of eternal life seem to make of all our mortal relations. If heaven is not to unite us with those we have lost, it is, to our earthly conceit of bliss, hardly heaven at all; but how can it fulfill this fond desire?

A poet has given the charm of the heart's desperate demand to a poem which we have been reading over again in his book with a new sense of its poignant and potent force. Amidst the rapture of Paradise stand three spirits unconsoled. The first, answering the divine messenger, says:—

"Ah, woe is me!

I from my clinging babe was rudely torn;

Oh that my darling lay upon my breast!"

The second:—

"I was a fair and youthful bride,

He whom I worshiped ever at my side,—

Him through the spirit realm in vain I seek!"

And the third:—

"When the swift message set my spirit free,
Blind, helpless, lone, I left my gray-haired sire:
My friends were many; he had none but me."

Then the messenger sent to ask them of their sorrow bids them behold in him the child, husband, and father from whom death removed them long ago.

"To lie, an infant, in thy fond embrace,—
To come with love's warm kisses back to thee,—
To show thine eyes thy gray-haired father's face,
Not Heaven itself could grant; this may not be.

¹ *Songs of Many Seasons*. 1862-1874. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Hazel-Blossoms. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Katharine Earle. By ADELINE TRAFTON. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1874.

Holden with the Cords. By W. L. M. JAY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

Salem: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By D. R. CASTLETON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By DR. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. With an Introduction by Winwood Reade. In two Volumes.

"Then spread your folded wings and leave to earth
The dust once breathing ye have mourned so
long,

Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly birth,
And sorrow's discord sweetens into song!"

To the mere earth-bound sympathies there might seem a pensive irony in the consolation offered; we, here below, do not easily rise to its height, though we perceive its truth far above us. But what impresses one chiefly in the poem is the powerful situation created in confronting the three bereaved souls with their common loss in the angel forever estranged from all likeness to the object of their mortal love. This situation is the stronger without the angel's comforting words; but doubtless the poet here felt his allegiance to something higher than literary art. A very beautiful and imaginative passage of the poem is this, which keenly suggests the pathos of perpetual exile in a world of eternal bliss:—

"Children of earth, our half-weaned nature clings
To earth's fond memories, and her whispered name
Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened strings;

"Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,
And then we softly whisper,—*can it be?*"
And leaning toward the silvery orb we try
To hear the music of its murmuring sea;

"To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse of
green,
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance wafted
through
The opening gates of pearl that fold between
The blinding splendors and the changeless
blue."

There is another poem in *Songs of Many*

With Maps and Wood-cut Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Campaigning on the Oxus, and The Fall of Khiva. By J. A. MACGAHAN, Correspondent of the New York Herald. With Map and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co. 1874.

The Sacred Anthology: A Book of Ethnical Scriptures. Collected and Edited by MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY, Author of *The Earthward Pilgrimage*. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Mendelssohn. Letters and Recollections by DR. FERDINAND HILLER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

Coomassie and Magdala: The Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By HENRY M. STANLEY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Seasons which is almost as subtle as Homesick in Heaven, — from which we have been quoting, — but perhaps not of so high a strain, and that is *An Old Year Song*. The discerning reader will perceive the allegory, without consenting that the bird which has pleased us so long is singing now from the

“boughs that shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs.”

And, if he is the reader we think him, he will feel the tender, sad thrill of such lines as these : —

“Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
The songless fowls are half asleep,
The air grows chill, the setting sun
May leave thee ere thy song is done,
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with thee, untold :
The lingering sunset still is bright, —
Sing, little bird ! ‘t will soon be night.”

Here is the same inward look which in the Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series has such a charmingly humorous cast, and which is very characteristic of our poet. It is interesting in these two poems as expressing the different sense of poethood and authorship, the deep interior desire of self-utterance, the quaint, amused, half-ashamed hope of remembrance. Neither poem could be better in its way. We like also, very much, the good feeling of Bill and Joe, and the humor, with its final serious cast, in *The Organ Blower*. These, and *Aunt Tabitha*, *Dorothy Q.*, and *A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party*, are of that mood in which one may say the poet is most like himself. The group to which they belong is easily the best part of the little book that opens with them, and we say this without forgetting the excellence of the many occasional pieces that fill it out, and that it would be so much easier to undervalue than to value aright. They are songs of welcome and farewell to distinguished guests of all kinds ; memorial verses for deaths, birthdays, and dedications ; rhymes for festival seasons ; poems celebrating the meetings of the class of 1829. In the multitude of these asked-for gifts the poet is of course better and worse ; but his variance is less notable than their goodness, their unfailing wittiness, their unfailing grace, their perfect fittingness, their triumph over what we may call their occasionality.

“Here’s the cousin of a king, —
Would I do the civil thing ?
Here’s the first-born of a queen ;
Here’s a slant-eyed Mandarin.

*Would I polish off Japan ?
Would I greet this famous man,
Prince or prelate, Sheikh or Shah ? —
Figaro ci and Figaro là !
Would I just this once comply ! —
So they teased and teased till I
(Be the truth at once confessed)
Wavered, yielded, did my best.”*

And this best, as we were saying, is amazingly good. Since we are in the way of letting Dr. Holmes speak for himself about his poems, we find that we cannot do better than let him characterize the few war pieces he has included in his book.

“Here are angry lines, ‘too hard !’
Says the soldier, battle-scarred.
Could I smile his scars away
I would blot the bitter lay,
Written with a knitted brow,
Read with placid wonder now.
Throbb’d such passion in my heart ? —
Did his wounds once really smart ?”

If our Southern friends wish to read the Northern heart, here it is for them.

— Like Dr. Holmes’s *Songs of Many Seasons*, Mr. Whittier’s *Hazel-Blossoms* has the advantage of indicating in a few pieces the outlines of the poet’s range, and in certain of these pieces showing him at his best. As we think Dr. Holmes has written nothing better in their several ways than *Homesick in Heaven*, *Bill and Joe*, and *Dorothy Q.*, so we incline to rate amongst the first of Mr. Whittier’s poems *A Sea Dream*, *A Mystery*, and *John Underhill*.

The first of these is a fancy of people at a sea-side resort who hear a new-comer singing to the morning solitude of her he has long loved and lost : —

“Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind
That stirred thy locks of brown ?
Are these the rocks whose mosses know
The trail of thy light gown,
Where boy and girl sat down ?
.....

“A stranger now, a world-worn man,
Is he who bears my name ;
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
Immortal youth became
Art evermore the same.
.....

“I could not look on thee and live
If thou wert by my side ;
The vision of a shining one,
The white and heavenly bride,
Is well to me denied.

“But turn to me the dear girl-face
Without the angel’s crown ;
.....

“Draw near, more near, forever dear !
Where’er I rest or roam,

Or in the city's crowded streets,
Or by the blown sea-foam,
The thought of thee is home!"

They all wonder who he can be, and they find him at breakfast apparently a mere

"man of action, not of books,
To whom the corners made in gold
And stocks were more than sea-side nooks."

The charm of the poem is in the genius with which the situation is idealized and the singer realized and made probable to the imagination, and in the wise art with which all is left to the fancy, unconcluded and unguessed. With what surpassing sweetness the little story is told, our readers, to whom it was first told, ought to remember. It is full of this poet's peculiar tenderness, and there are gleams of his demurest humor in the closing stanzas of the poem, which describe the curiosity of the people at breakfast to know who the singer can be:—

"In vain the sweet-voiced querist sought
To sound him, leaving as she came;
Her baited album only caught
A common, unromantic name."

The poem called *A Mystery* deals with a common but startling experience of perhaps every one: the sudden sense, at given moments and places, that what now seems to be for the first time has all been before:—

"No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
The feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

.

"The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The torn white fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwanted look;

"Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

"A presence strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side."

This sort of "weird seizure" has often enough tempted poet and romancer to some effort at its portrayal; but we do not remember ever to have seen its shadowy, evanescent character so clearly caught as here; and no one else has found so sweet and high a meaning in it, as he who has drawn from it the hope

"That love would temper every change
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of heaven arise."

John Underhill seems to us one of the best of those Puritan ballads (so we can call them for want of a better name) in which Mr. Whittier is unquestionably the best of our poets. The New England past is very rich in suggestions if not in facts of this sort, and it singularly invites the poetic fancy because there is no modern refinement of conscientiousness as respects man's responsibility to God and his own soul for his errors, which may not be reasonably attributed to the austere religionists of our former times. Indeed, every touch identifying the past and present in such high regards seems to add to the truthfulness of the historic effect, whereas just these touches are the ones which most mar the study of almost any other past. The *Friend's Burial* and *The Prayer of Agassiz* are also characteristically fine poems; and in the volume is that ode on Sumner which fitly celebrates the statesman who was yet more a philanthropist. It is both a carefuller and a freer picture of the man than poets are wont to paint of the great dead:—

"Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

.

"What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the love he knew?"

"No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went;
Small play of fancy lightened toil;
He spake alone the thing he meant."

Here and elsewhere a frank hand is laid upon well-known defects of Sumner's temperament; but to point them out seems part of the praise of him.

A very interesting part of this little volume is that which contains the few pieces of the poet's sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier, of which the poet himself speaks more truthfully and discerningly than any other critic could. The poem on Doctor Kane in Cuba and that called *The Wedding Veil* show a gift that only needed exercise to make its fineness and force fully recognized.

—The best part of Katharine Earle is the account of the heroine's childhood, which was spent in Poplar Street, in Bos-

ton, a place venerable with the antiquity of twenty-five departed years. There is something lively and natural in the account of the simple amusements of the little girl, and in her attempt to break the Fugitive Slave Law. When she grows up she knows the severer troubles of mature years. She has a lover of whom it must be said that he shows equal laxity with regard to other laws, who pays attention to two or more young women at one time, and who is accused of knowing more than he should about a certain bank-robbery. She is much troubled by him, but his place is taken, in time, by another man, a professor in the school where she also teaches, and who, from observing and apparently despising her, becomes an ardent lover; and when by the treachery of one of her rivals these two are made to lose their way in the woods and stay out overnight, he shows how he has profited by the novels he has read, by convincing her that the only thing they can do to silence offensive rumor is to get married. This they do, and after brief misunderstanding which is pardonable in consideration of the speed with which they married, they are happy together. This is by no means a wonderful novel, but the frank, honest character of the heroine is not at all badly drawn, and there are no violent and unnatural incidents. This alone is so rare in a novel of such slight calibre, as almost to make Katharine Earle commendable.

—Holden with the Cords frankly challenges the hostility of the worldly mind by announcing itself as a religious novel, and the author prophesies that the "great novel of the future" will belong to the same class. This may be so. At least, it is not worth while to dispute a point which the future only can decide, but meanwhile we can assure the reader that the proportion of religion to romance in the present volume is so small that the most "advanced" need not be offended thereby. There are plenty of forged wills, poisoned cups, secret chambers, midnight assassins, and long-lost brothers and sisters, but only one sermon properly so called. There is a blameless and uninteresting hero, a supernatural villain, a shadowy and angelic principal heroine, and two minor heroines who are artists. The presence of these last suggests some curious thoughts about the artist-woman whose type is now so fully established, both in city directories and the pages of light literature. Holden with the Cords is not ill-written; there is a good variety of

characterization, places are particularly well described, and only a few of the incidents are violently improbable. A few, on the other hand, are fresh and picturesque, especially the scene in Satra's studio, where the ungente closing of the door behind her heartless lover, as he takes his final leave of her, causes the ruin of the hastily constructed model of her first great work, which had been conceived under the spell of his influence. "Apparently the clay figure was trembling with sympathetic emotion. It even bent toward her, as if suddenly endued with life. For a moment the old fable of Pygmalion seemed coming true. . . . Then the limbs gave way, the trunk fell forward, down went Bearer and Child together, the faces of each giving her one last, distorted look of malign meaning ere they crushed into fragments on the platform." Moreover, the book although sensational is a pure one. Whatever its faults or crudities may be, it is thoroughly satisfactory and, we may add, American in the fact that there is not in it a single case of a man in love with another man's wife, or a woman with another woman's husband, these are points in their French and English models which the ordinary novelists mostly forbear to imitate. The best and the worst which can be said of Holden with the Cords is that it presents a perfect type of that class of books which young school-girls read many times and describe by the adjective "splendid."

—In Salem: A Tale of the Seventeenth Century, one more attempt is made to use for purposes of art that most distressing episode of New England history, the witchcraft-delusion of 1692. In no hands but Hawthorne's, as we think, could such an attempt ever have been completely successful, and the present author's experiment is in every way unworthy of the tragic epoch which it presumes to illustrate, and incongruous with it. The spirit of that dark hour is never caught, or its landscape or characters realized. The story is in fact so light and foolish that there seems something indelicate, not to say impudent, in dragging into it one or two of the unhappy Salem victims and their more unhappy persecutors. A single extract will perhaps justify this judgment. The heroine of the story forms a Platonic friendship for a young Indian chief, and this is the way they seal it:—

"Listen, daughter of the pale-face! . . . Pashemet has no mother, and his sister is

long gone to the spirit-land. Pashemet is alone in his wigwam. He has no mother, no sister' —

"'And I too,' said Alice, answering him in his own strain, 'I too am the last of my people. I have no father, no brother. I too am alone. But see,' she said, kindly, 'I will be your sister and I will choose you for my brother.' Stooping to the water that rippled at their feet, she dipped her hand in it, and laid it on the dusky brow of the youth beside her. 'O Pashemet, my brother, I baptize you "the Fir-tree."'

"Calm, grave, and unsmiling, the Indian boy imitated her graceful action, and, as he sprinkled the bright drops over her long, flowing chestnut curls, he murmured gravely, 'O Alice, my sister, pure and beautiful! I baptize thee "the Water-lily"!'"

Girls may always have been silly; but we thought it had been established that the noble red-man, even in his palmiest days, never talked in this way.

— Explorers are gradually narrowing the unvisited regions of Africa: Livingstone, Stanley, Speke, Rohlf, and others have been of late busily devoting themselves to the solution of its geographical puzzles, and now Schweinfurth presents the public with an account of what he has done in a part of the country, between 3° and 10° north latitude, which had never been previously explored. Travelers had been all around this region, but Schweinfurth was the first to enter it. For an undertaking of this sort he was admirably fitted; he had already considerable experience in African travel, and to the enthusiasm of an explorer he had added the training of a scientific man, so that the Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels, of Berlin, was very glad to avail itself of his services and to supply him with the requisite funds. He proposed to make a botanical investigation of the districts watered by the western affluents of the Nile, but he gives his readers what is by no means a dry catalogue of his botanical discoveries, but rather a remarkably interesting history of his travels. As noticeable as anything are his kind-heartedness and his treatment of the Africans as human beings, which undoubtedly explain the uniform good treatment with which he met. For accomplishing his journey, he, for what seem to be very good reasons, determined not to attempt an expedition, but to join a train of one of the merchants of Khartoom, who

with an armed band made a yearly visit to his seribas or outlying stations, to purchase ivory and slaves, to relieve the guards at the different outposts, and to arrange any quarrels between neighboring chiefs. Traveling in this way, Dr. Schweinfurth visited the Dinkas, Bongos, Niam-Niams, and Monbuttoos, and his account of this part of his journey is a rich treasury of curious information.

The Dinkas live in an iron age; the wives of some of the rich often carry nearly half a hundred-weight of iron about them in the way of ornament. According to their notions it is effeminate in men to wear any clothing, and those that do are called women. Dr. Schweinfurth was known to them as the Turkish lady. They are good cooks and cleanly eaters, and more particular than many other savage races in refusing to touch many common articles of food which are eaten by their neighbors. They are good fighters, but also kind-hearted, especially to those who are connected with them by ties of kinship. The Bongos are less warlike, are gross eaters, and good mechanics. They are also great lovers of music, playing on little flutes, and on a singular monochord, from which they bring forth some not unpleasant airs. Their meagre orchestra is completed by gigantic trumpets, made from great stems of trees, and by kettle-drums. Their singing is a "babbling recitation, which at one time suggests the yelping of a dog, and at another the lowing of a cow." They have firm belief in witches and in evil spirits, and are without any conception of a creator or of any ruling power above.

The Niam-Niams, the principal race of Central Africa, are cannibals. They are capital warriors, and great hunters. The women alone devote themselves to the cultivation of the soil. Their war-cry is "Meat! meat!" which foreshadows the doom of their defeated foes. In their arts of peace they show considerable skill, especially in iron-work, pottery, wood-carving, building, and basket-work. Their earthenware vessels are spoken of very warmly by Schweinfurth. The men are exceedingly devoted to their wives, so that if any women are captured by the bands of Nubians the latter are able to exact any amount of ransom from the disconsolate Niam-Niams. They too are musical; they play on a sort of guitar, but monotonously and with very little melody. Their religious notions are exceedingly vague. They

are, however, civilized enough to make use of Planchette for divinations; this instrument has found votaries in China as well as in the United States.

The author gives a very interesting account of his introduction to the Niam-Niam king. A few days after his reception, Schweinfurth saw him with his head in the skin of a great black baboon, wearing on his wrists large bundles of tails of the guinea-hog, and a number of rings on his bare legs, dancing in celebration of a victory of his forces.

South of the Niam-Niam country are the Monbuttoos. They resemble their neighbors whom we have just described, in their love of war and the chase, and in their habits of cannibalism. Schweinfurth says they are a noble race of men, who have some national pride, and who are blessed with intellect and judgment such as few of the African savages can lay claim to. Their pottery is graceful in shape, and adorned with ornamental figures.

The most singular part of the book is the account of the Akkas, or pygmies, a few of whom Schweinfurth saw. They are supposed to be the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa. They are ardent hunters, often mischievous and cruel. The Monbuttoos and Niam-Niams make pets of them, regarding them as a sort of benevolent spirits.

These meagre synopses give but a faint notion of the interesting facts Dr. Schweinfurth has collected in these strange regions. We can only refer the reader to his two entertaining volumes. Besides these solid merits, the book has the added charm of being testimony to the modesty and thoughtfulness of a man who has accomplished a great task, in the face of serious difficulties, out of pure love for science. The reader will be sure to lay aside the book with a high opinion of its author. The translation is a very good one.

—Mr. MacGahan's record of his own expedition in Central Asia, in pursuit of the Russian army advancing against Khiva, makes a very entertaining volume. The author, who was the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, started for Khiva some time after the Russian forces had begun their march to the same place. In company with Mr. Schuyler, Secretary of the Legation of the United States at St. Petersburg, he went to Orenburg, and thence to Kazala on the Jaxartes, hoping to arrive in time to join a detachment which unfort-

unately had already left. The commander of the fort refused to give them permission to follow, but the two Americans pushed on to Fort Perovski without his permission. The Russian general, Kaufmann, had forbidden Europeans to enter Turkistan, but Mr. MacGahan, being an American, bade good-by to his companion, and struck boldly into the desert. He had with him a Tartar servant, who proved a great incumbrance, a guide, and a young Khirgiz to look after the baggage and his six horses. His "light and unpretentious equipment" was composed of "a heavy, double-barreled English hunting rifle, a double-barreled shot gun, both of which pieces were breech-loading, an eighteen-shooter Winchester rifle, three heavy revolvers, and an ordinary muzzle-loading shot gun throwing slugs, besides a few knives and sabres." His departure from Fort Perovski, on account of his fear of the interference of the commandant, resembled a hurried flight. He got away unhindered, and after a weary journey of four and a half days over the burning desert he managed to reach the rear-guard of the Russian army. The commanding officer, a German, refused him food for himself and his horses, but he was more kindly treated by the Russian officers, who paid him every attention. Here again he had a chance to show his energy, for being unable to get permission to proceed alone, he stole away by night, and by dint of reaching the next well two hours before a party of Cosacks, sent to bring him back in disgrace, he managed to reach the Oxus just in time to witness the first firing at the Khivans on the opposite shore. He had spent in all thirty days in the desert, and the modest, manly record of his experience there should be read by every one who cares for deeds of adventure.

His story of the capture of Khiva, and of the cruel war upon the Turcomans, is vivid and interesting. Especially good is the description of a night-attack made upon the Russians by the Turcomans, who dashed through the lines, and, for a time, nearly caused a panic.

The book is very interesting; it is full of humor, and well deserves reading. The writer had a most curious experience to tell and he has told it well. The engravings, taken from the sketches of Russian officers, add to the value of the book. The *New York Herald* certainly chooses its correspondents well.

—Modern Christianity a Civilized Hea-

thenism is marked by the same audacity of attack and passionate force of demonstration as was its predecessor, *The Fight in Dame Europa's School*. The latter arrested the attention and swayed for a moment the opinion of the civilized world, and the present volume can hardly fail of an equal, if equally fugitive effect. It is, at least, a little curious to consider that the same France which engaged the author's fervid partisanship in *Dame Europa* is the very epitome of that heathen civilization which, by implication, he condemns so severely in *Modern Christianity*.

The plan of the book is very simple. A young and clever East Indian gentleman, naturalized and practicing law in England, and thoroughly disabused of any religious prejudices whatever, visits his friend, a well-to-do bachelor clergyman of the established church, in whose luxurious rectory, "sitting with a couple of long clay pipes over a small September fire," the two drift into a (so-called) religious discussion, and the heathen unfolds his "views." These are, substantially, that the term Christian civilization is a complete misnomer; that Christianity and civilization are, in fact, antagonistic and mutually destructive forces, and that just so far as the modern world is civilized, it is anti-Christian; the aims and achievements of our civilization, its reverence for wealth, its care for material comfort and the refinements of living, the superficial virtues and suave deceptions which constitute its good manners, and the spirit of its favorite researches into physical science, being all essentially heathen and unsparingly condemned by the precepts of Christianity and the life and character of its founder. Consequently, the modern Christian minister who preaches Christ, while he systematically seeks for himself and enjoys all the good things of this life, is in a position whose amazing falsity abundantly accounts for the very general and fast-growing contempt with which his ministrations are regarded.

The arraignment for inconsistency is certainly a terrible one, and the behavior under fire of the clergyman of the book is truly pitiable. He is, of course, the author's own man of straw, but we cannot think him a fair representative of his class, even in a state church; when all is said, the average Christian minister is rather above than below the average man in intelligence and virtue. And still it is probable that a large proportion even of that minority of

adults in a Christian community who attend church at all are, if they would confess it, habitually puzzled and pained by a sense of something remote, effete, futile, in the preaching which they hear. Either it has no bearing at all on such questions of conscience as arise out of the affairs of daily life, or, as in the case of certain "popular" preachers, it puts on a vulgar and unbecoming secularism, which robs it of the last remnant of dignity. A feeling akin to compassion for the preacher, on account of the strange incongruity between the life which he must live and the word which he thinks he must preach, is, we believe, more common with the conscientious hearer than that spirit of rather ferocious satisfaction in his discomfiture displayed by the "civilized heathen" of the book. Nevertheless, that incongruity must somehow be removed, else the pulpit cannot hope to regain its traditional power. Is such removal possible without that radical warfare on society, that denial of family ties and ascetic rejection of the lighter humanities which Christ in his brief life certainly exemplified, and which the *exigant* Brahmin demands? Is it possible if the preacher is to take the Bible for his text-book?

It is a question to be answered with diffidence; but why should not the Christian preacher sometimes dare to say, Christ our Lord did not come to reveal a system of morality. Incidentally he delivered moral precepts, but these were never intended to constitute a formal code. They are in no way superior to the highest precepts of heathen morality, and are even of somewhat narrower range than they, since they do not include the civic virtues, and lay the lightest possible stress on the purely domestic. Still less did he come to furnish a pattern of life. His career was in every way exceptional—type only of the career, in every age, of the very few who are so possessed by a work to be wrought, a testimony to be delivered, that they inevitably and rightly repudiate or refuse to assume the obligations of the ordinary man, even those which are most sacred. No man, it is probable, ever followed more closely and literally the example of his Master, than Ignatius Loyola; but the history of the order which he founded—as of the other monastic orders—shows plainly enough what is likely to be the result when large bodies of men, from whatever motive, take upon themselves vows of "poverty, chastity, and obedience." What then was the mission of

Christ, and how are we to account for his singular and supreme position in history, and for the vast power of consolation and support to individual souls which his very memory still possesses? His mission was to reveal immortality. He died and rose again, that is, returned to earth in a form which his sorrowing survivors recognized, to confirm their faint hope of a future life. Precisely at that time, the horizon of the civilized world being very dark with the portents of coming storm and destruction, the anxiety of the more spiritually minded among men for some such confirmation had become sickening in its intensity. Hence the *opportuneness* of Christ's coming, so insisted on by his early followers. We are supposing that our preacher has an implicit faith in the *facts* of revelation, although able perhaps to distinguish between the authority of these and that of the ethical and doctrinal speculations even of Christ's earliest followers. But if confronted with the extreme improbability of the resurrection, he may well reply that resurrection is intrinsically no more improbable than either birth or death, but only the mark of a higher stage of *development* than either. And this is what Christ's first disciples did actually teach. Consider Saint Paul, — the most brilliant man and memorable preacher of them all. He did indeed renounce a distinguished worldly career and adopt an ascetic way of living for the sake of the work he had to do. So did Socrates before him, and so have many men since. But the type of his character was singularly unlike Christ's. He was a highly educated man, with a passion for dialectics and the manners of the world. He reproved sin, but seldom abruptly or unsparingly. He was even remarkable for *tact*, for that sympathy with his audience and seeming concession to their habits and weaknesses which the heathen cavalier at Modern Christianity denounces as so particularly unchristian; as when, in one of the most graceful public speeches on record, he quoted the Greek poets to an Athenian assembly, or in the numerous instances where he adopted the cumbrous phraseology of the Jewish ceremonial law, for the sake of adapting himself to Hebrew prejudices. But his main theme, that which distinctively he "went everywhere preaching," was the resurrection of the dead. Men questioned what this resurrection from the dead might mean, and he was eager to tell them. He touches the **summit** of his remarkable eloquence, when

he attempts to show by purely natural analogies that the thing is not incredible. He himself declares that all his ethical teaching rests on this foundation, and would fall with its withdrawal. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain." "But if we believe that Jesus died *and rose again*, those also who sleep in Jesus" — whose souls have departed as did his — "will God bring with him," will he likewise preserve and restore in their individuality. And on the whole, if even with a much fainter faith than theirs whose experience actually touched his own, we may accept this after life of Christ, his significance and supremacy seem to us accounted for.

At least this central truth, if it be a truth, dwarfs at once all dogmatic deductions from his fragmentary and often figurative teaching. The Brahmin of the story talks continually as if the doctrine of the everlasting punishment of the wicked were the centre of Christ's system. It was not, although he certainly used words on rare occasions which seem to require some such interpretation. But if it is a risen Lord we follow rather than a dogmatic teacher, we are at once absolved from the agonizing struggle to accept anything so utterly repugnant to that inherent moral sense by which alone all books, all lives, all precepts must finally by us be tried.

Early in the discussion between the clever infidel and the feeble-minded parson, the former is made to say that he would himself embrace Christianity if he could but find one thoroughly consistent follower of the historic Christ. Such an one at last he sees, one who has bestowed all his goods to feed the poor and is dying early of a malignant disease contracted in the course of his arduous ministrations. And the last glimpse we have of our fluent skeptic shows him kneeling on the floor of the church where the martyr had once ministered, beating his breast in a seeming agony of remorse and self-abasement. The inference is that he himself will follow in the dead man's footsteps.

Artistically, — if the word be not impertinent, — there is no fault to be found with such a conclusion. Enthusiasm is ever contagious, and reactions are inevitable, and, if anything is meant, were doubtless meant to be so. But the calmer reason of mankind will still pronounce that he who best fulfills the widest, and at the same time most natural range of duties in this present life is likely to be making the best of all

preparation for that unknown existence, which we have not yet quite ceased to hope is to come.

— In his Sacred Anthology Mr. Conway has collected a large number of choice utterances from both Biblical and Pagan authors, and arranged them side by side under the various headings he has taken to illustrate. For the accomplishment of this task he has drawn freely from the Brahman and Buddhist religious books, from the Persian writers Sâdi, Omar Khayyâm, Hâfiz, etc., from the Chinese and Japanese, the Egyptian and the Scandinavian bards, confining "his selections to those books of a moral and religious character which, having commanded the veneration of the races among whom they were produced, are still the least accessible to European readers." He has chosen from a wide field with excellent judgment, and we have a volume of great interest. Indeed, to a thoughtful reader it cannot fail to give much material for reflection, when he compares the various forms of expressing similar ideas of reverence, wonder, or adoration, and sees how much that is admirable is to be found in the sacred writings of other races. Mr. Conway has contented himself with giving the texts alone, and has left them to make their own sermons, and this they are sure to do. Such work as this, which is itself in great measure one of the results of the scientific study of language, is the material out of which a new science, that of Comparative Religion, is gradually forming. It may be doubted whether the scientific method is capable of settling the relative strength of various religious feelings, but, to a certain extent, every reader will try something of the same sort of discrimination for himself in reading the book. He will at any rate get a wider sympathy for those whom he has been accustomed to look down upon with a certain contempt, and he will learn that all truth is not to be found in the geographical boundaries he is most familiar with.

The volume is one of lasting merit, and it is printed and bound as the book deserves.

— It is now and then the happy fortune of a human being to be so richly endowed with all those qualities which kindle the enthusiasm and conduce to the joy of his kind, that his fascination, his very personal magnetism, persists and moves the hearts of men long after death has withdrawn him from the first sphere of his shining.

Of none was this ever truer than of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, whose eminent and permanent musical fame is something quite distinct from the immortality of his personal sweetness and grace, although so perfectly harmonious with it. His very shade wins love. We long to catch and clasp those miraculously gifted hands which we cannot bear to see always outstretched in "yearning for the farther shore."

Ferdinand Hiller's brief memorial of the beloved composer is very artless and informal. In his simple and sorrowful preface, the author tells us that he has sometimes been reproached for hoarding, so to speak, his intimate knowledge of Mendelssohn's history and character, but that he was long withheld because he feared "to give occasion for the very slightest accusation of trying to gain popularity through his friendship." Now, however, that Mendelssohn himself has become the subject of aspersion from the disciples of an upstart school of art, he is glad to come forward and shed what added light he can on the loveliness of his nature and the inestimable value of his work. He regrets that he had not taken notes, at the time, of many things which Mendelssohn said, and also that so much of their highest intercourse was at the piano and through the medium of music, of which — we thank him for emphatically saying — language is totally incapable of giving even the most distant idea.

The volume consists principally of letters from Mendelssohn to Hiller, united by the slightest and most unpretending thread of narrative which could render them intelligible. These letters do not differ materially in character from the precious ones which we already possess, but often shed a fresh light on interesting epochs of Mendelssohn's life, or little caprices of his character. Extracts cannot illustrate them, but we make room for two, taken quite at random, because they are so intensely characteristic of his playfulness, his petulance, and his sublime humility. The first is from Leipzig in 1836. "You had better not boast so much about your Cecilia Society. We Leipsickers are getting up a performance of Israel in Egypt which will be something quite perfect; more than two hundred singers, with orchestra and organ in the church. I look forward to it immensely. We shall come out with it in about a week, and that is also one of the things which makes my head in a whirl just now, for these rehearsals, with all the amateur

ladies and gentlemen singing and screaming away all at once, and never keeping quiet, are no easy matter. You are better off at the Cæcilia Society, where they have been well drilled into obedience; but then they criticise among themselves, and that isn't nice either. In fact — and so on! I wish I were at the Fahrthor, and also at the Pfarreisen; you may believe me or not. Stamaty is staying here, and I have got to teach him counterpoint. I declare I really don't know much about it myself, but he says that's my modesty!"

The other letter is written during Mendelssohn's first visit to England after his happy marriage, and bewails the separation from his young wife.

"Here I sit in the fog, — very cross, without my wife, — writing to you, because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it; otherwise I should scarcely do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. . . . It is becoming unbearable, and I wish I had let Birmingham be Birmingham, and were sitting with Cecile, and could enjoy life more than I do to-day. D——n it! You know what that means, don't you? and I have three more weeks of it before me, and have got to play the organ at B—— on the 22d, and be at Leipsic again on the 30th — in a word, I wish I were rid of the whole business. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog and beef and porter have such a horribly bitter taste this time — and I used to like them so much."

Dr. Hiller describes the charming married home of Mendelssohn at Leipsic with such photographic minuteness as well-nigh to give it a place in the recollections of us all, and confesses, with a directness which is infinitely pathetic, to the estrangement (so needless, yet so natural to people of their intense susceptibilities) which divided the two friends in the very last years of Mendelssohn's life, to the piercing and incurable regret of himself, so long the survivor.

— Those who care to read a full and entertaining account of two successful military expeditions cannot do better than turn to Mr. Stanley's *Coomassie and Magdala*, which records the conquest of Abyssinia by the English in 1868, and the defeat of the Ashantees in the early part of the year just closed. The most complete account and consequently the most interesting is that of the Abyssinian campaign. In describing

the Coomassie expedition Mr. Stanley uses a facile pen, and gives us a vivid account of the dangers to which the English army was exposed. Fearful heat and fever were the main difficulties; there were but five days of fighting before the English were completely victorious, and able to make their way honorably to the sea-shore. The Abyssinian expedition was embarrassed by far less serious dangers, there was none of the demoralization of disease, and the results of the expedition were even more successful, if anything. Both, however, have brought great glory to the English army. Mr. Stanley has written agreeably, and apparently with great impartiality. He criticises at times Sir Garnet Wolseley, and he condemns especially this general's undue haste to reach the coast before the rainy season had begun, but he does this in no carping spirit. He points out, too, some minor inaccuracies in the conduct of the campaign; on the whole, however, he gives it great praise. It is with more enthusiasm that he describes the Abyssinian expedition, which certainly was in almost every way more picturesque, and he has managed to narrate all its striking points with commendable skill. This part of the volume may well take its place as a new history from which ardent boys may learn the lesson of what skill and enthusiasm can perform in spite of many difficulties. The obstacles are clearly pointed out for which tact and energy were needed and found, and there is an admirable account of the final success. Mr. Stanley is certainly a valuable newspaper correspondent, and he has written a book which rises much above the flippancy one might expect to find in a volume of the sort, which was formed from a correspondent's hasty letters. The two parts are unequal in this respect, that on *Magdala* being far superior to the other.

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The Emigrant's Story. By J. T. Trowbridge.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Animal Mechanism. By E. J. Marey.

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J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Vol. III. By Charles Francis Adams.

Longmans & Co., London: Early English History. By John Pym Yeatman. — Report of the Commissioner of Education.

J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.: Practical and Critical Grammar. By Noble Butler.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Strodtmann's translation of the lectures delivered at the University of Copenhagen is hardly a new book, or on that account worthy of mention, but it has a stronger claim for notice from the fact that it is a valuable contribution to the study of the literature of the early part of this century. These lectures, we are told by Strodtmann, excited a great deal of enthusiasm at the time of their delivery, and a great deal of recrimination when they were first published. There is but little in them, one would say, that calls for attack, and especially the sort of attack with which apparently they met. Brandes said what is very

true, that Danish literature is of but little interest, and the greater part of his book is devoted to studying the literature of France and Germany in the period when they stood in close connection with one another. Freethinker, corrupter of morals, upsetter of society, are the names he has earned by thus discussing foreign literature instead of his own. Of such a conflict there can be but one end; to an outside observer there is nothing worthy of note in the commotion the book has called forth. As for the book itself, it is an interesting, well-written study of the reaction, headed by Rousseau, against the literature of the eighteenth century, of the books which were written under his influence, and of the later Romantic reaction. This is a subject which it might be thought had been worn threadbare by this time. Even those who have never read a line of Rousseau know in a vague way that his literary influence has been very great. That is the first lesson taught by the numerous writers on Romanticism, and if Brandes cannot be charged with telling a new truth in proclaiming this, he has the merit of setting it in a forcible light, which impresses what he has to say upon his readers. His style is always brilliant, and at times eloquent. The very beginning of his opening lecture is a very good example of his manner. Of France he says, "While in all external relations this country is inclined to change, and, in following this inclination, knows no limits or moderation, it is yet, in all literary matters, exceedingly conservative, recognizing authority, maintaining an Academy, and observing moderation. The French had overthrown their government, hanged or banished the odious aristocrats, founded a republic, carried on a war with Europe, done away with Christianity, decreed the worship of a Supreme Being, deposed or established a dozen rulers, before it occurred to any one to declare war against the Alexandrine verse, before any one ventured to question the authority of Corneille or Boileau, or to have any doubt that the observance of the three unities was absolutely necessary for the preservation of good taste. Voltaire, who had but little respect for anything between heaven and earth, respected the Alexandrine verse. All tradition he

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Die Hauptströmungen der Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Vorlesungen gehalten an

der Kopenhagener Universität. Von G. BRANDES Uebersetzt und eingeleitet von ADOLF STRODTMANN. Erster Band: Die Emigrantenliteratur. Berlin: Verlag von Franz Duncker. 1872.

turned upside down; he employed tragedies as means of attack against the powers they had hitherto been supporting, namely, the right of kings and of the church; from many of his tragedies he excluded love, which before his time had been the main interest in a real tragedy; he tried to follow in the footsteps of Shakespeare: but he did not venture to shorten his verse by a single foot, to modify in the slightest respect the conventional method of rhyming, or to make the action last longer than twenty-four hours or to place the action in two different places in one play. He did not hesitate to wrench the sceptre from the hand of kings, or to tear the mask from the face of priests, but he respected the traditional dagger in *Melpomene's* hand, and the traditional mask before her face."

As the book goes on, Brandes gives particular men and their writings more special consideration. From Rousseau he dates the rise of the reaction against the eighteenth century, he shows how much Goethe, when he wrote his *Werther*, was under Rousseau's influence, and he traces the growth of what may be called unhappiness in literature through a series of acknowledged masterpieces. Chateaubriand's *René* he compares with *Werther*; in this last-named Brandes finds discontent with the existing condition of affairs, which condemned the hero to poverty, prevented him from marrying, and instead compelled him to see the girl of his choice married to an ordinary man, whom he more than half despised. In *René*, on the other hand, Brandes sees for the first time melancholy appear. His comparison of it with what is shown in Molière's *Misanthrope* is ingenious. Of the hero of the play, he says, "He is a misanthrope by reasoning, not by temperament;" he calls him a product of the classical, oratorical eighteenth century period; while for the melancholy of this century, or perhaps it may be safe to say of the first half of this century, before certain scientific discoveries breathed such new life into the intellectual energy of men, he finds deeper reasons: "The individual is emancipated. No longer contented with remaining on the spot where he has been placed or where he was born, not satisfied merely with plowing the paternal field, he feels, with the appearance of democracy, for the first time the world lying literally open before him." Everything seems possible to him, but his power does not increase in the same proportion, least of all the power of self-con-

trol, and hence comes despair. We have come no nearer finding an answer to the questions, Why were we born? why do we live? what is the meaning of it all? We have only become more conscious of our lack of knowledge.

Of Senancour's *Obermann* he gives an interesting description, as well as of Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*. In this brief abstract we have space for but very unsatisfactory mention of the different valuable remarks the author makes. He says that *Adolphe* is less brilliant than *René*, less resigned than *Obermann*, but that he belongs to the same restless, undecided generation. It should be premised that *Adolphe* is a novel that will seem very familiar to those who read an abstract of it, and who at the same time have any knowledge of French literature. It describes the love of a young man for a married woman, several years older than himself, her desertion of her husband for the sake of her lover, whose affection for her gradually cools, her death, and his vain regrets. The influence this book has had on later French literature it is only too easy to see, especially in Balzac, who has himself influenced so many others. Brandes says of it that it was the *Werther* of women. The *maladie du siècle* advanced a step, spreading from the man to the woman. In *Werther* the man was sick, sad, and despondent, but Charlotte was firm, untouched, although a trifle cold and insignificant. By this time, however, it was her turn to love and to despair, and this makes the story of *Adolphe*. All of these books express discontent with society, and a struggle against its limitations. The same opposition is to be found in Madame de Staël's *Delphine* and *Corinne*, and Brandes gives his readers a very thorough statement of what is contained in these books, and of their connection with literary development.

Then follows a discussion of the Romantic reaction, in which there is a very entertaining account of the Hellenism of Goethe, and of the reaction in favor of the Middle Ages. It is not so much that Brandes says a great deal that is absolutely new that he deserves praise, it is for the ingenuity and novelty of his expressions, for the unexpected solution he throws on different questions. A very good example of this may be seen in the chapter where he compares the Teutonic mind with that of the Hindus, and again where he gives to France the credit of being rather more like Greece than is Ger-

many. Not that he gives much time to these fantastical notions, but when he introduces them in order to throw clearer light on his subject, he does it with a novel turn that arrests the attention.

In this study of literature he refers to but few books, but he chooses those which he considers the most representative. He writes an historical sketch of literature not to bring in all the books which have

appeared in it, but to trace the growth of certain literary phenomena as they appeared in their most novel and most striking forms.

The volume now before us, it will be noticed, is merely the first one. The book, as a whole, will be deserving of the attention of those who care for a wide view of modern literature. Brandes will be found a most suggestive writer.

ART.

WE have on this occasion no art topic of the first importance to touch upon, but we may, without going out of our way, make a note of the pleasure given us by a few pictures lately exhibited by Messrs. Doll and Richards. Three small works by Mr. Hamilton Wilde seem to us to deserve some grateful mention, though indeed one wonders whether forbearance in this case would not be the part of true discretion. Mr. Wilde's pictures appeal to a taste not largely diffused, and to speak of them in public is almost to exaggerate their claims. They have moreover a decidedly amateurish quality, and present themselves as things which you are perfectly and comfortably free to like or to dislike. We have liked them, however; not only for their literal merit, but for the general artistic temper they represent. Mr. Wilde's temperament as a painter is the simplest in the world; he is a colorist and nothing more, and he deals only with what he supposes to be positive beauty. Beauty, to his taste, means chiefly color, and color means chiefly brilliancy; and he combines and composes his splendid hues and vivid contrasts with a really enviable good conscience. His pictures are not imaginative, to our perception, any more than they are realistic; their intellectual simplicity is extreme, and they express little more than a wholesome satisfaction in pure color and a desire to let it speak for itself. Just this temperament is rare, and its felicity should, in a proper measure, be recognized. Most of us are afraid of scarlet and orange; they inspire us with an instinctive mistrust; they seem to us either crude or overripe, we hardly know which; and we set them down at one time as barbarous and at another as immoral. Mr.

Wilde asks them no questions; he enjoys them as the natural man and paints them as the cultivated one. He seems at first to lavish them rather recklessly, but one soon discovers that there is a method in his madness, and that we hit the mark not in proscribing them, but in understanding them. We confess that there might be a certain startled feeling in living in a world in which color was pitched according to Mr. Wilde's gamut, and that nature on his canvas is too apt to look as if she were dressed out for a gala day and carried a hand-glass in her pocket; but this tendency is a wholesome corrective to the shyness and sheepishness of coloring which is now so largely the fashion among landscapists, and, excess for excess, we certainly have the greater kindness for that which takes Mr. Wilde's direction. Such a picture as the painty, muddy Karl Daubigny which we observed near by does a vast deal towards justifying Mr. Wilde's pursuit of gem-like hues. The pictures we allude to are three reminiscences of a recent visit to the Nile. The largest represents an old carpet-merchant in one of the bazars at Cairo, sitting at the receipt of custom in his door-way, with his gorgeous rugs suspended around him. It has a striking depth and vigor of tone, and the carpets are most appreciatively painted. Much of the coloring here is in heavy darks, which have a great deal of richness and yet of variety. But Mr. Wilde goes too far in his neglect of the rendering of texture. This is apparently deliberate and part of his programme, and to some extent one's uncertainty about the nature of his surfaces is lost in one's relish of frank, bold color. In the small view of Assouan, however, this uncertainty becomes really

uncomfortable. The picture has a charming glow, but without being either a geologist, a botanist, or an architect, the most casual observer finds himself perplexingly interested in the material of the earth, the trees, and the houses. All these are a trifle too exclusively pictorial. The best of these three pictures is a sketch of a village close upon the river (where its image is exactly repeated), composed of square mud houses compacted into a mass that looks like a huge, queer citadel, and glowing in the reflection of the sunset. The deep, still flush of an Egyptian evening is very delicately rendered. We have also had the pleasure of seeing a number of the artist's sketches and studies of Nile scenery. Several of these are extremely charming, and evidently just hit the mark of some admirably subtle effect of light and color. We have little wonder at painters delighting in the Nile voyage, for it must be not only a boundless entertainment but an admirable school. It offers an infinite range of the most delicate effects, and to have mastered these faithfully is to have taken one's degree as an observer. The phases of the scenery, the moods of the day, the physiognomy of the different hours, have each, for the artist, a different message and lesson; and one must suppose that it is a vastly pleasurable thing to know that combination of idle physical delight in climate and in navigation (as the dragoman manages it), and of exquisite intellectual tension. Mr. Wilde's studies are worthy mementos of the most refined landscape in the world.

We should like to add a friendly word for a small picture by Boughton, also on exhibition at Messrs. Doll and Richards's. The work of Mr. Boughton, who has taken up his abode in England, is rarely seen in this country; but such occasional specimens of it as we have observed have a great deal of charm. It is a rather attenuated, tearful, invalidish sort of grace, and the artist's figure-pieces always look to us as if some very clever woman had painted them; but it is very pure in quality. The picture in question is a small American winter scene: the falling dusk on the edge of a wood, with the pale, smothered gleam of the sunset vaguely touching the thin snow, and a couple of figures picking up twigs. It is in its way quite exquisite, and it revived potently a constant taste of ours for all the lurking harmonies of the winter landscape. The painter who feels and renders the pearly grays of the snow-charged sky and

the confusion of desolation along the line where the naked, rusty tree-tops rise against it, the brown, damp depths of leafless woods, and the shuddering chill of the slanting light as it lies down, at length, on the snow, does something which tests the finer edge of his faculty. Mr. Boughton has done it very happily; both his fancy and his touch have great refinement.

At the same establishment we observed a large, vigorous landscape by Mr. J. Appleton Brown: a small stream, bordered by thin woods, under a heavily clouded autumn sky. The study was made, we believe, near Newburyport; but the painter is rather open to the imputation of believing that Newburyport is in the pleasant land of France. Mr. Brown has an eye on French models, and in this he is quite right; but we feel like preaching that the French landscape school which thirty years ago was, thanks to circumstances, almost worth following with one's eyes closed, should now be followed candle in hand, as it were, and counting one's steps. At first it was admirably natural, but its naturalism has gradually become more and more conventional. A touch of the academic in such painting as Mr. Brown's would have an agreeably reassuring effect. Muddy streams, rusty trees, and homely verity sometimes strike us as rather savorless diet, and we almost pray for a turn of the tide in favor of old-fashioned composition and selection. This is a remark we should of course trust ourselves to make only to a truly discreet painter. Mr. Appleton Brown's picture is very frank and manly, and his wind-ruffled white sky, with its stripes of pure, cold blue, is excellent.

We should like to touch, lastly, upon a work of a different order, also lately to be seen at Messrs. Doll and Richards's: a portrait in water-colors of a lady, by Mrs. W. J. Stillman. This will certainly have been found by careful observers a truly interesting performance, and it has given us a great deal of pure pleasure, though indeed the pleasure is of a sort which it is hard to refer to definite sources. The picture represents a lady (the artist herself, we believe) leaning on the parapet of a balcony, with one arm lying along the stone work, and the left hand holding up, near her cheek, a half-opened fan. She is extremely beautiful; she is dressed in a picturesque robe of sombre red, cut low and square upon the bosom, and behind her are seen a few green branches from a plant in a tub.

The picture contains no bright color and no variety of color beyond the red of the dress, the subdued blue and yellow of the fan, and the few green leaves of the plant. The interest resides partly in the peculiar beauty of the model, and partly, chiefly even, in the remarkable, the almost touching, good faith of the work. The type of face and the treatment suggest the English pre-Raphaelite school, but in so far as the artist is a pre-Raphaelite, she is evidently a sincere and, as we may say, a natural one. There is a vast amount of work in the picture, little of which is easy and some of which is even awkward, but its patience, its refinement, its deep pictorial sentiment, give the whole production a singular intensity. The hair is charmingly painted, in the minutely realistic way, and the general tone of the picture is very grave and soft. We have seen things of late which had more skill and cleverness, but we have seen nothing which, for reasons of its own, has been more pleasing. There is something in Mrs. Stillman's picture which makes a certain sort of skill seem rather inexpensive, and renders cleverness vulgar; an aroma, a hidden significance, a loveliness.

— Attentive people will have found the apotheosis of cleverness of the vulgar order in a small picture by Egusquiza lately visible at Messrs. Williams and Everett's. The painter is, we believe, one of the shining lights of that youthful Franco-Spanish school which has produced several brilliant masters, and recognized its chief in the consummately clever Fortuny, whose premature death we regret to see recorded as we write; but if M. Egusquiza is a trustworthy witness, it is running its course with unprecedented speed, and is destined to perish of its own reckless unwisdom. This picture is to be judged not as a work of art, but as a work of morals—which every work of art is, willy-nilly, in some degree. It represents a woman in a light blue satin dress, of a marvelous fashion, leaning against a piano and smelling a rose in a jar. The dress is prodigiously well painted, and the tapestries on the wall behind have corresponding *chic*; the whole picture has that would-be Japanese air which, for good or for ill, one encounters nowadays in every quarter. But the thing is a most extraordinary piece of artistic depravity, and we confess that we were provincial enough to

feel painfully shocked by it; we had really not comprehended that such things were being done—such a game being played. It would be too good-natured on our part to attempt to say wherein the depravity of such a picture consists: the artist knows better than any one can tell him, and he measured it to a hair's breadth when he laid on that cadaverous blue glazing of his heroine's triumphantly ugly visage. It is a work before which one makes one's reflections. We felt tempted to do a little private philosophizing à la Taine. What has the artist been through, to come to that; and having come to that, what will he go to next? The sooner he takes the next step the better; the *reductio ad absurdum* will leave nothing to be desired. Such a work testifies, on the part of the producer, to a complete, particular set of circumstances—to a moral and intellectual (to say nothing of a physical) environment which Paris and Madrid combined, although it may somewhat tax their resources, are doubtless competent to provide. But we smiled, at the same time that we trembled, to think that Boston was apparently expected to furnish the circumstances implied on the part of the possible purchaser. Poor possible purchaser! Will he be, after all, so knowing as he thinks he is? Where will he hang his prize, what will he give it for company, and how will he adapt social conversation to the physiognomy of an apartment so decorated?

— M. Viollet le Duc's name is familiar to many persons who have not read his books, and his books are known to all readers of architectural literature; but we have not hitherto met with any English translations of them, notwithstanding that they are perhaps the most valuable works contributed to that literature in our day. *The Story of a House*,¹ of which Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. have just issued a translation, is a lighter work than we have seen before from him; it is said to have been written during a vacation tour in Switzerland,—we do not know with what authority. It represents an enterprising boy of sixteen, who, interrupted in his schooling by the Franco-Prussian war, persuades his father to let him plan a house for his newly-married sister and her husband, who are away touring in Italy. The opportune arrival of a cousin who is an architect turns Master Paul's pastime into a serious pursuit,

¹ *The Story of a House*. Translated from the French of VIOLETT LE DUC. By GEORGE M. TOWLE.

Illustrated by the Author Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

and the story gives, on the slightest possible thread of narration, an account of the whole process of planning and constructing a French country-house.

It is a pleasure to see the freshness of thought and clearness of explanation which distinguish the *Dictionnaire* and the *Entretiens* brought to bear on the simple subjects of this book. The illustrations, as in all M. Viollet le Duc's works, are from his own drawings. Few men in his profession — or out of it — have his facility in seizing the best points for illustration and setting them forth clearly and compactly. The artistic element, present as it is inevitably in everything that he does, is brought in entirely unacknowledged. The whole subject is treated in the most purely matter-of-fact and practical spirit, the question of art being resolutely ignored, and the pretensions of artistic aspiration, divorced from practical forethought, cleverly embodied in one of the subordinate characters, who gives occasion to contrast the author's views of constructive and purely logical treatment with the "monumental" and artistic theories of the schools; he ends by saying to the architect, "You ought to go to America," getting the very reasonable answer, "Perhaps I should do wisely, if I knew that they tried to build there in accordance with the tastes and needs of the inhabitants, but in America, as everywhere nowadays, pretensions are made to 'style,' and things considered fine are eagerly copied; that is, traditions are applied at random, the origin or principle of which is not sought."

The mode of building described differs, it is true, in many details from those in common use in France, being rigorously constructive and excluding many of the ordinary devices of the French workman, especially the abundant stucco in which he delights. But the ordinary technical processes and the operations of the workmen are described with minute clearness, and the work of the architect in his office and on the ground, from the first planning to the final supervision, are clearly set forth. The chapters on carpentry and joinery are interesting for showing wide divergence from American ways of using and working material, especially in the matter of framing, in which, for common structures, European methods are quite inferior to ours in economy of the material and directness of its application, though usually superior in solidity and thoroughness. Other

chapters, as those on roofing and plumbing, and those on laying out and measuring, show how much more minute and systematic the French are in their work. The remarks on drawing and the importance of the use of perspective are valuable, and especially apposite to a school of architects who neglect perspective design as generally as the French do.

Such a clear account of the processes of designing and erecting a building should be of great value in the preliminary studies of an architectural student, for it describes in orderly succession the operations which he has commonly to learn piecemeal in the routine of an office, and arrange into a system for himself as best he may; operations, moreover, many of which are omitted, or only incidentally touched upon, in the curriculum of an architectural school.

The heliotypes with which the American edition is illustrated, though they lack the refinement of the original wood-cuts, are clear and effective.

We are sorry not to close our notice here, but we are in duty bound to protest against the way in which the translation is made. It is very difficult to render a technical treatise from one language into another, and the coöperation at least of some one well versed in the subject and its terminology is absolutely necessary. Here such coöperation was perfectly easy to find, and its neglect was inexcusable, for evidently the translator is entirely ignorant of the subject in hand. That any translator should hope to reach an intelligible result by substituting for a French word which he does not know an English word which he does not understand is very surprising. But Mr. Towle appears to have shut himself up with his dictionaries, giving for some of the French terms such English ones as were set down for equivalents, rendering others literally into ordinary English, and transferring bodily those that he discovered his inability to translate. Sometimes successive reappearances of the same word seem to have at last educated him into a comprehension of its meaning, yet he does not then take the trouble to go back and correct his earlier mistakes. At other times he stumbles complacently through long sentences in which it is hardly conceivable that he can imagine any meaning. Occasionally he takes refuge in the absolute suppression of an obdurate passage. We may be pardoned for wishing that he had availed him

self oftener of this relief. That under the circumstances bolts should be called "pins," and wall-plates "sleepers," and headers "trimmers," and treads "shelves," and trusses "ribs," and braces "trusses," a top-rail a "high cross-piece," and bonding "apparatus" or "dressing," and wall-girders "ashlarings," with a hundred other such blunders, was to be expected. When he comes to the description of processes, Mr. Towle fares yet worse, and it would be difficult to believe that he did not know he was talking nonsense, were it not as difficult to conceive that he could complacently publish it if he did know it. But it is not only in technical points that Mr. Towle blunders. Careless and slovenly are the lightest words that fitly characterize a translation so full of slips and errors.

To track his faults and blunders is a weary business, and it would be a weary business for our readers to follow us. But we ought to give some support to our condemnation: we choose a few examples.

On page 48 Mr. Towle says, "The young are too old, the rest are too young:" the French is, "*Les uns sont trop vieux, les autres sont trop jeunes.*" We read of timber "cut in large squares" for roughly squared (p. 91); "*verdâtre*" is translated "verdant" instead of greenish (p. 54); in other places we have "designing" for drawing, "cube" for volume, "scissors" for chisels, "in connection with" for in proportion to, "from floor to floor" for from floor to ceiling; *au droit de*, in line with, is persistently translated "at the right of," as if it were *à droite de*, — and so on.

We have complained of the translator for talking nonsense, and blundering through things in which he could evidently see no meaning. On page 41 we read, "Nothing prevents us from erecting alcoves, small gables on the two walls . . . and to cover (*sic*) these," for nothing prevents us from building up small gables on the two walls of the bays or alcoves, and from covering these, etc.; (p. 88) "a metre by a metre and a half high," for a metre square and half a metre high; again (p. 216), "carry wall-gables on these

beams," for extend from the gable-walls to these girders; (p. 256) "so that these inclinations of the culminating points [of the gutters] shall be at the falls or shafts of descent," that is, to admit of these slopes from the highest points to the spouts.

But here is enough of quotations. In one point at least we may commend Mr. Towle for a wholesome prudence: he does not venture to offer his reader, after the manner of his original, a glossary of the remarkable terminology he has employed.

We are glad to see that Messrs. Osgood & Co. have in press a translation of the *Entretiens sur l'Architecture* of the same author, and that this is from a competent professional hand.

— Mr. E. C. Gardner's *Homes and How to Make Them*¹ is a very clever and sensible little book, treating the same problem with M. Viollet le Duc, and from nearly the same point of view, but notably unlike *The Story of a House* in its style, which is peculiarly free and easy, and American. It is a series of letters, originally written for *The Springfield Republican*, we believe, and purporting to be the correspondence between an architect and some friends whom he is advising in house-building. The letters deal with practical questions of everyday occurrence, without technicalities, and in a very clear-headed and wholesome way. They are written with much vivacity, and are furnished with neat drawings to illustrate the architectural theories of the author, and with some graceful pen and ink sketches, which serve as ornaments rather than illustrations. These latter seem to be by a different hand. The heliotypes are excellent. House-building is a subject of such general and vital interest, and so beset with misapprehensions and absurd notions of what is fine, that we are thankful for books which set forth good doctrine about it in a way that may attract and influence ordinary readers, as these books seem likely to do.

¹ *Homes and How to Make Them*. By E. C. GARDNER. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

MUSIC.

IN a recent quite lively discussion in the Daily Advertiser newspaper, about concert programmes, the ways and means of musically educating a people not as yet altogether musical have been descanted upon to a rather unusual extent. The discussion, beginning with a good-natured enough protest by a "Disappointed Subscriber" to Mr. Theodore Thomas's series of Symphony Concerts, had at the outset little if anything to do with popular education. The subject of debate was at first mainly whether symphony concerts are as *amusing* entertainments as the public at large might desire. Had the discussion not bordered to a rather dangerous degree upon more weighty matters, we should have been wholly glad to see the subject approached from so un-Anglo-Saxon a point of view. A plea for amusement pure and simple, for amusement *per se*, divorced from all instructive and intellectual disturbing elements, coming from the very heart of Boston, is in itself a refreshing novelty, interesting and to our mind praiseworthy when considered in its purely social relations. But the matter in hand is so mixed up with things that are of indispensable educational worth, that we cannot but view our "disappointed" friend, together with his more desperately skeptical partisan "B.," in a questionable light. It is not our purpose, neither is this the place, to answer directly any of the statements or arguments of either writer; but taking the unfeigned interest in the subject that has been displayed throughout the discussion for our excuse, we venture to offer some ideas on the subject of musical education in this country as affected by concert programmes and concert-going.

Were any scheme of progressive popular musical education possible with us, we should advocate it by all means. But there are insurmountable difficulties in the way of such a plan. In the first place, the wondrously heterogeneous elements of which American society is, more than any other, composed, and the lightning pace of progress as well as the extreme complexity of modern civilization are against it. Even if our society were of that simple structure that we find in Germany in the thirteenth century, any rationally progressive system

of general musical culture would prove impossible. In Germany the popular musical sense was rationally and gradually developed through a period of several centuries, its natural growth being fed by foreign (French, Dutch, and Italian) influences, until the Germans became the preëminently musical people they are at the present day. But mark one all-important fact. These foreign influences, the results of the then higher æsthetic civilization of France and Italy, were only brought to bear very gradually upon Germany. When we consider the difficulty of communication then existing between different countries, we can easily understand how slowly and at the same time how generally these influences worked.

Every bit of French, Dutch, or Italian musical learning had time to be thoroughly assimilated by Germany before a new lesson came from beyond the borders. Little hints of foreign improvement in counterpoint and musical form came to Germany as the weekly paper comes to some lone backwoods village, in which every eager, news-loving mortal, from school-master to plowboy, knows every item of print by heart long before the next week brings a fresh supply. But America is now in a vastly different position from Germany in those old simple times. We are now, in our musical infancy, living in daily intercourse with Germany and France in the full heyday of their musical manhood and Italy in its musical decline, by this time quite sufficiently far advanced. In this age of steamboats, railways, and shilling-editions, he that runs may read, if he be so inclined, and the man that can assimilate most quickly soon outstrips his duller brother. Society rapidly falls into distinct musical classes, and he who cannot keep up with the foremost must take his chance in the rear. Those who cannot fly must sink until they reach some denser fluid in which they may at least *swim*, unless they be perchance of that specific gravity which can only be supported by solid ground of matter of fact, and are thus forced to *walk* this earth, unbuoyed by æsthetics of any sort. Which latter class of beings have also their use in the world.

The question now arises, Which class has

the highest and most imperative rights? The class of swimmers are sure to largely outnumber the flyers. That is one point in their favor. But are majorities to rule unquestioned in matters of the intellect and of the æsthetic sense as they do in coarser affairs? To our thinking the man of high æsthetic nature and cultivation has an almost divine right to exercise and nourish his superior faculties in what most transcendent manner he can. Let the mediocre majority feed after him, even on the crumbs that fall from his table, if need be. But what if the cultivated minority should consent to waive their rights, harness themselves to the yoke of public instruction, and become merely didactic individuals for the benefit of plodding mankind? The idea has a seductive flavor of Christian charity and public-spirited self-immolation! Supposing that all our cultivated musicians and music-lovers should forego their classical symphony concerts and fascinating experimentalizing among the more modern musical transcendentalists, and, taking their more ignorant neighbors by the hand, should try to lead them on through even the most judiciously selected course of progressive concerts, beginning with Nelly Bly in a hope of ultimately ending with Israel in Egypt, the Passion, and the later Beethoven quartettes. Supposing that our aspiring composers should devote themselves to the composition of such music as can be well assimilated by the multitude, instead of following their own highest ideal, and that both composers and music-lovers should for a period of ten or twenty years concentrate their æsthetic energies upon leading the masses step by step to an understanding of the higher music. We will not ask what thanks they would get, for that is a small matter, but we will ask what good they would do that would be in any reasonable proportion to the pains expended. The answer is, to our thinking, clearly, *none!* Any good result to be brought about by such a plan would be an unprecedented novelty in the history of civilization and culture. The whole country would be steeped in the most disheartening mediocrity. We must never forget what an overwhelming influence the fit individual has upon the whole culture of his age. The higher above the common herd the individual stands, the greater and surer will his influence be in the end. Could the masses be autocratically compelled to *study* music, some good might be done by taking up the

didactic method; but as matters exist, this is impossible. The only feasible plan is to present to the public, and with all one's might uphold examples of what is highest and best in music as well as in the other arts. Works of true, lofty genius *cannot fail* to have their purifying and elevating effect upon all who are amenable to musical influences; sooner upon some, later upon others. A Beethoven A major symphony, a Mozart Don Giovanni, a Bach Passion-Musik are infallible as truth itself. Take even our most cultivated music-lovers away from the constant influence of works like these, place them under less exalting influences, and they will soon enough degenerate into a condition in which they will not be trustworthy guides even to the most ignorant. We would have no manner of compromise in the matter, and would oppose to the last inch any encroachment upon the perfect artistic structure of concert programmes. No standard is too high, not even the very highest. We are of course speaking of concerts which have only the advancement in the art for their object: symphony concerts, chamber concerts, and piano-forte recitals. The best of us are not perfect, neither are the wisest of us very wise.

Instead of wasting so much breath and ink upon a chimerical gradual cultivation of the masses, it would be much more to the purpose to do all in our power towards the still higher and highest cultivation of the already enlightened few. Let our leaders in opinion be as perfect as possible. But we are again told that if this is the case, the common herd will merely take the leader's opinions on faith, thus paving the way for self-deception, sham enjoyment of high music without appreciation or understanding, hypocritical hero worship, and evils without end. This is most stupendously untrue. It is out of the nature of things. Nobody to-day who is worthy the name of man, and is not a mere eating and sleeping featherless biped, will take anything on faith. The uncomprehended invites investigation, the uncomprehended good more than the uncomprehended evil. Culture is infectious. Where the most highly cultivated nucleus exists, there will be the highest general cultivation. Nothing is more fatal to general culture than that intellectual and æsthetic communism which would have the foremost wait until those who lag behind shall have caught up with him.

But let none mistake our meaning. The

very last thing we would aim our shafts at is general education, æsthetic or otherwise. But general rudimentary education is not to be undertaken with the mature man. That is the business of the school-boy. Where rudimentary musical education is taking such strides as it is in our public schools, there is little fear of a want of that. The next generation will be upon us soon, and let our leaders look to it that they be in fit condition to preach the evangel of Bach and Beethoven to these coming youngsters, who *do* know their right hand from their left. The generation of "musical infants" is passing away. What if there still linger some few pitiable beings who cheat themselves into liking Beethoven symphonies, because Beethoven is fashionable? What harm is done? We think that this sham admiration for classic music in our audiences has been, upon the whole, overrated. It is hardly conceivable that human folly should reach the pitch of going, year in, year out, to concerts merely for the sake of throwing dust in the eyes of one's fellow-creatures.

There is a strong tendency with many people to look upon music as a mere amusement, and to decry all music from which they fail to derive such pleasure as one gets from eating and drinking, or any other merely sensual enjoyment, as purely mathematical. "Scientific" is the word commonly used in this connection. People are fond of contrasting "music of the head" with "music of the heart," generally classing under the former term all music that they do not like, and under the latter all music that they do. Now the enjoyment derived from music is much of the same kind as that derived from the contemplation of a fine painting or statue, a beautiful face or form, or from fine poetry. Music to be beautiful must needs be scientific, that is, it must follow the fundamental laws of the art, just as a painting must follow the laws of perspective, anatomy, and coloring. By scientific we mean in accordance with laws that are discoverable by science. A composition, as a logically consistent whole, must have its why and wherefore, and be capable of analysis into mutually dependent parts. But the enjoyment to be derived from it as a work of art does not depend

upon the recognition of such analysis by the listener, any more than the enjoyment of a painting depends upon our recognition of the correctness of its anatomy and perspective. The beauty of both composition and painting is instinctively *felt*. If the details, the mechanical part of the work, are faulty, our enjoyment is lessened in the exact ratio of our knowledge of what it should be to be perfect. But mechanical perfection of detail, or mere truth to nature, never of themselves made either a composition or a painting enjoyable; although both may be indispensable to the perfect enjoyment of the cultivated art-lover. These are but the body, not the soul of art. It is just the indescribable beauty either of form, sentiment, or passion, that one enjoys in music, — an element that can rarely exist to a marked degree in a technically faulty composition, but which is of a higher nature than mere technicality and wholly distinct from it. If "music of the head" means music that is *merely* technically perfect, then it means music that is simply worthless, and we know of infinitely little classic music that can be ranked under such a heading. What "music of the heart" may mean, unless it simply means good music, we are at a loss to discover. That many people fail to feel the beauty of much of the grandest music, because of their want of acquaintance with musical forms of expression, is no more strange than that many of us would fail to see the beauty of a Sanskrit poem. It is with the greatest delight that we see so many "thoughtfully intent faces" at our concerts, bent upon finding out the beauties of the great symphonies. This persevering study is as sure of its reward as is the pursuit of truth itself. All the beauty of melody, sentiment, passion, tragic power, or comic humor, that can be found in music at all, can be found in hundred-fold intensity and grandeur in the great classic music. The classic music is, to be sure, intellectual, but it is all the more inspiring for that, and with an inspiration that lasts. But music that is simply *amusing* generally fails to amuse more than a few times; and, excellent as its function may be in the proper place and at the proper time, it can hardly be a very promising means of education.

EDUCATION.

WHILE it is universally agreed that girls ought to have a fair chance for education, there is a wide difference of opinion here in America about the means and methods which constitute a fair chance. Nobody now presumes to deny that "women ought to learn the alphabet," but the question is, *How?* Some are praying and working for identical coeducation of the sexes, as the only hope for woman's future. This they regard as essential to a satisfactory solution of the "woman question." Their coming woman is to be taught on the same college benches with the coming man. The identical coeducation which they advocate means "that boys and girls shall be taught the same things, at the same time, in the same place, by the same faculty, with the same methods, and under the same regimen." This plan, which prevails very generally in American schools, both for elementary and for secondary instruction, they now urge for colleges and universities. It must be admitted that the plan has earnest, persistent, and influential advocates. But it has also, on the other hand, determined and able opponents, who denounce identical coeducation as injurious alike to girls and boys. Dr. Clarke's *Sex in Education* has dealt it a serious blow. He denies that coeducation is a question of ethics or metaphysics, or of civil rights, but contends that it is a question of physiology and experience. His book is an argument based on physiological science, to prove that coeducation does not give girls a fair chance. The argument is equally against that separate education for girls which requires the same curriculum and regimen that experience has proved to be appropriate for boys, which is, in the main, the character of American separate education for girls, the female schools having copied the methods which have grown out of the requirements of the male organization. Dr. Clarke's conclusion is that "identical education of the two sexes is a crime before God and humanity, that physiology protests against, and that experience weeps over." It would appear, from the discussion which his book has excited, to be a more easy task to find fault with his spirit and language, than to refute his argument. No physiologist has called in question his

science. The results of experience adduced in proof of the soundness of his conclusion may not carry immediate conviction to every mind, much less to every biased mind, but they are certainly enough to raise the gravest doubts as to the wisdom of subjecting girls to the regimen of the masculine college. But whatever may be thought of the soundness of Dr. Clarke's argument, it is an indisputable fact that his conclusions are in accordance with the experience and practice of all civilized countries except our own.

In considering the problem of higher female education, certainly nothing could be more pertinent or more rational than to consult the best foreign authorities on the subject. It would be rating ourselves too high to assume that we are above the need of taking lessons of foreign experience and foreign science touching this matter. What pedagogical science we have has been mostly borrowed from Germany, and one who is ignorant of German pedagogy is not entitled to speak with authority on important educational problems, for there is no other country in which this science has been so long and so seriously cultivated. Of the German states, Prussia doubtless stands foremost educationally, and Prussia is just now dealing with this very problem of higher female education with characteristic thoroughness and system. We can see it there treated as a national concern, and we can also there see a serious attempt to make it both commensurate with the numbers needing it, and of the appropriate quality. The method of proceeding in this attempt is very noteworthy. There were already existing in Prussia many very excellent institutions, both public and private, for the higher education of girls. But Dr. Falk, the liberal minister of public instruction, having thoroughly reformed the system of elementary schools, at once entered upon the work of improving the higher schools for girls. His purpose was to frame the best possible general statute, or regulative, for the national organization of this department of education. To aid him in the performance of this task, he convened in his official apartments at Berlin a conference composed of twenty of the most competent experts in the realm. Five of

the members were ladies who enjoyed the highest distinction for their practical knowledge of the subject; four were government counselors experienced in matters pertaining to administration, and eminent as educationists; and the rest were directors of normal schools or higher female seminaries, and teachers who had acquired the highest reputation for their pedagogical science. Some time previous to the meeting of this body, each member was furnished with a series of carefully prepared questions, covering the whole subject, under four general heads, namely, (1) the establishment, objects, and aims of middle and high schools for girls; (2) institutions for advanced education for girls; (3) the training of female teachers; (4) and the examination of female teachers. The conference held its session about a year ago. The transactions, including the answers to the questions agreed upon and the substance of the discussion, have been printed in an official pamphlet which is before us. Where there was a difference of opinion in regard to answers, the names and opinions of the members in the minority were recorded. The regulative or statute is to be framed substantially in accordance with the opinions of the conference thus expressed, and when sanctioned by the minister it will have the authority of law. This method of proceeding may not harmonize with our democratic principles, but it must be admitted to be well calculated to accomplish the object in view.

The conclusions of the conference taken together constitute the basis of a system comprising the four divisions above named, and providing not only for the organization and arrangements of schools, and the courses of study, but also for the qualification and compensation of teachers. This catechismal summary of educational principles begins very properly with the question, "What is the object to be accomplished by girls' schools which are above the grade of the common schools?" The answer in substance is, To give to female youth, in a method corresponding to their peculiarity, a general education similar to that aimed at in the higher schools for boys and young men, and thereby to enable them to share in, and to promote, the intellectual life of the nation,—the necessity of a preparation for a particular calling or trade to be provided for by means of special arrangements or organizations. Thus, at the outset, it was assumed that the difference

between the sexes requires a difference in methods; and that a general culture is to take the precedence of that education required to fit girls for some special mode of gaining their livelihood.

The conference unanimously agreed that there should be two grades of girls' schools above the common school: the lower to be called the middle, and the other, the higher schools for girls. For the middle schools the subjects of instruction are religion, the German language, arithmetic, elementary geometry, natural history, the elements of physics and chemistry, geography, history, the French or English language, drawing, singing, gymnastics, and female handiwork. The pupils are admitted at six years of age, and remain until fourteen or fifteen years of age. These schools are intended to meet the wants of the "so-called middle classes of society." The higher schools aim at that general education which is suitable to the higher spheres of life. It is deemed desirable that the curriculum should comprise nearly the same branches of study as that of the middle schools, but they are to be pursued to a greater extent, and to be taught more thoroughly and in a more scientific manner, and especially with reference to their relations to each other. Two foreign languages, the French and English, and their literary masterpieces, are required. The pupils are to enter at six years of age and remain until sixteen, passing through one class each year. The two upper classes are to attend school thirty hours each week, and the others from twenty-two to twenty-four, exclusive of the gymnastic exercises. It is recommended that the number of pupils should not exceed forty in each of the lower classes, and that in the highest classes, it should be considerably less. Home tasks must be strictly limited, so as not to interfere with appropriate household duties.

Our space will not permit a description of the programme of studies. A sample or two will suffice to show how judiciously they are *limited*. In the French language: grammar, etymology, and syntax; ability to write letters and short compositions on things within the sphere of the pupil's observation with substantial correctness, and to speak of such matters in simple sentences with correct pronunciation; ability to read a French book; acquaintance with the masterpieces of the literature in the classical periods. In physics: a general acquaintance with electrical, magnetic, and

mechanical phenomena, and also with those of light, heat, and sound; a particular understanding of those physical laws applicable to common life and the principal industries.

It was agreed that experience forbids imposing upon the female teachers in these schools more than eighteen or twenty hours of teaching per week, and that the female strength was not adequate to a severer task for a long period. From twenty to twenty-four lesson hours may be required of the male teachers. It was also voted to petition the government to grant retiring pensions to female teachers earlier than to those of the male sex.

The provisions for the support and supervision of these schools are similar to those for the gymnasia and real schools for boys. Normal schools are to be established for the preparation of female teachers for this grade of instruction, and a normal school may be established in connection with a fully organized girls' high school, but it must have a strictly separate organization. Such an arrangement already exists in the admirable higher school in Hanover, which has been attended by a number of American teachers.

But provision for the higher education of women is not to end with these two grades of schools. For those who have completed the middle school course, arrangements are to be made for advanced courses in technical branches, with such studies as the German language, the modern languages, industrial drawing, book-keeping, commercial arithmetic, and various kinds of female handiwork, including millinery. These courses are to be given in the middle school buildings, but are to be strictly separated from the regular course of those schools. And so for such graduates of the higher schools as desire to continue their studies, advanced courses will be given in the higher school buildings. Such courses are given with marked success in the great Victoria school in Berlin. These advanced courses are to be left to the management of voluntary associations, under certain prescribed regulations, the accommodations for them being furnished at the public expense.

In the discussion, the value and necessity of handiwork, as an educational instrumentality, was strongly urged. The importance of gymnastics in relation to hygiene was strenuously insisted upon, and it was understood that a normal school would

be opened for the training of female teachers of this branch.

Only a few points in this scheme can be touched upon here, but it is evident from what has already been presented that there is a wide difference between its requirements and those of the higher German schools for boys, especially the gymnasia and real schools. And yet this is the deliberate judgment of a very high pedagogical authority. We may not accept this judgment as a finality, but it would certainly be unwise to ignore altogether the authority of the competent experts from whom it comes. It must not be forgotten that in Prussia education has long been cultivated as a science, while with us it is so little studied that we can scarcely be said to have any learned educationists among us. The opinion of Dr. Wiese, of Berlin, on an educational question is what the opinion of Huxley would be on a question of physiological science.

—The first volume of the American Educational Annual (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York), seeks apparently to dissipate the somewhat trivial associations of the ordinary reader with the word annual, by an imposing supplementary title setting forth that it is a *Cyclopedia or Reference Book for all Matters pertaining to Education*, comprising a History of the Past and Present School Systems and School Legislation in all the States and Territories; a History of Land Grants and the Peabody Fund; Geographical and Scientific Discoveries during 1873-4; the National Bureau of Education; Civil Rights Bill; Educational Gatherings during 1874; Educational Systems in other Countries; Voluminous American School Statistics for Several Years past; Names of American Colleges, Universities, Theological, Normal, Local, and Scientific Schools; Names of Educational Journals; Sketches of Prominent Educators deceased during 1873-4; and Lists of School Books published during the year.

This is a comprehensive scheme; and some imperfection of method is doubtless pardonable in a first attempt to realize it. The book contains a good many interesting statistics and some valuable information, arranged in a rather disorderly fashion and unfurnished with an index. The biographies of the State superintendents, prefixed to their several reports, are enlivened by facetious allusions and the mention of such details as that Mr. James Wicker-

sham, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania, "never used liquor or tobacco in any form, and never had a sick day in his life." A spirit of economy is shown by filling the blank spaces on the page, which frequently occur below the statistical tables, with anecdotes which often have a curious irrelevancy to the subject of the work.

In that section of the Annual which treats of National Land Grants on Behalf of Education, the author dwells at length, and with a liberal use of the expressive words "locate," "donate," and "inception," on the grant of 1862, whereby Congress appropriated to the several States thirty thousand acres of the public lands for each senator and representative in Congress, the amount accruing from the sale of such lands to be invested as a perpetual fund for the maintenance of at least one college in each State, where the principal object should be "to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such a manner as the Legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." This grant forms the basis of the so-called agricultural colleges, thirty-nine of which have already been established in thirty-six different States; and the editor of the Annual strongly commends the policy which has so far prevailed in these schools, of giving instruction "in the whole range of mathematical, physical, and natural sciences, with special reference to their applications in the great branches of human industry," rather than "training a body of apprentices in manual practice." The more common opinion among the thoughtful and experienced observers of these institutions is that up to this time they have signally failed of their proper end, and for the very reason given above. By aspiring to teach the whole range of the sciences, instead of giving, like the best industrial schools of the Old World, specific and thorough instruction in the different branches of industry, they have already degenerated into a species of high school, or cheap college of a low grade, where the national weakness in favor of an extensive smattering of many subjects is fostered, and less practical information given than an intelligent apprentice would acquire, in a workshop or on a farm. Indeed, as an eminent agriculturist lately remarked, Har-

vard College, with its present courses of lectures and its neighborhood to the market-gardens of Arlington and the scientific husbandry of Middlesex County, is, so far, a better agricultural school than any so called.

The sketches of foreign school-systems, particularly of those of Switzerland and Prussia, from which we have really so much to learn, are very meagre; but the *résumé* of scientific discovery during the past year and the preface to the Annual are worthy of attention as unusual pieces of style, and can hardly fail to quicken in the mind of every thoughtful reader the desire for an early reform in our educational methods.

On the whole, however, the student who looks to the first volume of the American Educational Annual for an earnest of future American works fit to take rank with the profound and patient European treatises on the whole subject of what the Germans agreeably call "Pedagogics," will be apt to feel his hopes distinctly deferred.

— Two handy little volumes by Étienne Lambert and Alfred Sardou, entitled *An Idiomatic Key to the French Language*, and *All the French Verbs at a Glance*, seem fitted to afford about as much help as any books can to the English-speaking person, in acquiring a facile use of the difficult French tongue. The list of idioms is particularly full and well arranged, the idioms being grouped alphabetically, with the principal word idiomatically used standing at the head of a column and followed by a great variety of sentences in which it is embodied, with English translations opposite. These translations are usually excellent, with but a few slips even in the use of tenses,—that crucial test of familiarity with a foreign language,—and an occasional lapse into literalism, as "*I have known that ever so long ago*," and "*He went up the steps four by four*." Of the comprehensive tables of French verbs and pronouns in the smaller volume, it may be said, as of all such generalizations, that they are rather curious and interesting to the advanced student than helpful to the beginner, for whom, as a rule, the less of theory the better. Exception should perhaps be made in favor of the table of irregular verbs, where the arrangement is at once ingenious and unusually clear. The list of the obscure equivalents of *may*, *can*, *would*, *should*, *might*, and *ought* is also admirably made.